

THE FIFTH ANNUAL COLLECTION OF

MAD

FOLLIES

AND OTHER ACTS OF IDIOTY FROM PAST ISSUES

OUR PRICE

50¢

CHEAP



FEATURING A SPECIAL DIE-CUT, PUNCH-OUT BONUS:

MAD STENCILS

READY FOR IMMEDIATE MISUSE WITH PENCIL, CRAYON OR SPRAY PAINT

Clarissa Peabody consulted "Sam Foureyes" when she found lipstick smears on her husband's shirt. Sam went to work, followed his client's husband, checked his daily activities, discovered that the lipstick was actually Clarissa's. Results: The Peabodys have given up wrestling. Another successful case closed by "Sam Foureyes". Call him at QU 3-1969.



Photography by Lester Krauss

Be suspicious!

When he starts working late at the office a lot,
And he takes more business trips than usual,
And he comes home reeking of cheap perfume,
And you discover that lipstick smear on his collar,

Don't shrink from the hard cold facts! It's time to call in •SAM FOUREYES•

Clever, eh—parodying a famous Fabric Processor's ad and turning it into a

Well, that's exactly what Sam is . . . clever.

A clever Private Detective.

So if you've got problems with your husband like this lady,
Don't be a drip! Air your dirty linen to "Sam Foureyes".

Sam will get the goods on him!

TRACES HIS MARK

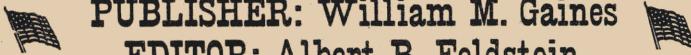
•SAM FOUREYES plug.

TRACES HIS MARK

THE FIFTH ANNUAL
**COLLECTION OF
 MAD
 FOLLIES**

ALSO BLUNDERS,
 BOMBS AND OTHER
 ACTS OF IDIOTY
 FROM PAST ISSUES

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines



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John Putnam



PRODUCTION:

Leonard Brenner



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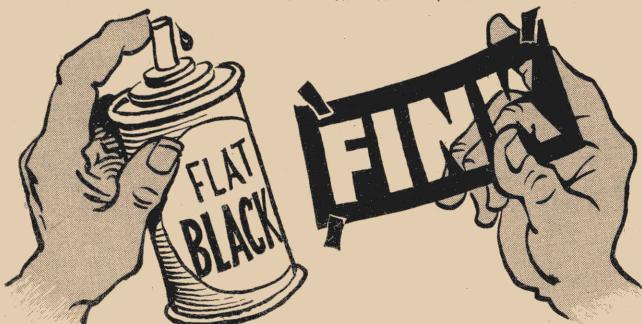


Jerry DeFuccio, Nick Meglin

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:

The Usual Gang of Idiots

FNK



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PUT YOUR FUNNY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS DEPT.

Do you worry about walking through tough, strange neighborhoods? Are you concerned that muggers may attack you? Well, let's face it . . . how many people are actually attacked by muggers these days? On the other hand, there are far more painful and insidious attacks visited upon every adult and teenager today. We're talking about the attacks

MAD'S SNAPPY ANSWERS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

At Weddings...



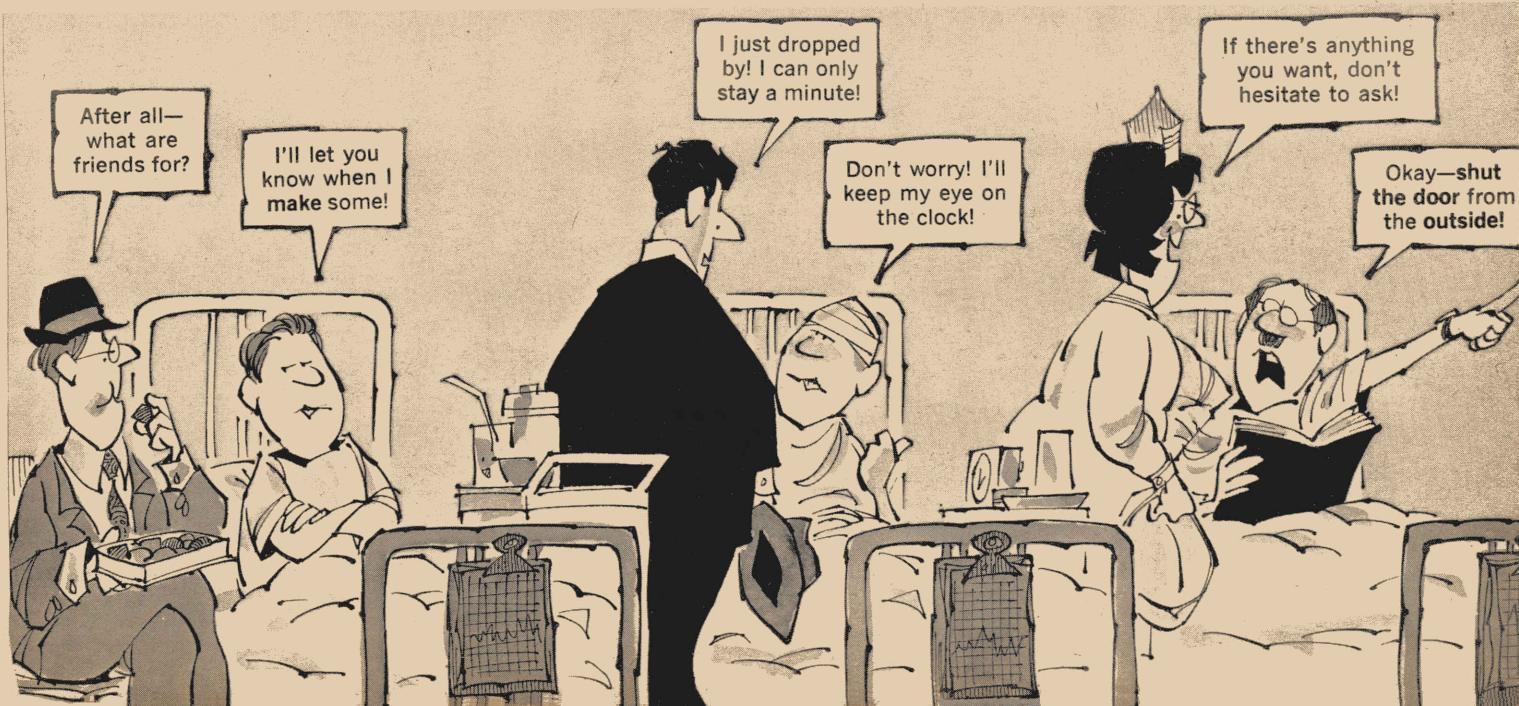
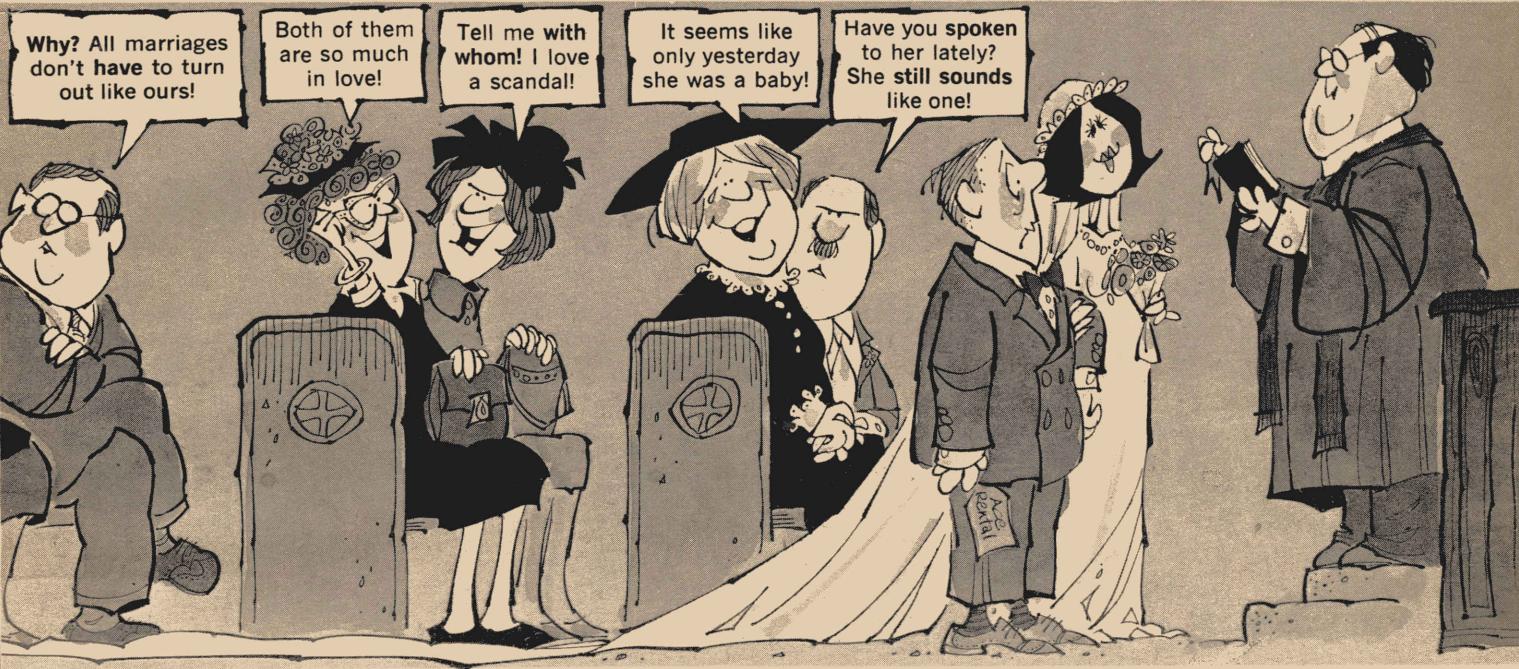
In Hospitals...



of The Old Clichés! Wherever people congregate, these sickening old clichés fall thick and fast. Up to now, all you could do was nod your head and say, "How true!" or something equally idiotic. But now—cliché sufferers—comes fast, fast, fast relief! Read on, and see how you can wage a counterattack against this menace by calling upon...

TO THOSE OLD CLICHÉS

WRITER: STAN HART



At Family Reunions...



At Funerals...



SOCKO B.O. DEPT.

And now, in the tradition of "Flying Ace" (MAD #93) and "Son Of Mighty Joe Kong" (MAD #94) which you all loved . . . er—liked . . . well—tolerated . . . MAD once again returns to the era of "Gutsy Movies" when men were men, women were women, and would-be musicians preferred to become Prize Fighters because they had

Frankie! What happened to you?

I was playing Tiddly-Winks—and I lost!

You don't fool me! You been inna fight!
Why you get inna fight? You a good boy!

That's why I get inna fight! Because I'm
a good boy! Nobody picks on a bad boy! Bad
boys know how to use their fists! So I'm
gonna learn how to use my fists—an' no girl
will ever beat me up again . . . like today!

CRAZY FISTS

ILLUSTRATED by MORT DRUCKER

WRITTEN by Dick De Bartolo

MORT
DRUCKER

Frankie, don't talk like that! You break a mother's heart! And you don't exactly do wonders for the liver! You forget about fighting and go upstairs and practice your Ocarina! Someday, you're gonna play in Carnegie Hall! Besides, it'll give us a chance to use that corny old "transition scene"—where we see a little boy playing an Ocarina badly, growing up into a handsome young man, still playing an Ocarina badly!

Ma! MA-A-A-A-A-A!
Somebody goofed!
It's the wrong
"Transition Scene"!



Ahh, that's better!
Hey, Ma! Look what
a handsome guy I
grew up into while
playing my Ocarina!

Oh, these "Special Effects" guys
can do **anything**! Would you believe
it—I'm really Tab Hunter!? But,
NOW where are you going, Frankie?

It's no use, Ma! I've made up my mind! The Ocarina
isn't for me! I've gotta learn how to fight! I got
CRAZY FISTS! I know it doesn't make any sense,
but it's the title of this farce! I'm leavin', Ma!
I'm goin' to the Gym . . . !

No,
you're
NOT,
Frankie!



No son of mine is gonna learn to be
a stumble-bumble fighter—always
hitting people . . .

. . . and punching people! And knocking
people down! How do you think I'd feel
knowing my son is beating up people?

How do you think I feel?
First a girl beats me up,
and now an old lady beats me
up! I'm goin' to the Gym,
Mom—and you can't stop me!

Why should I
stop you? If
I stopped you,
the picture
would end
right here!



Hello, kid! The
fellers in the
neighborhood give
you a going-over?

No—this
my
mother
did!

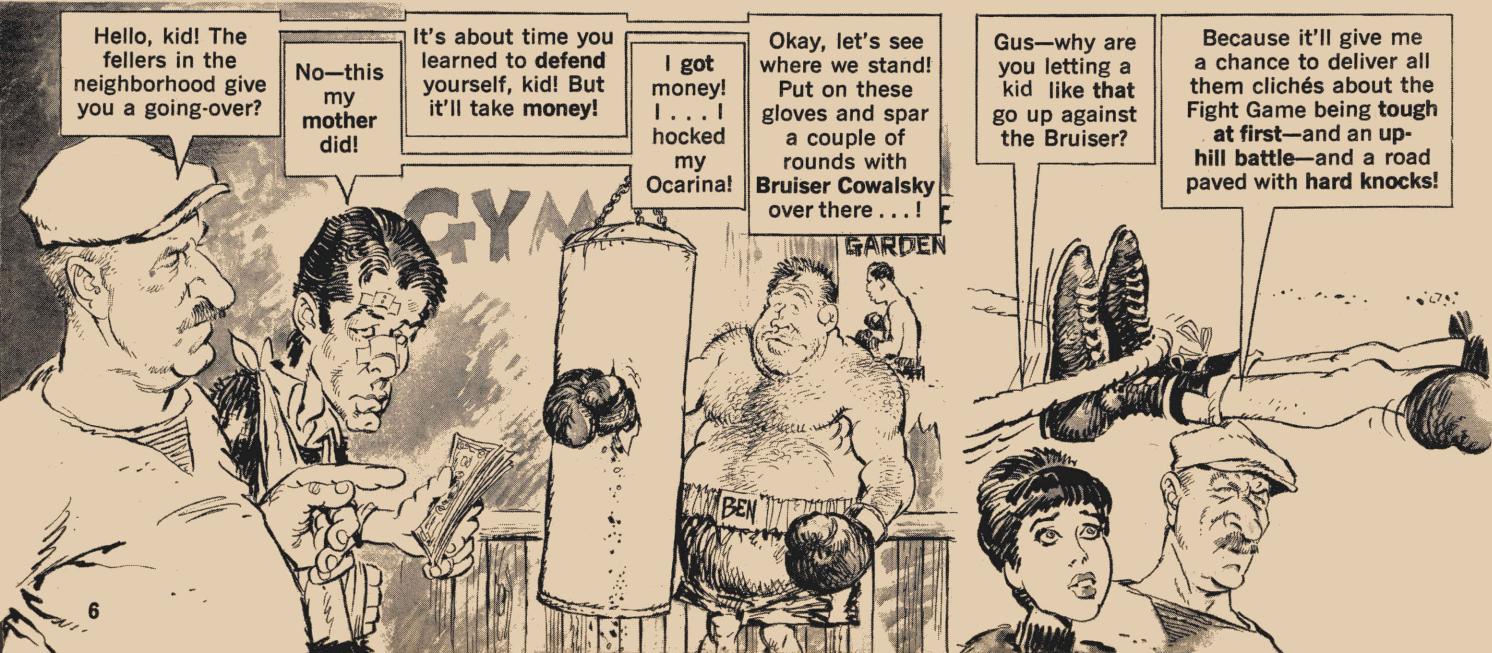
It's about time you
learned to defend
yourself, kid! But
it'll take **money**!

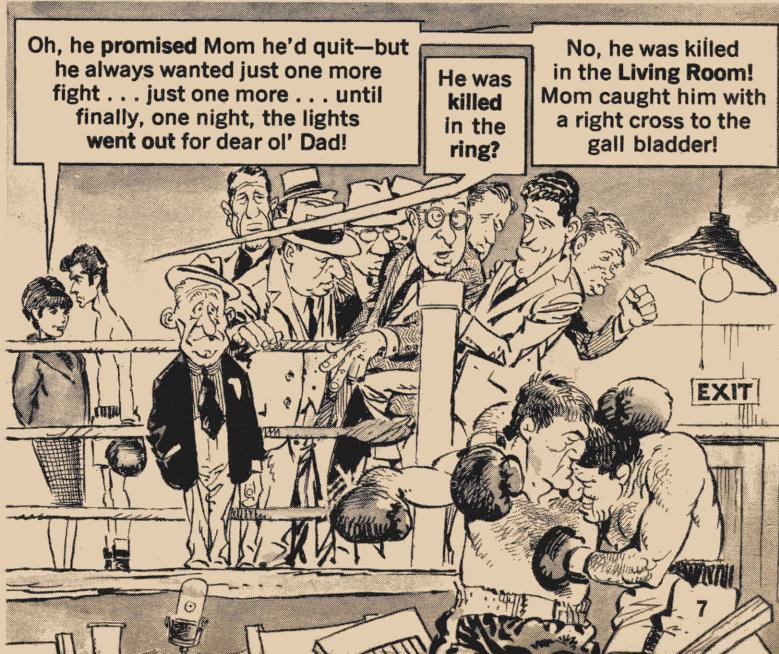
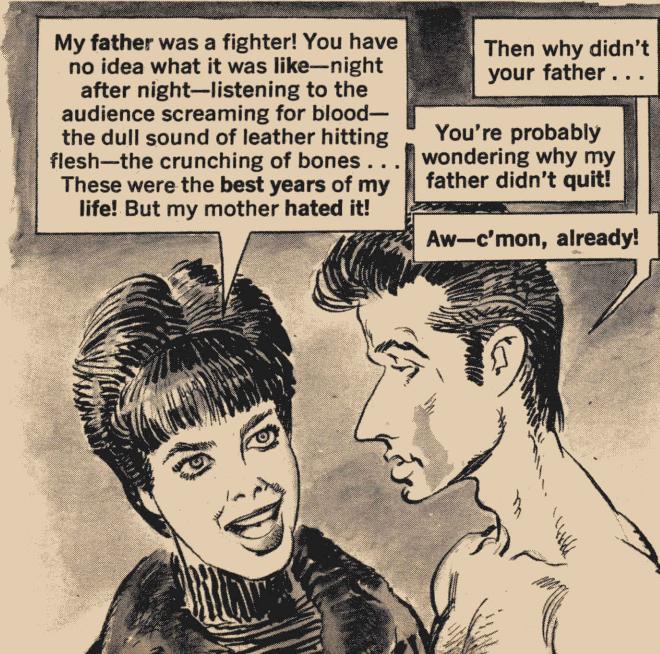
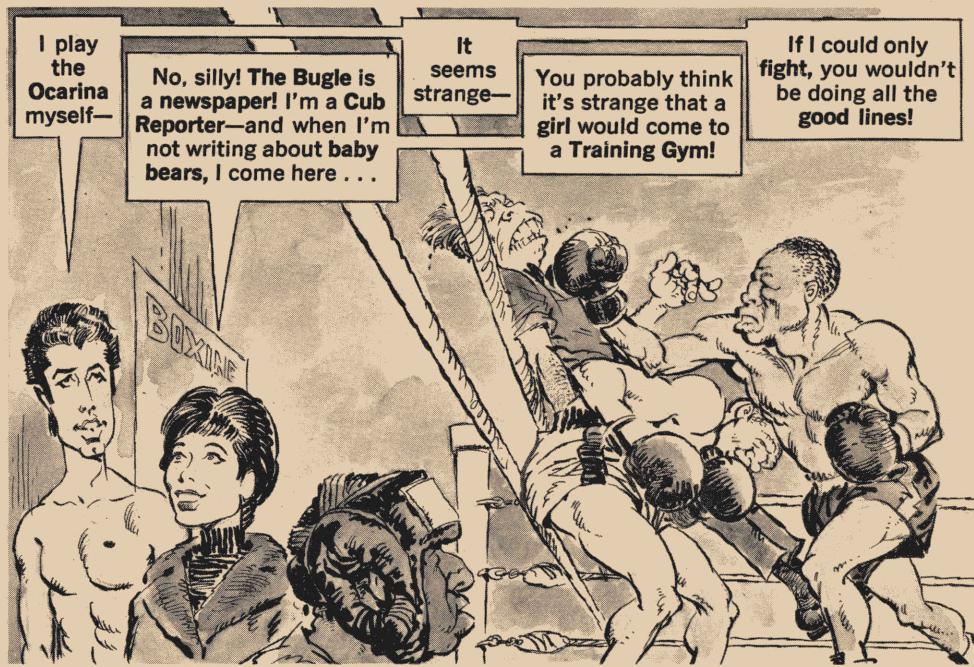
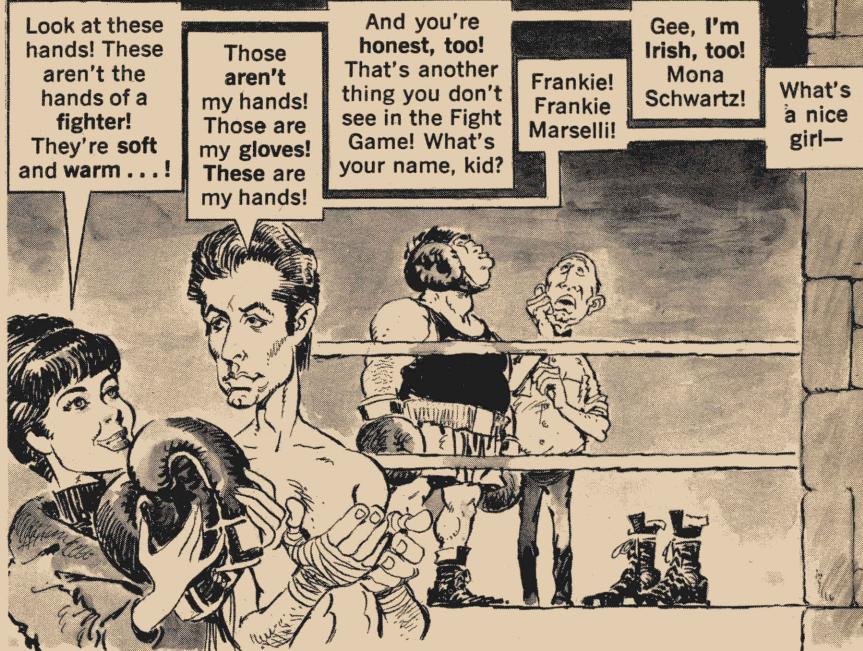
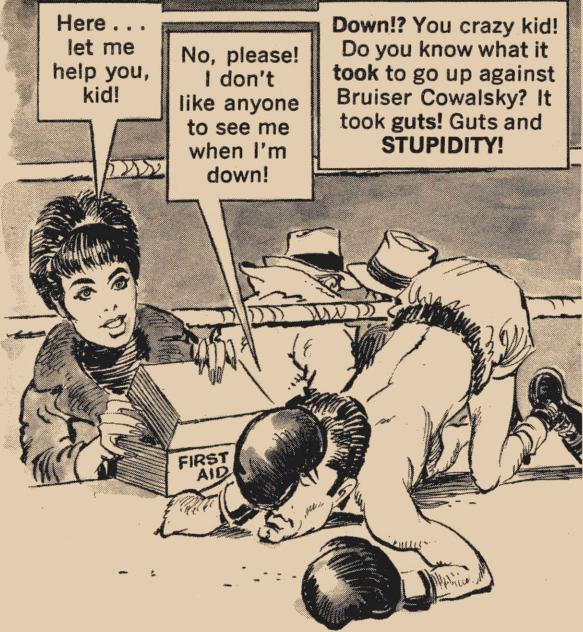
I got
money!
I . . . I
hocked
my
Ocarina!

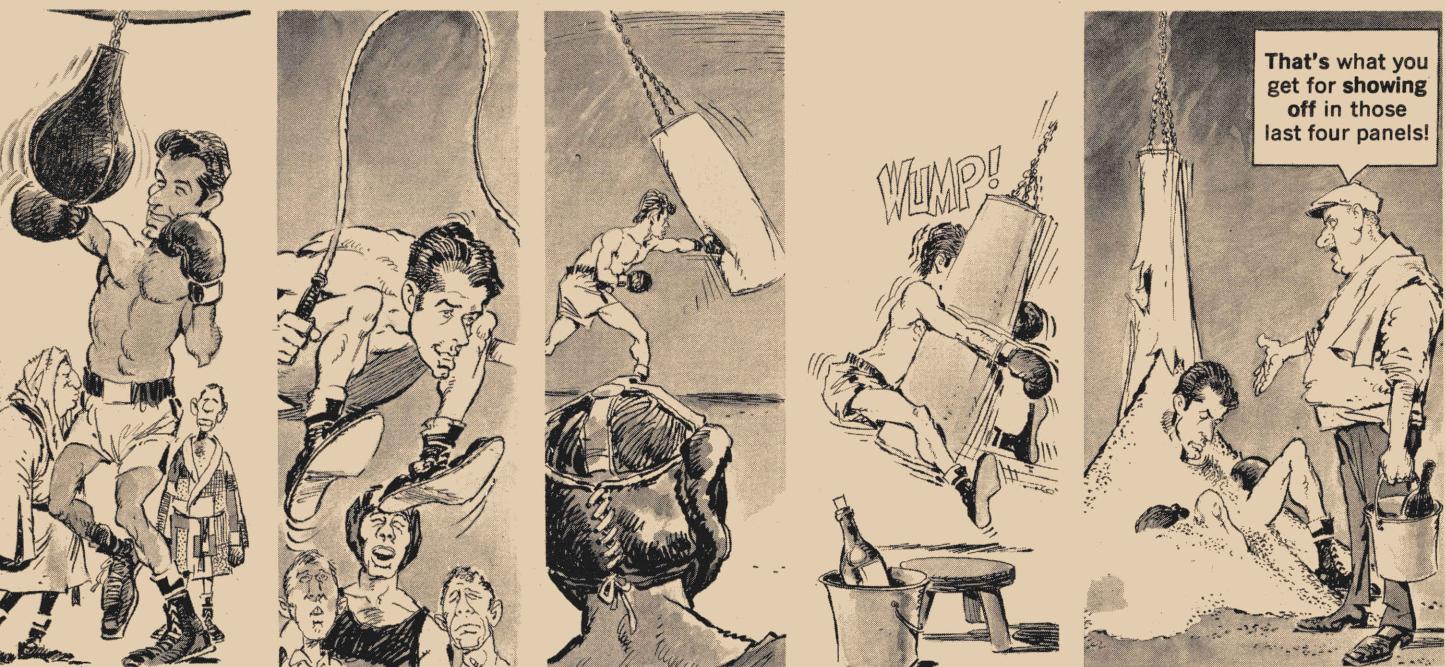
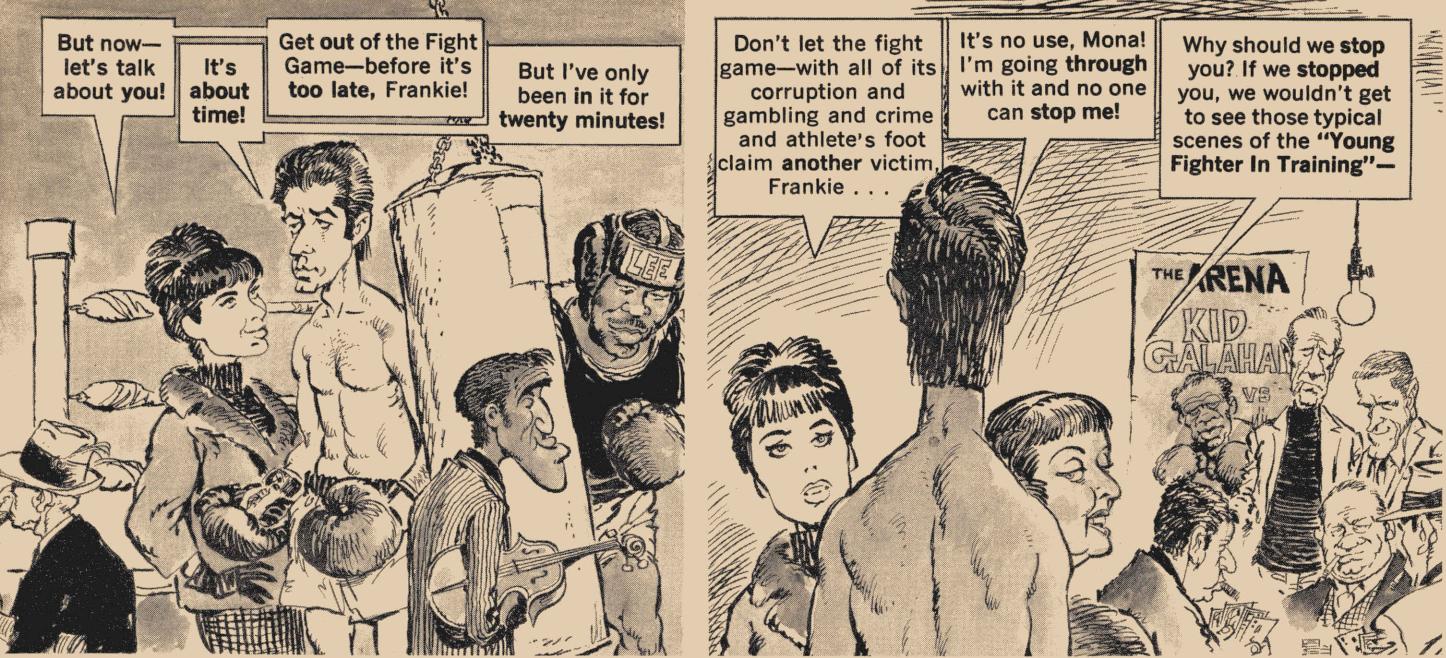
Okay, let's see
where we stand!
Put on these
gloves and spar
a couple of
rounds with
Bruiser Cowalsky
over there . . . !

Gus—why are
you letting a
kid like that
go up against
the Bruiser?

Because it'll give me
a chance to deliver all
them clichés about the
Fight Game being tough
at first—and an up-
hill battle—and a road
paved with hard knocks!







And your Mother will get \$1000 a week while you're under contract to me!

Do you think you can mend a broken heart with \$1000 a week? Why it wouldn't even begin to mend for less than \$1500 . . . !

Okay! It's a deal! \$1500 a week!

It's a deal on one condition, Mr. Finster!

You name it, kid!

Now we show the typical montage sequence of me fighting my way up to a crack at the title!



... Los Angeles, 12—Mets, 2! And here's a flash! Frankie "The Kid" has just knocked out Lew Eskin in the second round!

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! FRANKIE 'THE KID' FLATTENS ROCKY MOZZARELLA IN THE FIRST ROUND! GREEN HORNET STILL AT LARGE . . .

... and in the shortest bout in ring history, Frankie "The Kid" has KO'd Red Muggendorf during the Referee's instructions . . .

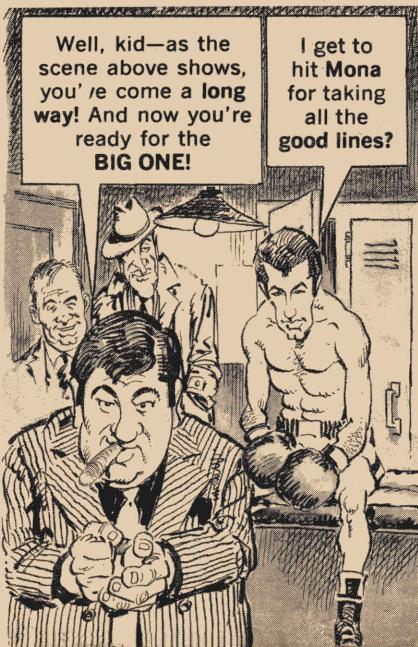


Well, kid—as the scene above shows, you've come a long way! And now you're ready for the BIG ONE!

I get to hit Mona for taking all the good lines?

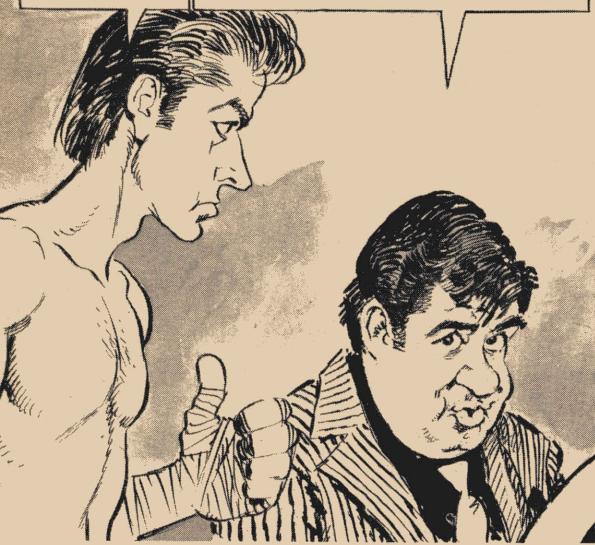
Forget Mona! You're gonna fight the Champion—"Detestable" Dickens!

Great! I'll finish Dickens the fastest yet! I won't even wait for the "Weighing-In Ceremony"! Let's go over to his house right now! I'll show 'im . . . !



Me? LOSE?
That's
RIDICULOUS!

Me and the boys have six hundred
grand bet on the fight—and it says
you're gonna lose!



Just one minute, Finster! I've
lied and cheated for you! I've beaten
up innocent people for you! I've signed
phony contracts for you! I've even paid
my Mom her \$1500 in your syndicate's
counterfeit money for you!

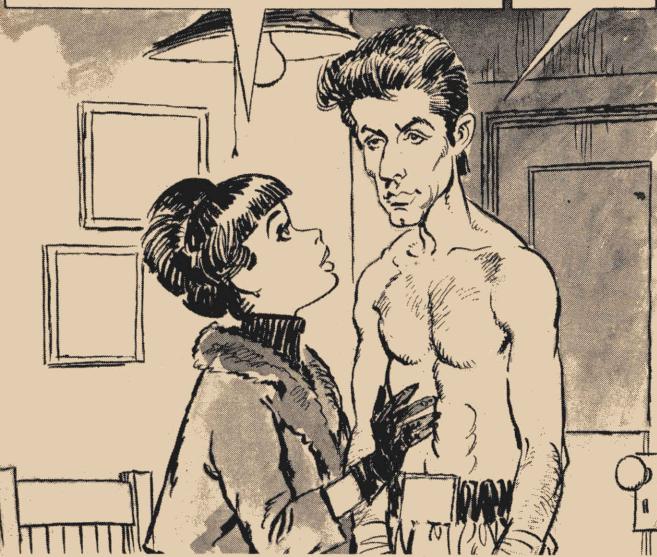
But . . .
losing
a fight
on purpose?
That's
dishonest!

Don't cross
me, Frankie!
You lose
that fight—
OR ELSE!
So long, kid!



I couldn't help overhearing the conversation,
Frankie! I was standing outside with my ear
to the keyhole . . .

What am I
gonna do,
Mona?



Could you ever
look at yourself
in a mirror again
if you threw
that fight, kid?

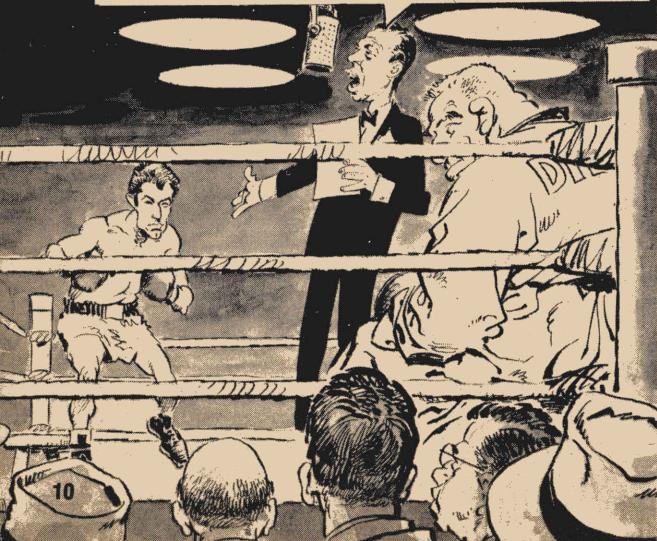
Gee,
no!

Then you'll either
have to play it
fair . . . or stop
shaving!

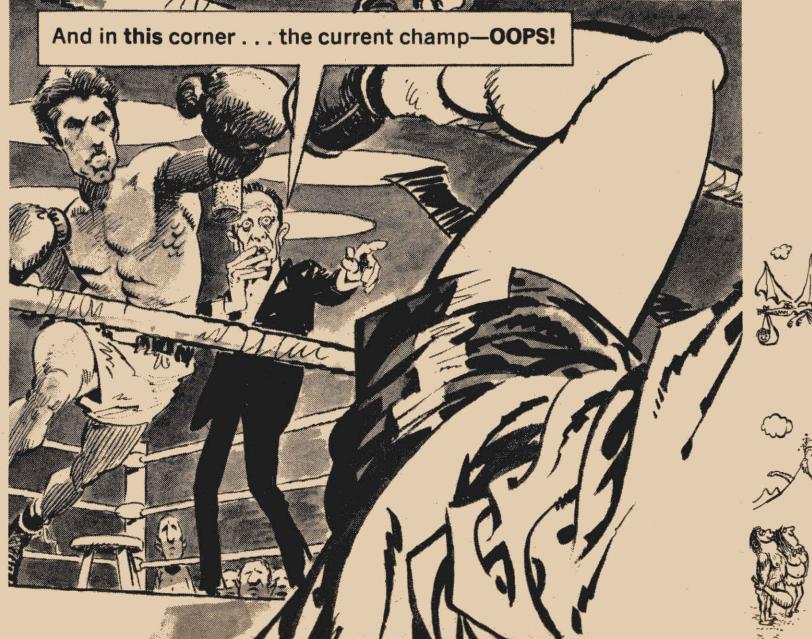
Think it over
as we fade out
and into the big
Ringside scene!



And in this corner . . . the up-and-coming contender
who has pulled so many surprises in the fight ring:
Frankie "The Kid" Marselli!!



And in this corner . . . the current champ—**OOPS!**

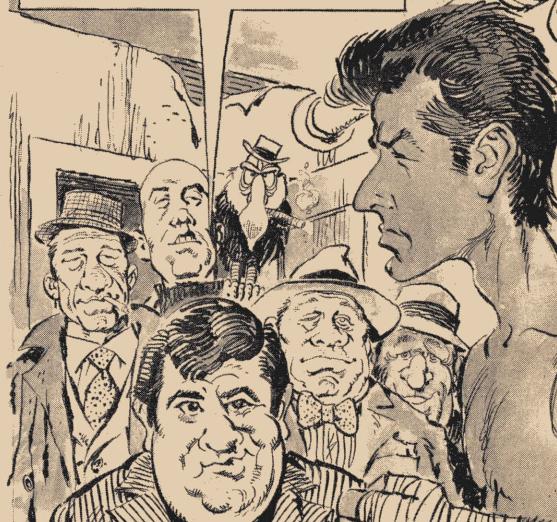
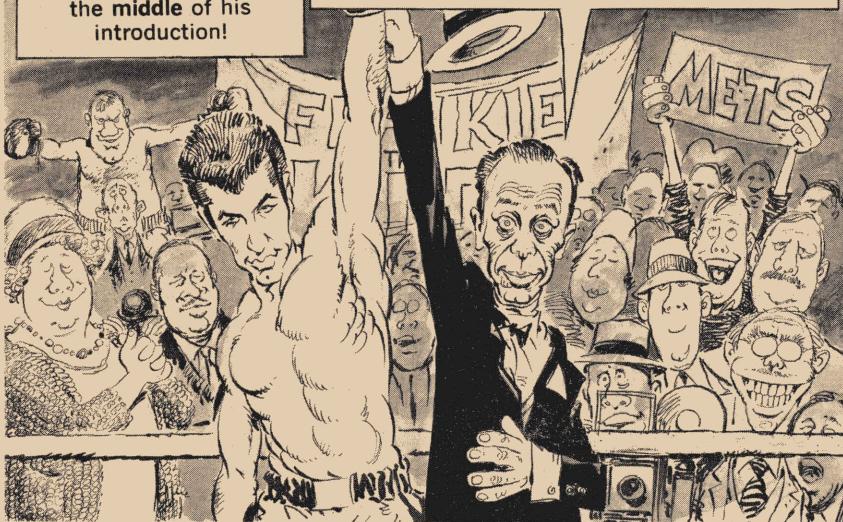


Well, he did it again, Folks! A surprise punch where "Detestible" least expected it! Right in the middle of his introduction!

The win-nah, and new cham-peen—Frankie "The Kid" . . . and folks, please cheer loud and long so we can move our cameras back into Frankie's dressing room for the big final scene!

You crossed me, Frankie! Now I'm gonna fix you good! You'll never play the Ocarina again! Okay, boys, **BREAK HIS LIPS!!**

Oh, yeah?



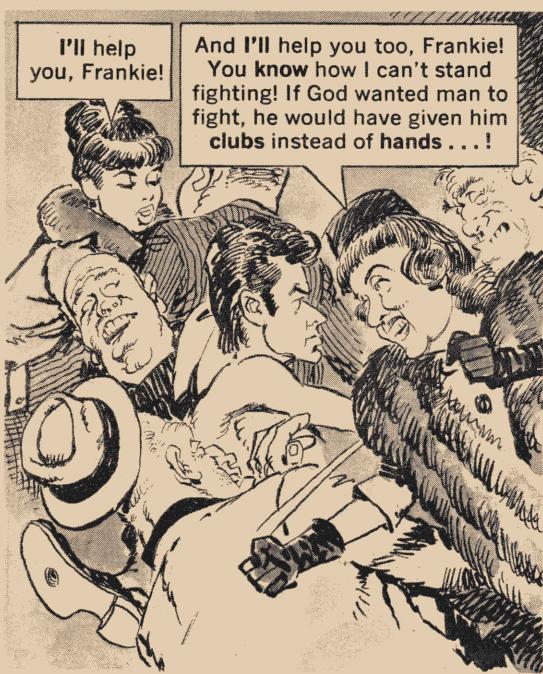
I'll help you, Frankie!

And I'll help you too, Frankie! You know how I can't stand fighting! If God wanted man to fight, he would have given him clubs instead of hands . . . !

Mamma . . . Mona . . . I've had enough! I'm quitting the Fight Game!

That's music to my ears, son . . . and speaking of music—

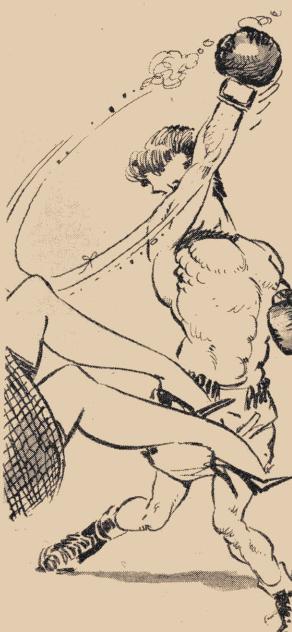
My old Ocarina! Gee, thanks, Ma! And Mona—I was wondering . . .



You're probably wondering about asking me to marry you!

Yes, but first—

FRANKIE
THE
KID



My son, the Ocarina Player!!

DON MARTIN DEPT.

**DON MARTIN
PROUDLY PRESENTS**

THREE

HAIRY

STORIES

III. IN ANOTHER HOME

I. AT THE

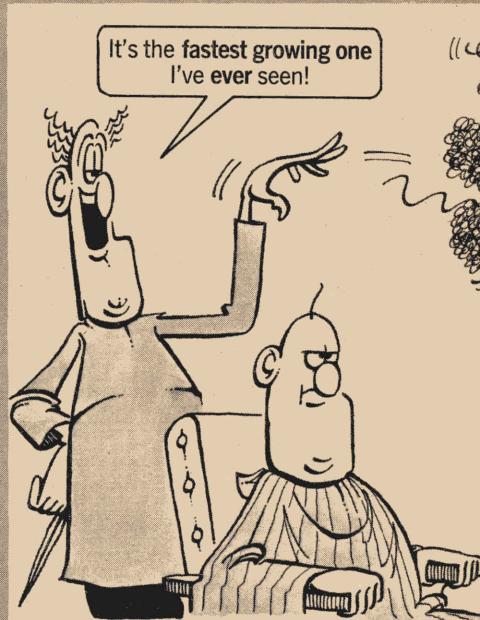
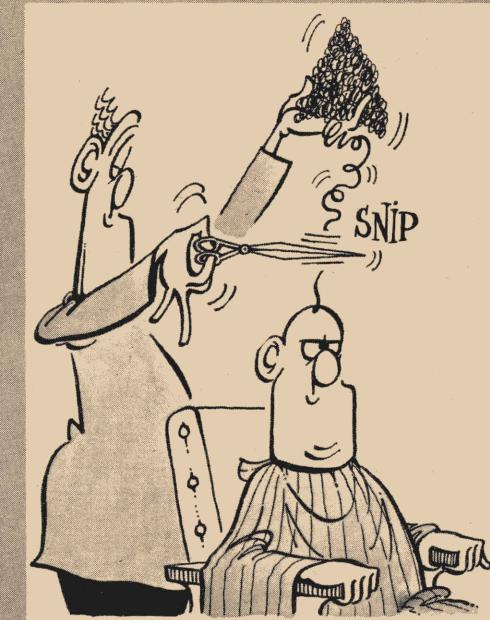
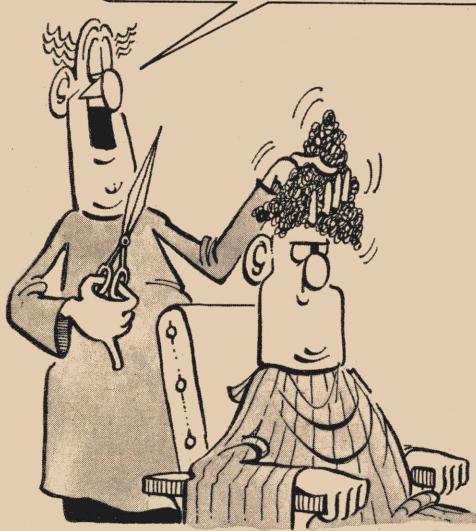
I got my hair cut only two weeks ago,
Louis, and now look at this mess!
You'll have to cut it off again!

Yes, sir, Mr. Fonebone!



BARBERSHOP

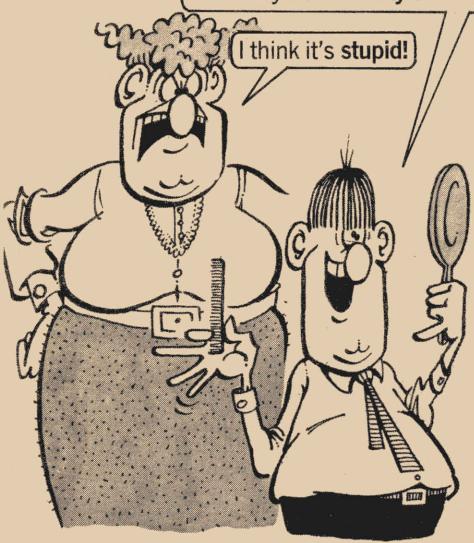
Ya'know, there's one thing I can say for this hair of yours, Mr. Fonebone—



II. IN A HOME

Well, dear, what do you think of my new hair style?

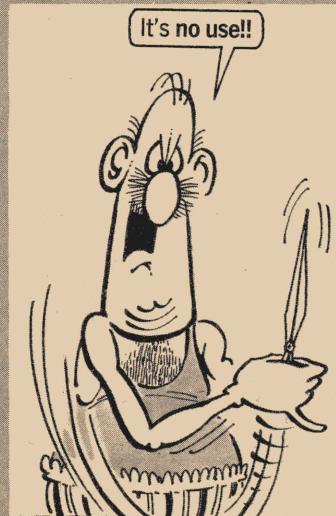
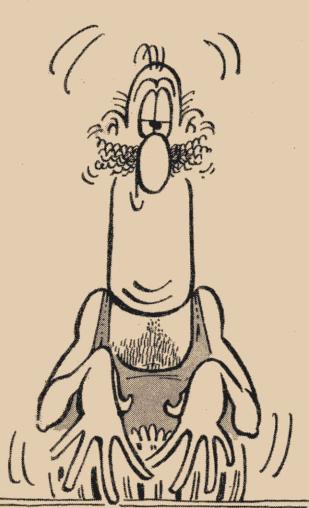
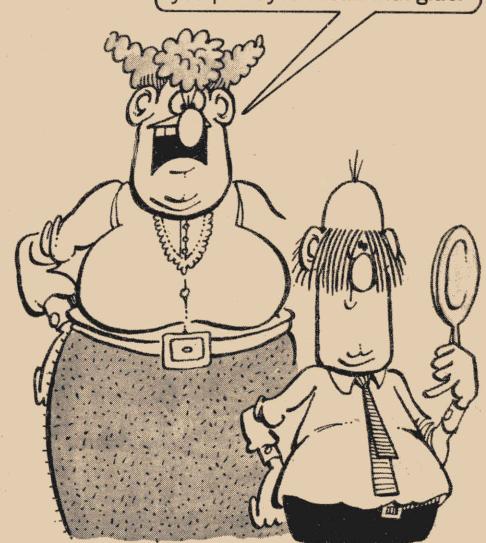
I think it's stupid!



For one thing ...



... it'll never stay in place unless you paint your head with glue!



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

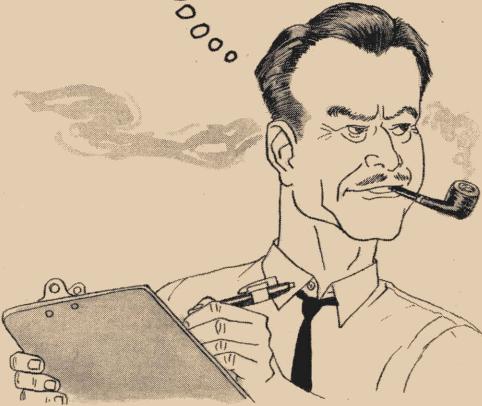
I may be just a Stock Room Boy now—but one of these days, I'm gonna work my way up and grab that Shipping Clerk's job!



I may be just a Shipping Clerk now—but one of these days I'll make that Chief Clerk move over and I'll grab his job!



I may be just a Chief Clerk now—but one of these days I'm gonna show up that Office Manager and grab his job!



Gee, Boss, you look better than ever since you went on that diet!

Will you listen to that? Did you ever hear anything more disgusting? What an apple polisher!

My kid was saying just last night, "Gee, Uncle Boss is nice! When I see him again, I'm gonna give him a big kiss!"

I swear! Any second, I think I'll throw up!

I love your new suit! You sure do have good taste in clothes!

How much longer is that "Brass-Kisser" going to stay in there? I've been waiting to talk to the Boss all morning—

I've had a lot of Bosses in my time, but you're the fairest and the most understanding!

—and that dirty fink has said practically everything I planned to say!



Good bye, Dear!

Don't kiss me! I've got a terrible cold! You don't want your whole office to catch it, do you?

Hmmph! I didn't notice she had a cold! Who's she kidding? She just didn't want to kiss me, that's all! She rejected me, that's what she did! And I'm hurt! And when I get hurt, I get mad! Real mad!

What's going on here? Just what in heck do you think I pay you for . . . to drink coffee? Get back to work . . . all of you!





THE BOSS

I may be just an **Office Manager** now—but one of these days I'm gonna convince them I deserve the **Vice President's** job!



I may be just the **Vice President** now—but one of these days, he'll make a mistake, and I'll be **President** of this firm!



OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER

MEMO TO:

The Editor--

Just saw this article.

Fire Dave Berg!

Bill Gaines

All this responsibility and aggravation and headaches and heartaches! Who needs it! I wish I were a **Stock Room Boy** again!



What a day I had at the office—buying, selling, maneuvering, wheeling and dealing! Boy, my nerves are all tied up in knots!

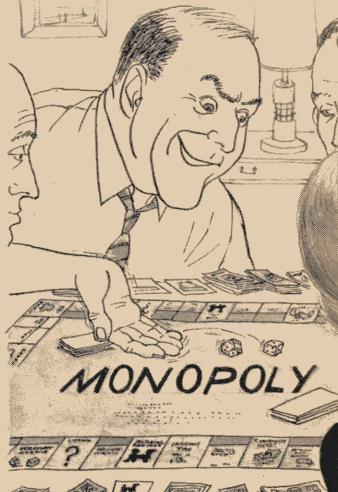


I've got to unwind! I need a change of pace! Tonight, let's have an evening of fun and games so I can get my mind off business completely!



Is everything set up?

Yes, dear!



You call this a letter? With two erasures? Why don't you learn to type? That's not typing you're doing, that's hunt-and-pecking!



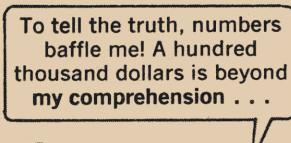
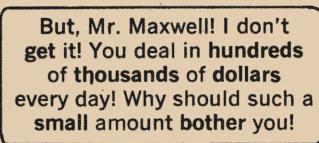
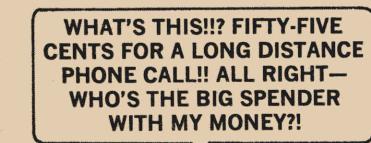
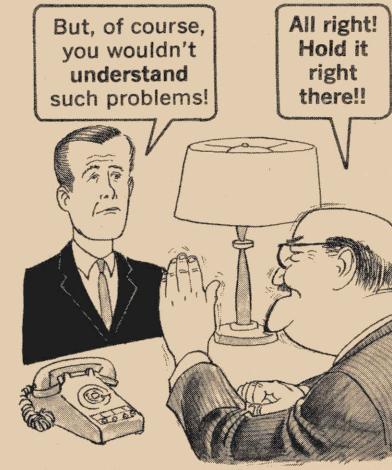
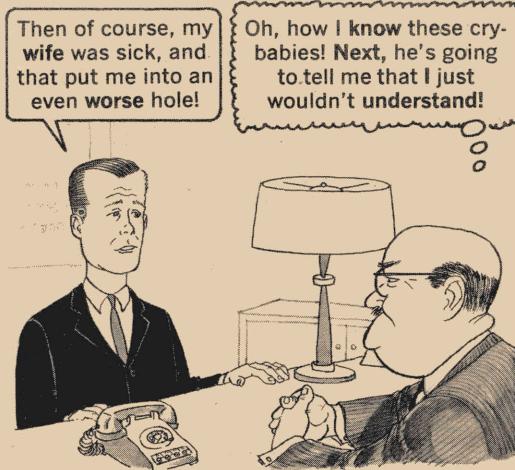
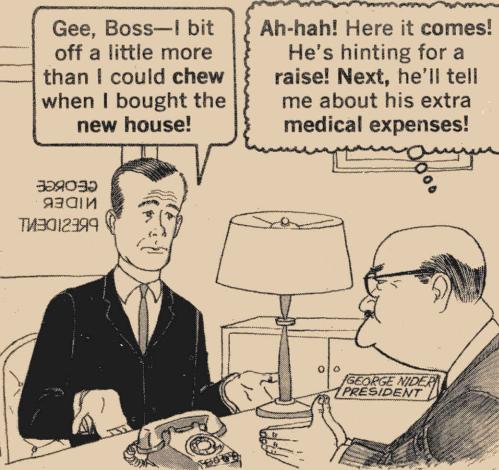
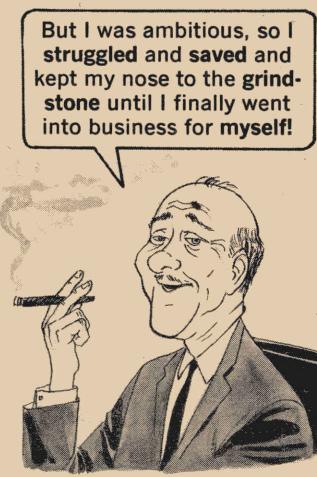
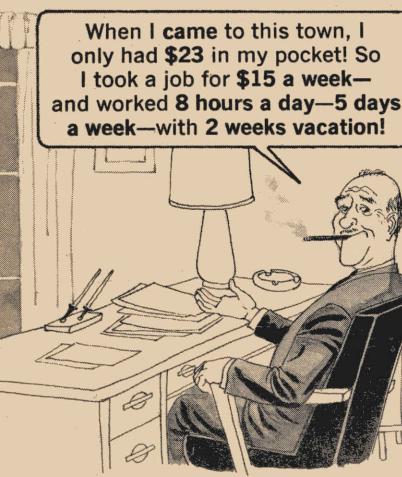
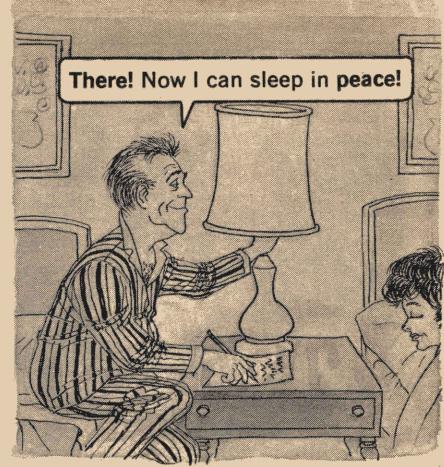
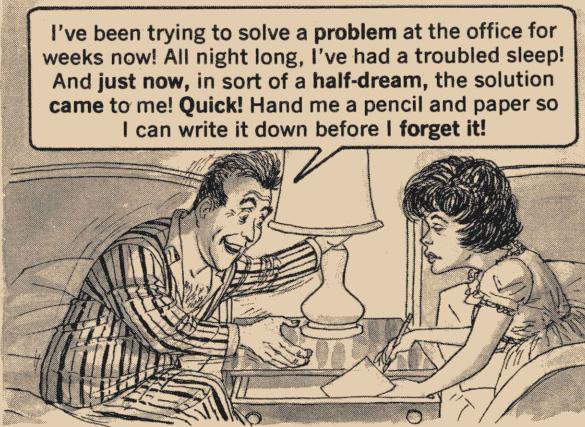
Listen, Sturdley, I'll have no more of your stupid mistakes! Remember, you can be replaced easily—by an **I.B.M.** machine!

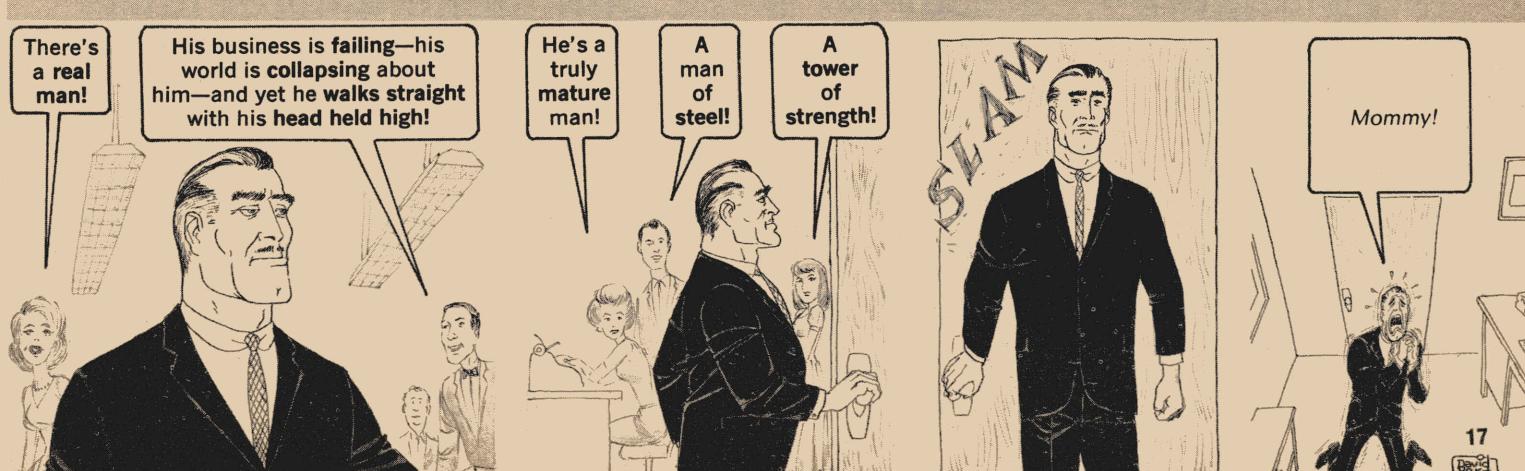
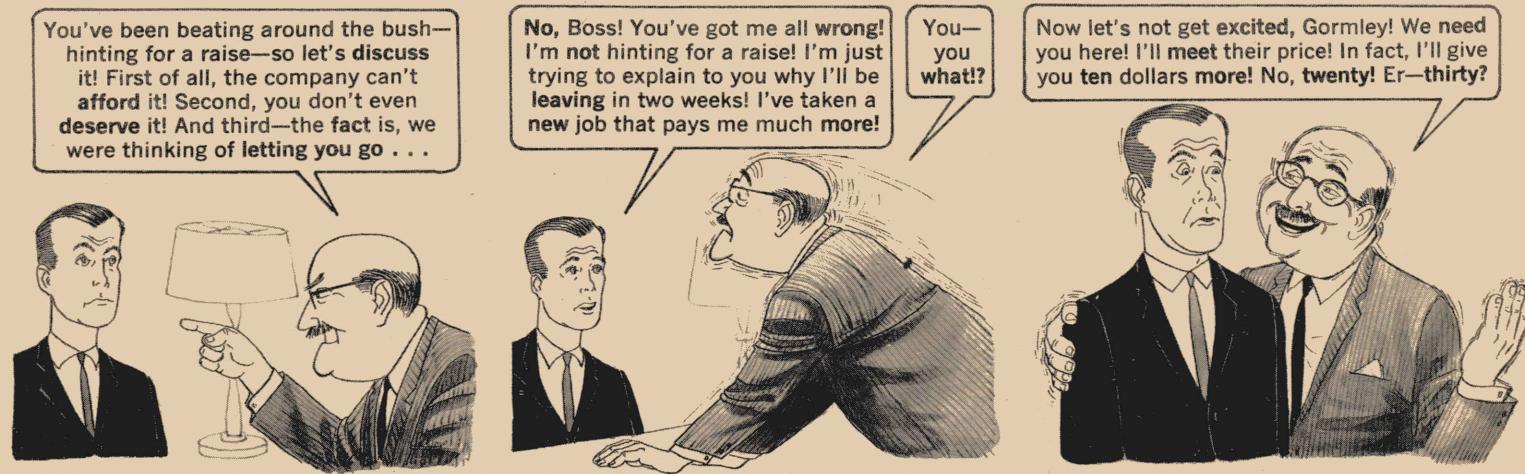
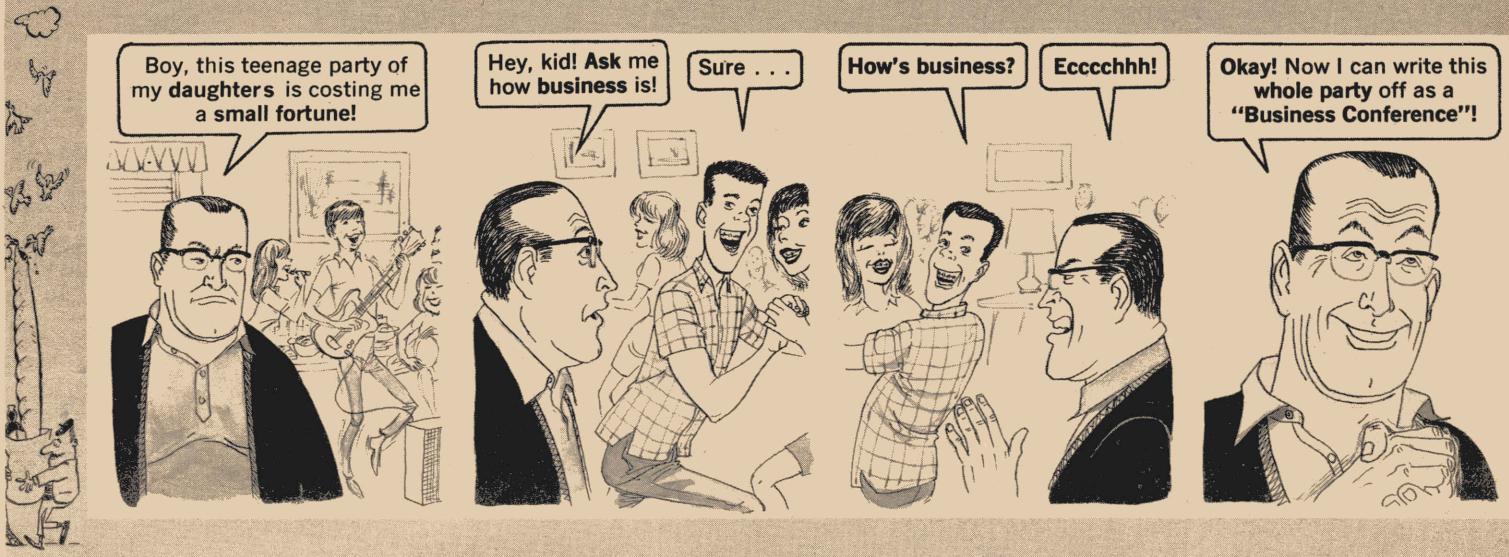
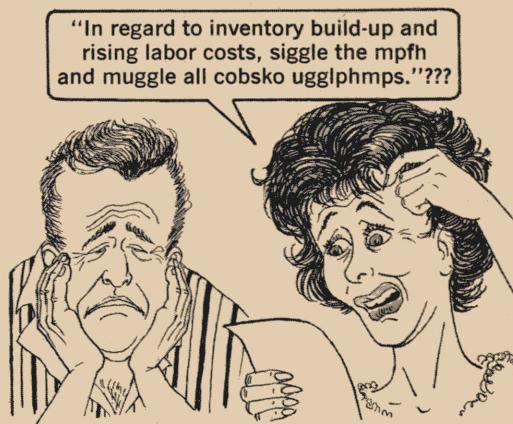
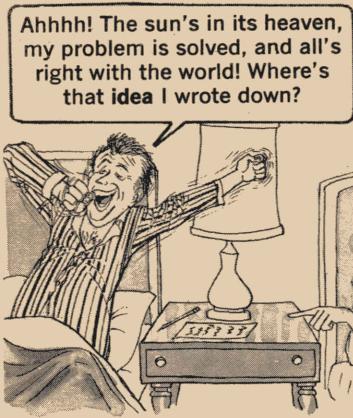


Hello, dear! I've been thinking! Wasn't that considerate of me not to kiss you this morning so your office wouldn't catch?



They caught it anyhow!





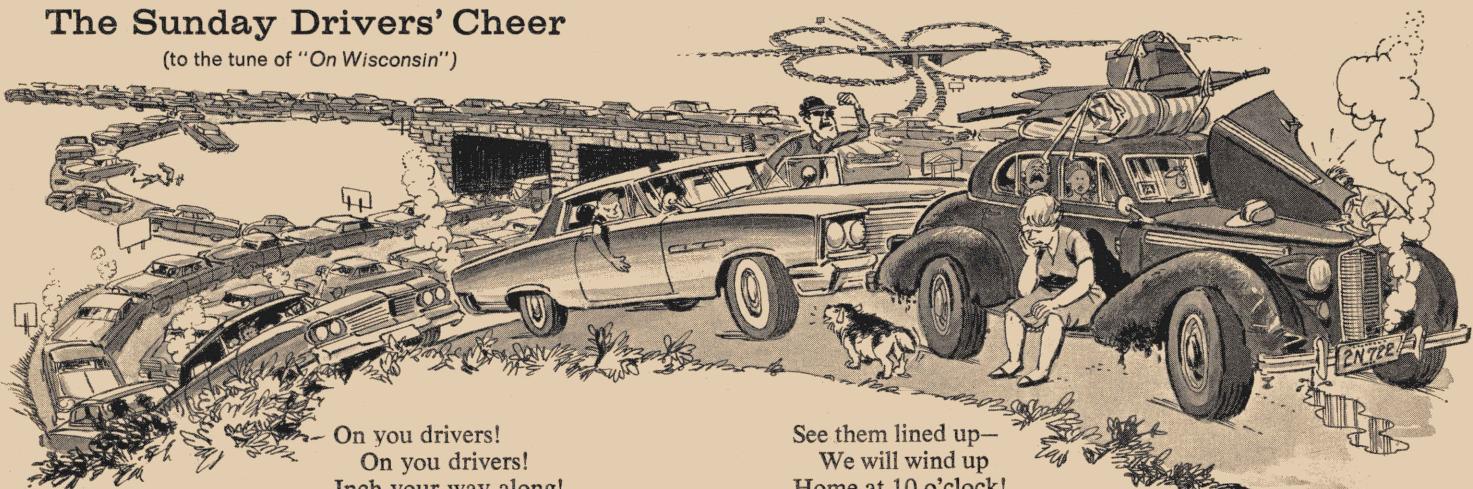
BATTLE HYMNS OF THE PUBLIC DEPT.

Not everybody can be a football hero. Not everybody can be a champion golfer or a record-breaking sprinter. Not everybody can be a Mickey Mantle, a Sandy Koufax, or a Pumpsie Green. But just remember: We plain,

FIGHT SONGS for (Playing the Game)

The Sunday Drivers' Cheer

(to the tune of "On Wisconsin")



On you drivers!
On you drivers!
Inch your way along!
Heading for a Sunday outing—
Fifty million strong (*Stop honking!*)

See them lined up—
We will wind up
Home at 10 o'clock!
And to think we only drove
A-round the block!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The Shoppers' Fight Song

(to the tune of "The Air Force Song")

Off we go
Into the bargain section,
Running wild
All through the place!
There's a clerk
Coming in our direction—
Onward, girls!
Step on his face! (*Clomp-i-ty Clomp!*)
There's a dress
That we can all fight over—
Grab it, girls! Do not delay!
We'll pull till it's
All torn to bits—
Rrrrrrip!
Nothing can stop us shoppers today!



The Taxpayers' Rouser

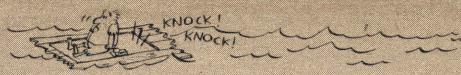
(to the tune of "The Song of the Vagabonds")



On—you big employers,
Clerks, and cooks and lawyers—
Cheat, cheat, cheat

Your Uncle Sam!
With expenses padding
And exemptions adding,
Cheat, cheat, cheat
Your Uncle Sam!
Don't declare the money that you earn!
Better still—don't file a return!
You'll be saving plenty,
And draw ten to twenty
Years in jail for Uncle Sam!



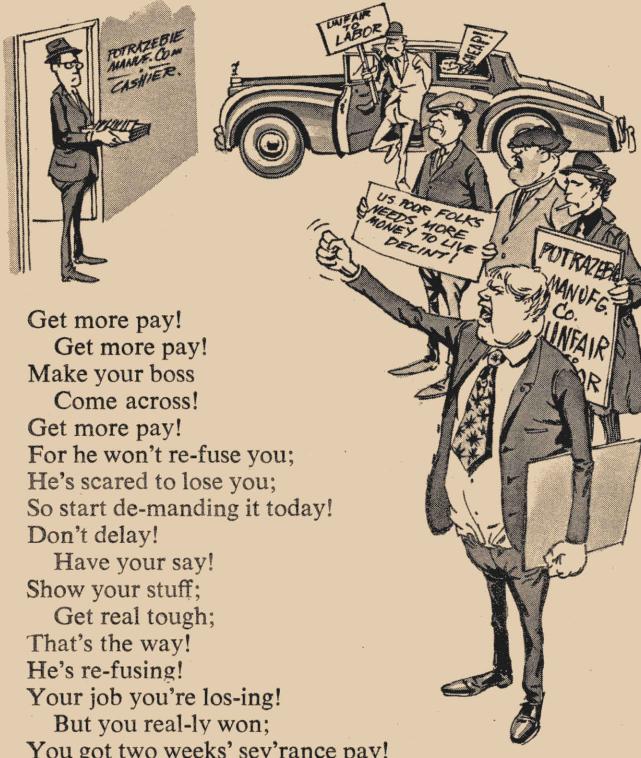


ordinary, unassuming clods are engaged in the most strenuous, demanding, competitive activity of all—the game of "Everyday Life"! So let's be enthusiastic and strike up the band while we sing these stirring . . .

the COMMON MAN of "Everyday Life")

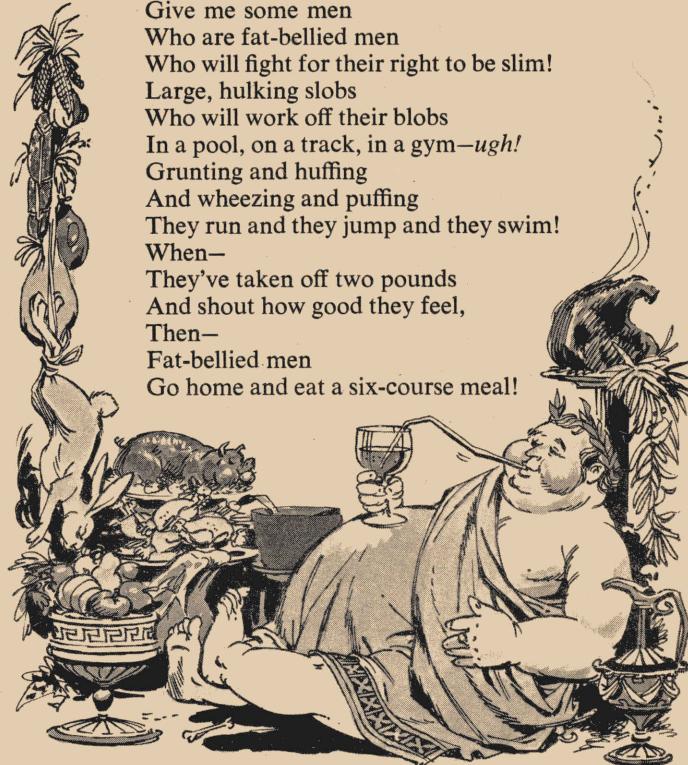
The Underpaid Employees' March

(to the tune of "Over There")



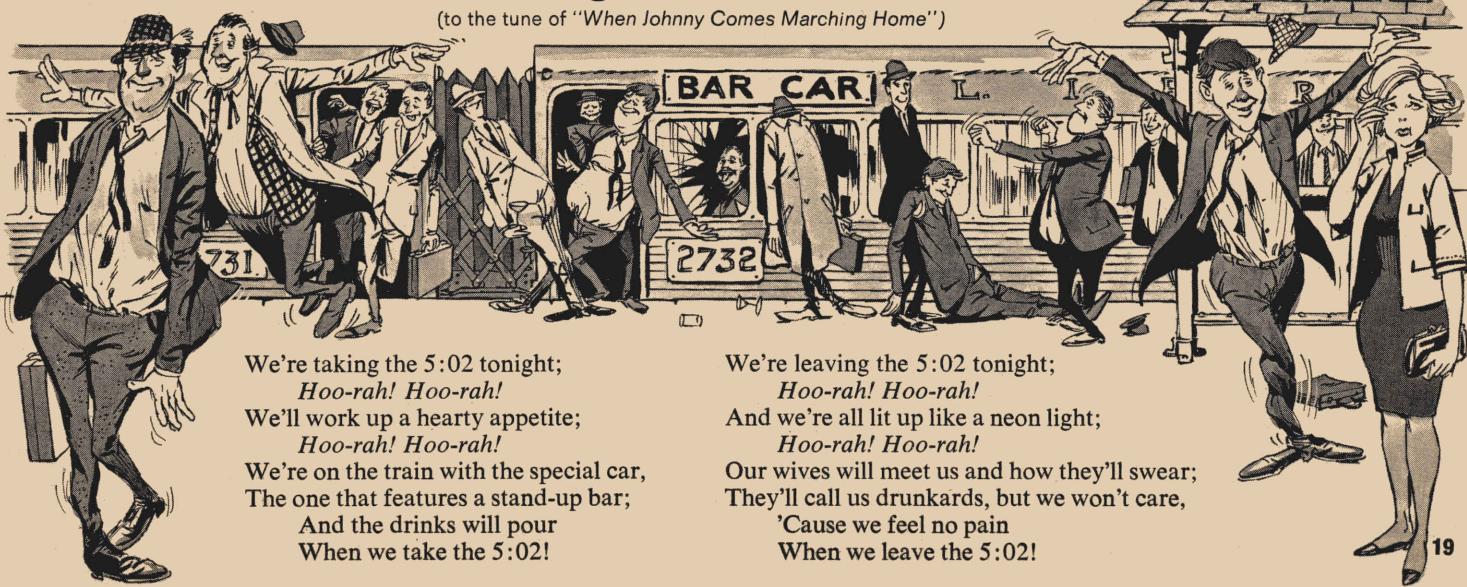
The Fat Men's Chorus

(to the tune of "Stouthearted Men")



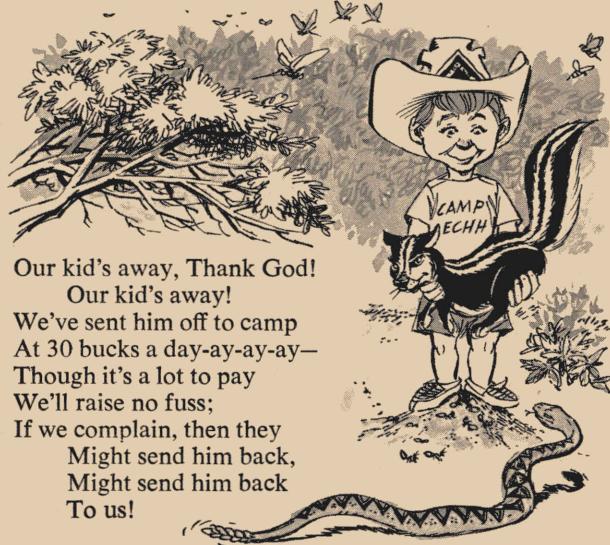
The Song of the Commuters

(to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home")



The Parents' Anthem

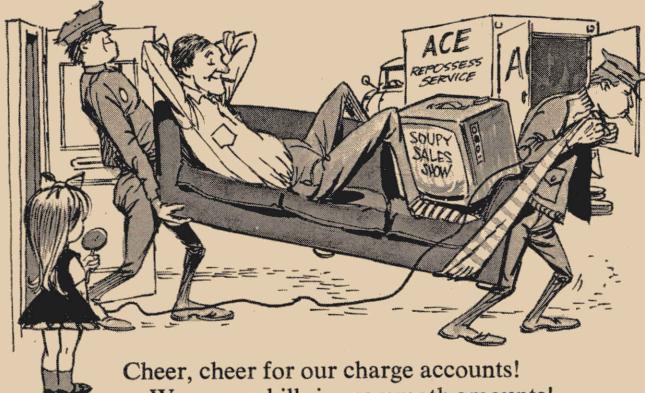
(to the tune of "Anchors Aweigh!")



Our kid's away, Thank God!
Our kid's away!
We've sent him off to camp
At 30 bucks a day-ay-ay-ay—
Though it's a lot to pay
We'll raise no fuss;
If we complain, then they
Might send him back,
Might send him back
To us!

The Consumers' Fight Song

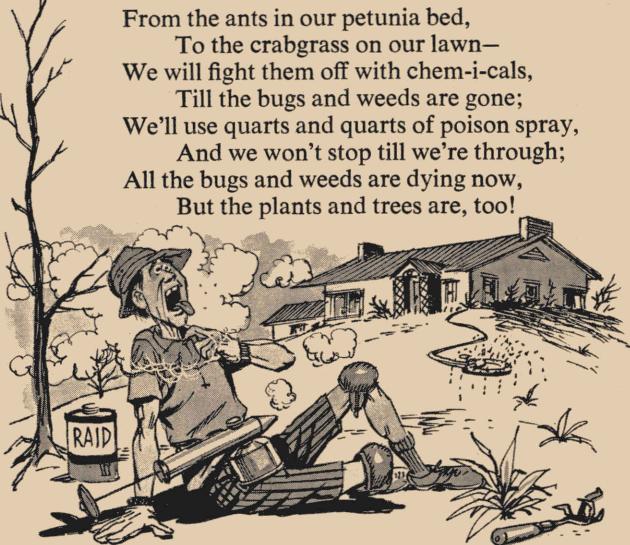
(to the tune of "The Notre Dame Fight Song")



Cheer, cheer for our charge accounts!
We run up bills in mammoth amounts!
Freezers, sports cars, TV sets—
Each one is bringing brand-new debts;
What though the bills be great or be small,
We can't pay one, so why pay at all?
We'll still live in comfort while
We're heading for bank-rupt-cy!

The Week-End Gardeners' Hymn

(to the tune of "From The Halls of Montezuma")



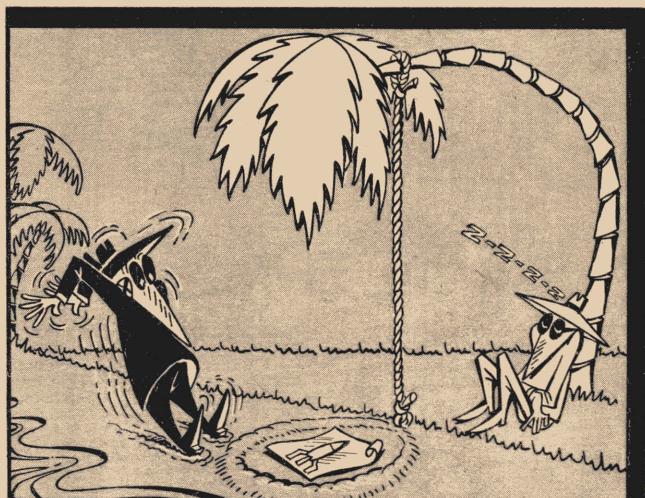
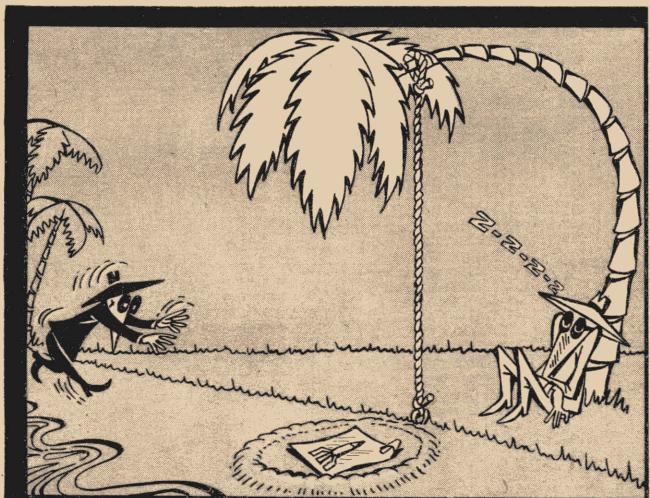
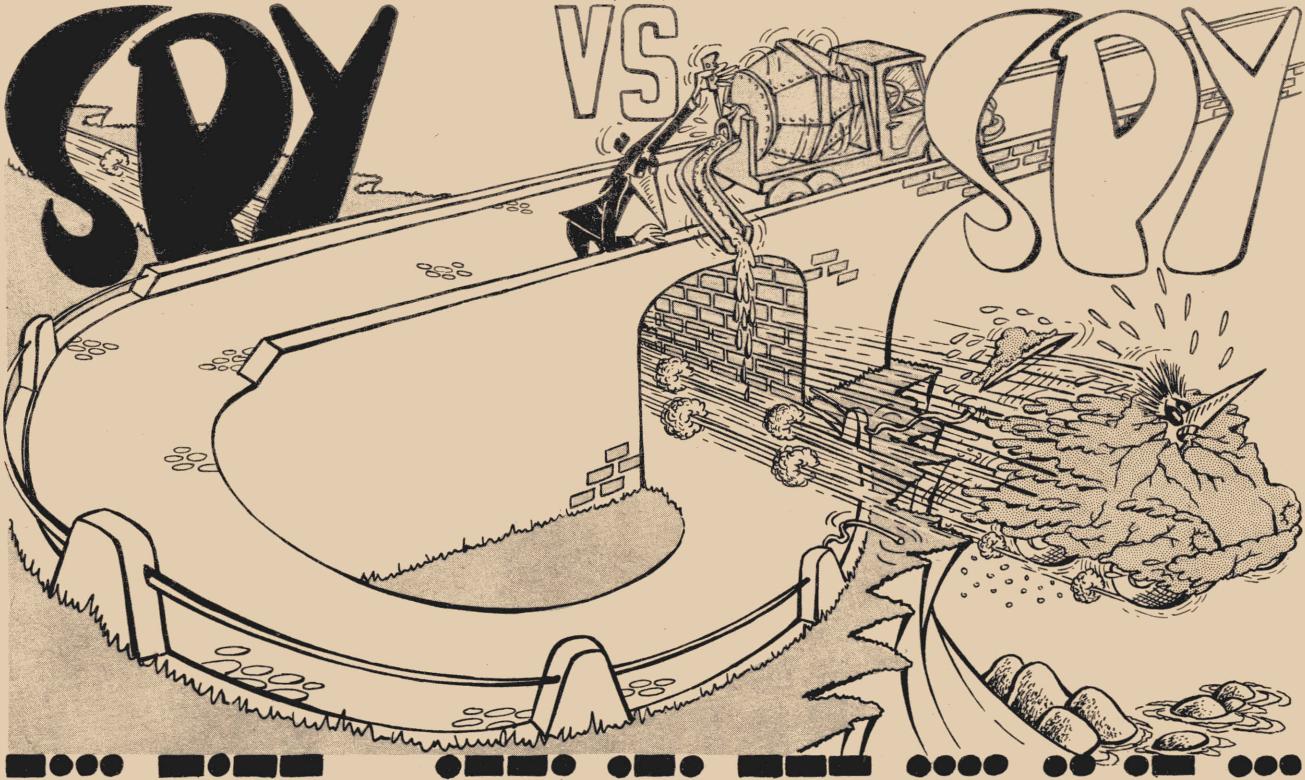
From the ants in our petunia bed,
To the crabgrass on our lawn—
We will fight them off with chem-i-cals,
Till the bugs and weeds are gone;
We'll use quarts and quarts of poison spray,
And we won't stop till we're through;
All the bugs and weeds are dying now,
But the plants and trees are, too!

The Barflies' Hymn

(to the tune of "Over Hill, Over Dale")

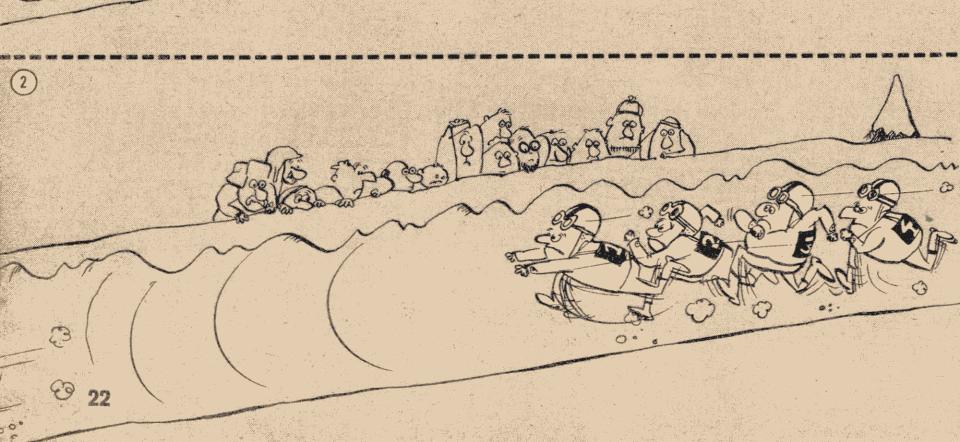
Over booze, over beer,
We will argue through the year
As the barflies go yapping along;
Football facts, baseball lore,
We remember every score,
As the barflies go yapping along;
For it's Hi, Hi, Hee!
When some rummy don't agree—
Shout out your answer loud and strong:
Sez You!
We will prove our point
While we're busting up the joint
As the barflies go yapping along!





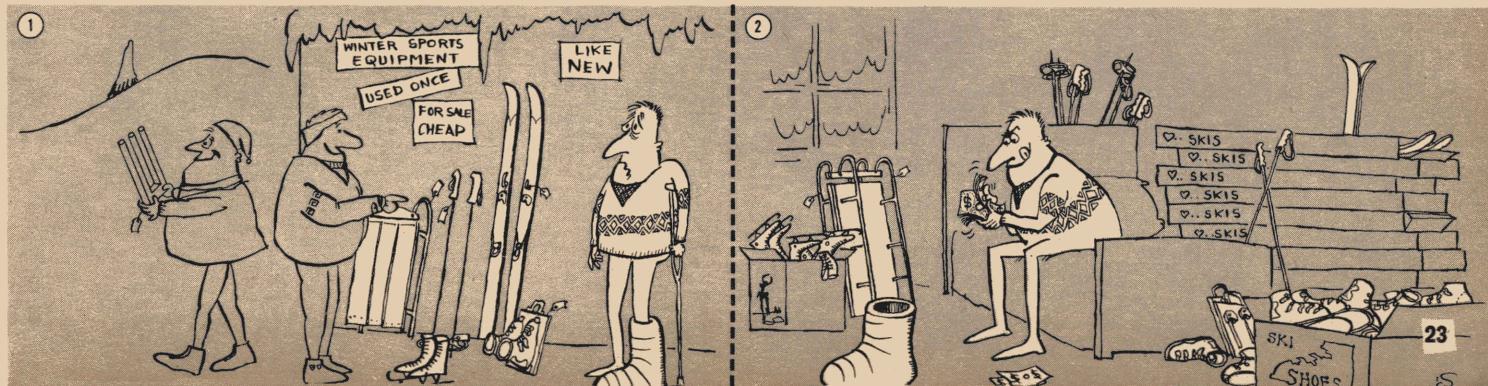
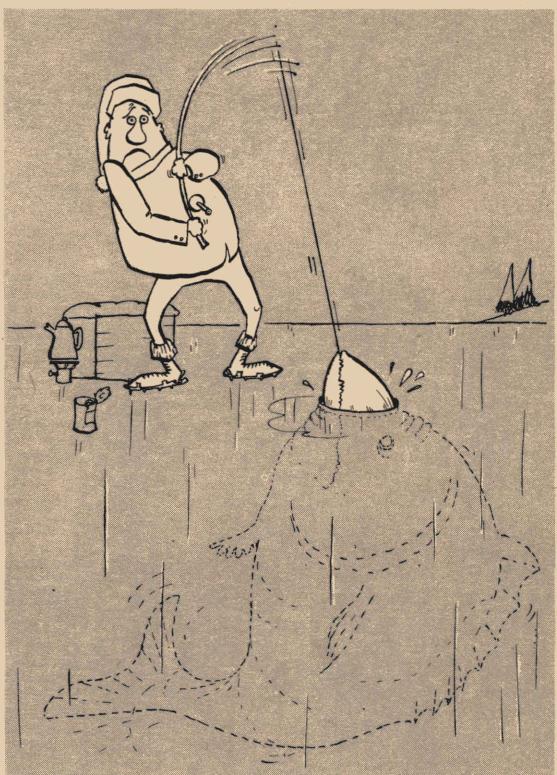
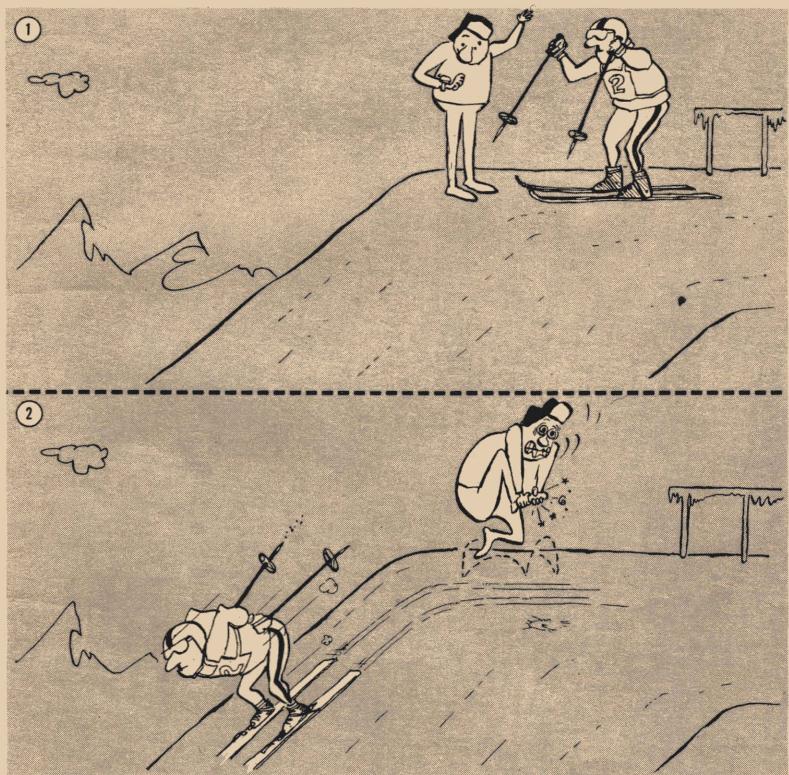
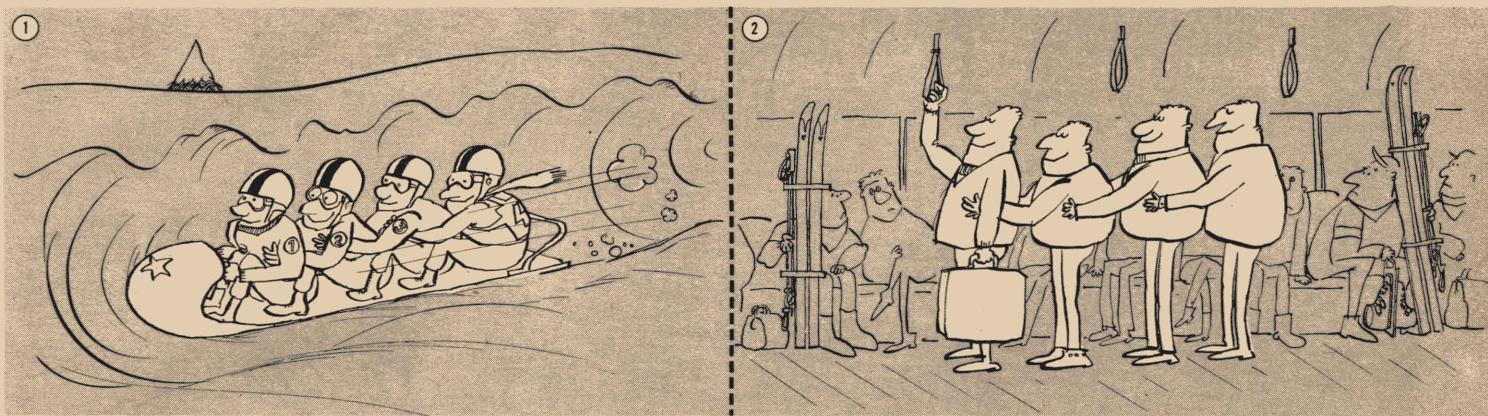
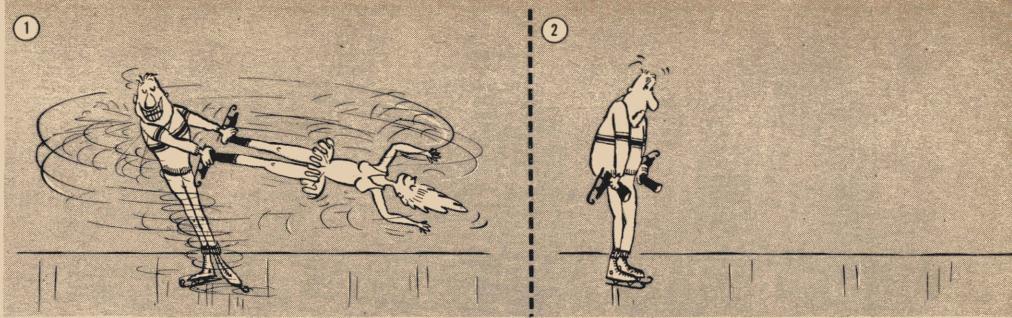
ICE-ELATION DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT WINTER



SPORTS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

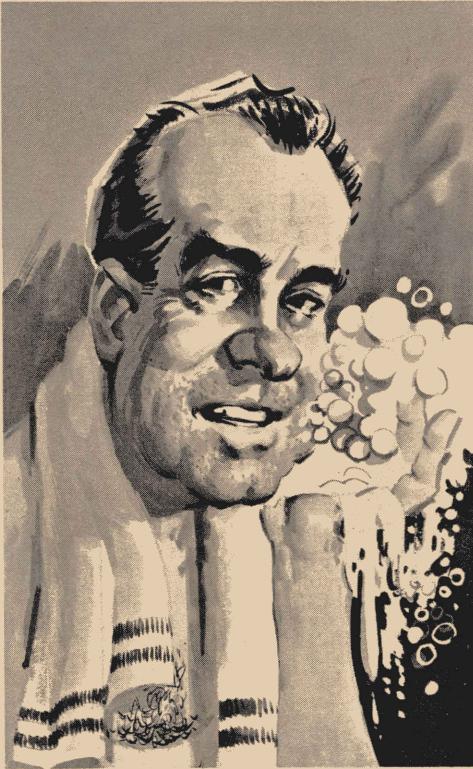


PAID POLITICO ANNOUNCEMENTS DEPT.

Everyone who watches television knows that Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Robert Taylor are selling coffee . . . that big industrialists, sports figures and writers are "Ale Men" . . . and that Joseph Cotton is pushing a headache remedy. In other words, the *big names* are copping out

WHEN POLITICIANS

Ladies and gentlemen . . . here is former Vice-President Richard M. Nixon . . . with a word about "CLOSE SHAVING CREAM" . . .



Hi, there, Americans! You know, some things come naturally—like **sacrificing principles!** But other things take more time and thought . . .



And now, a message from "GUNG-HO", world's foremost makers of authentic anti-Communist Chinese foods! Here is our "GUNG-HO" spokeswoman herself—Madame Chiang Kai Shek!



Welcome to my humble home where I serve "GUNG-HO FOODS" exclusively —because all "GUNG-HO FOODS" are made from ancient recipes of the Chinese mainland . . . Formosa!



Gals, when my hubby gets home from a hard day planning an invasion, he needs lots of power-packed pick-me-up proteins! So, in addition to his traditional Mandarin Dinner of filet mignon, tossed green salad with hearts of artichokes, rissole potatoes and 1912 Napoleon Brandy, I make sure he gets the real nutrition he needs by giving him his daily supply of "GUNG-HO" Egg Rolls!

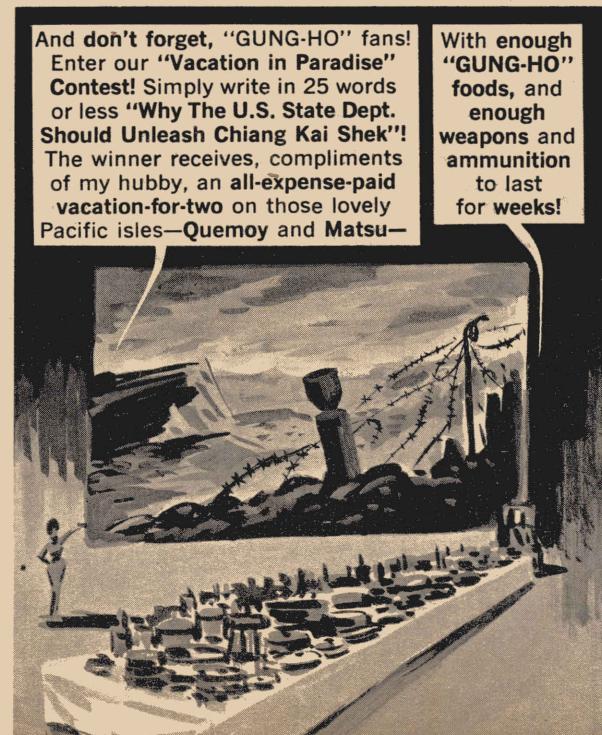
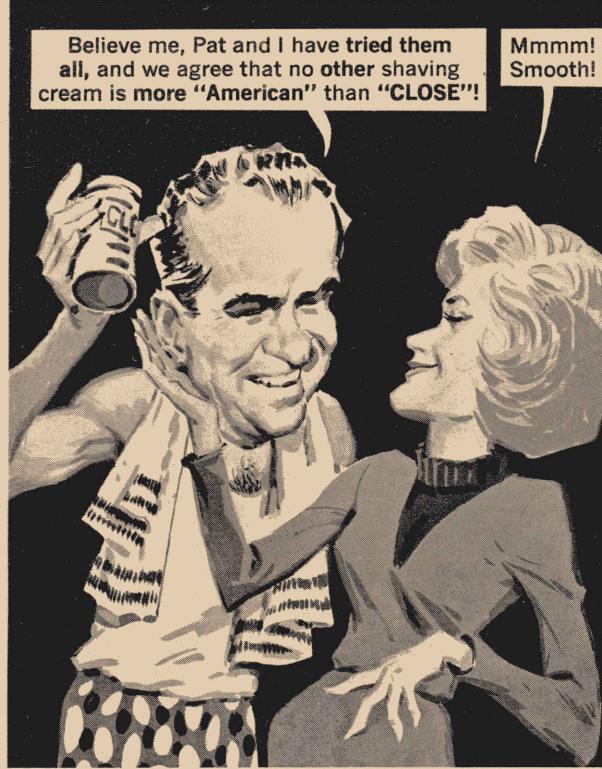
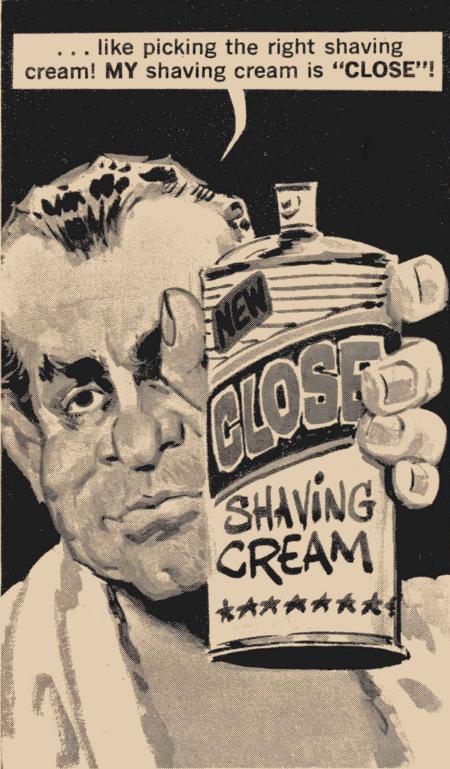


for the *big money!* And so, naturally, since no group is more experienced at selling out than Statesmen and Politicians, it's just a matter of time, MAD predicts, before the biggest big names of all will be lured into the TV advertising game . . . and we'll be seeing scenes like this on our screens—

DO TV COMMERCIALS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN



We take you now to an Emergency Meeting of "The National Security Council"! The next voice you hear will be that of The President of The United States . . .



Mah fella Amuricans—at tyhmes lak this . . . when Ah calls mah entire Cabinet together to face an imminent crisis which might endanger our Great Society and our Great Nayshun—



—an' tempers are reachin' fever-pitch . . . as your President, it's mah duty to keep things reasonable! An' what better way to make men feel in the mood for reasonin' together . . .



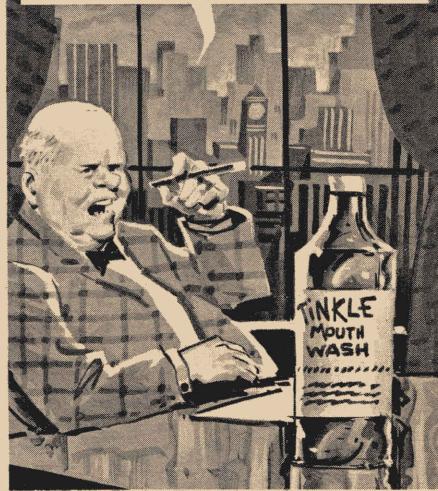
Hallo, comrades! This is your olt pal, Nikita Khrushchev! I KNOW vot bad breath can do! Mine best friends voodn't tell me—and you saw how I suddenly became socially unacceptable!



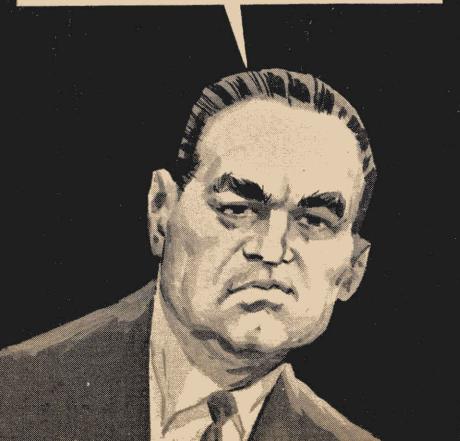
Vell, I vass invited to come to America by the makers of "TINKLE MOUTHVASH" so I could deliver this message to all bad breath bacteria: "Hey, bad breath bacteria . . . 'TINKLE' vill bury you"!



Yes, "TINKLE" takes the vorry out of beink close! And mine new job here vit "TINKLE" takes the vorry out of mine beink close to mine olt enemies in the U.S.S.R.! Dos vedanyah . . .



Hi, there, y'all! I'm George Wallace, Governor of the great State of Alabama! I'm here in the Magnolia Laundromat, where you're about to see an important, unbiased test of the new "ALL-WHITE"!



An' this fine, upstandin' beautiful example of Southern womanhood is about to he'p me with this demonstration . . .

Ma'am! I want you t' look at these two piles of sheets! One of these piles was washed in "Brand X"—a product of Elijah Muhammad, Incorporated . . .



. . . while the other pile was washed in "ALL-WHITE"—the all-white whitener for those who think white! Now which pile is the one washed in "ALL-WHITE", Ma'am?

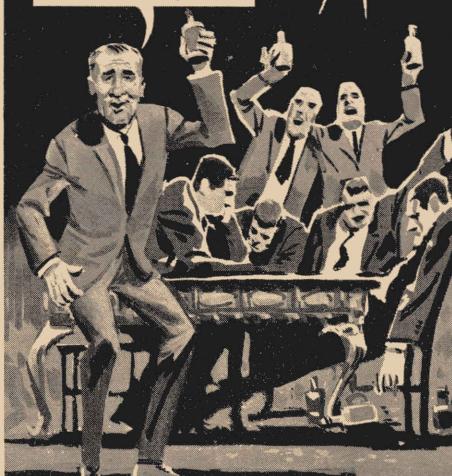
Yuh say that one, Ma'am? Well, let's see if you picked the pile of sheets that was washed in "ALL-WHITE" . . .



... than to serve each of 'em a tall glass of "PECOS BEER"! Yup, friends, "PECOS BEER" is as tall as Texas ... and just as dry"!



Why, after jus' a few glasses of "PECOS BEER", no crisis seems quite so imminent!



She's the Yaller Rose of Tex-us ...

But Y'ALL don't have to wait for a National Emergency in order to enjoy "PECOS BEER"! Jus' run down to your favorite store or tavern and pick up a handy six-pack! Tell the man that your President sent yuh! And now, men—let us continyeh ...



Friends—out here in Goldwater country, where a man can feel a kinship with the stars, the mesquite bushes and his ham radio, I get to do some clear, hard-nose thinking! And the best thought I can pass on to every thinking American ... all twenty-six million of them ... is to reach for a "MULEBURRO" ...



Here's a typical letter selected at random from one of our satisfied smokers:

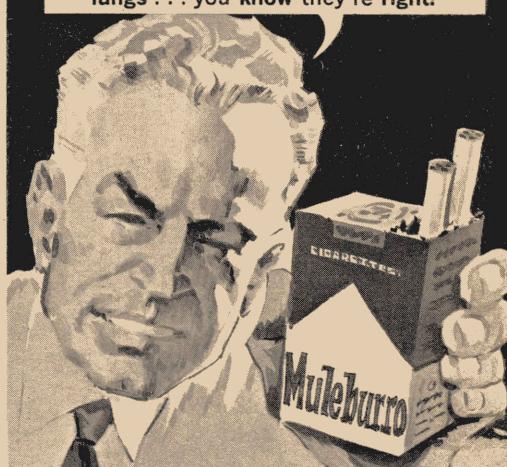
Mr. B. M. Goldwater
Muleburro Cigarette Co.
Goldwater Country, U.S.A.

Dear Barry:

I hate bleeding-hearted, United Nation-loving, left-leaning, demonstration-supporting, no-good do-gooders! And I hate Supreme Court "Pinkos", left-wing former Presidents, uppity minorities and State Department swishes. As you see, Barry, I'm not easily pleased! So if I like "Muleburro", you know they're GREAT!

Yours truly,

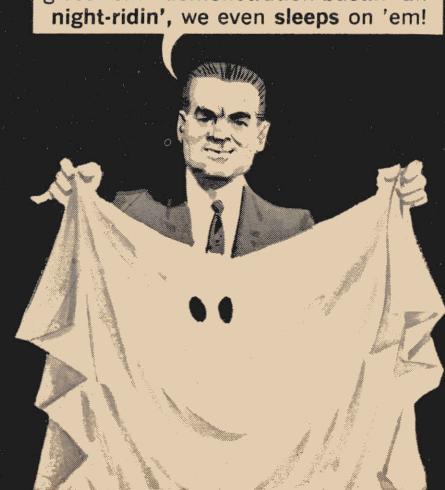
Yes, testimonials like this are pouring in from all over, and I'm touched that my messages for "MULEBURRO" are hitting the ol' target! So be MY kind of people! Smoke MY kind of cigarette! In your lungs ... you know they're right!



Hey! Who's this? Some Damn-Yankee Freedom Marcher? She guessed wrong! Take 'er out an lynch 'er, boys ...



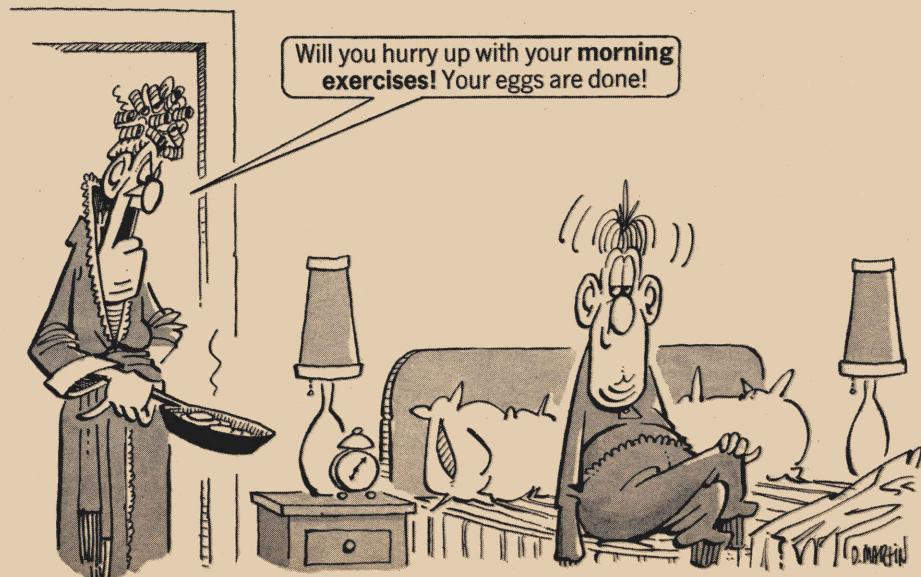
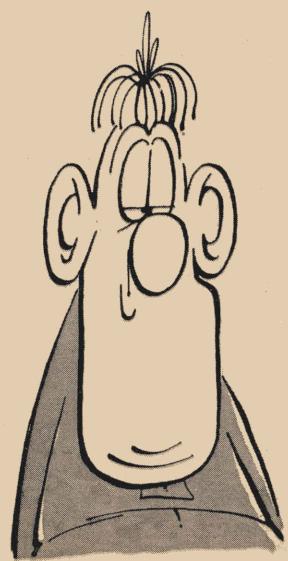
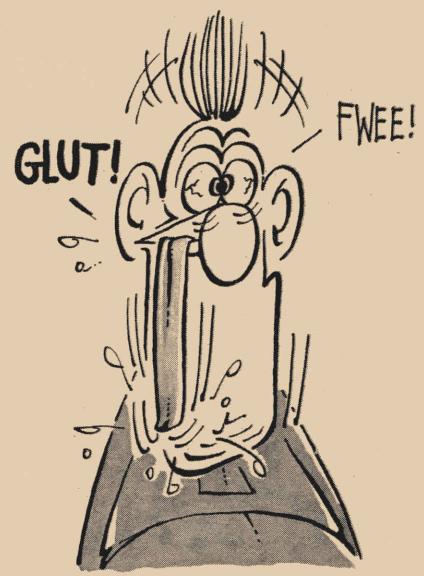
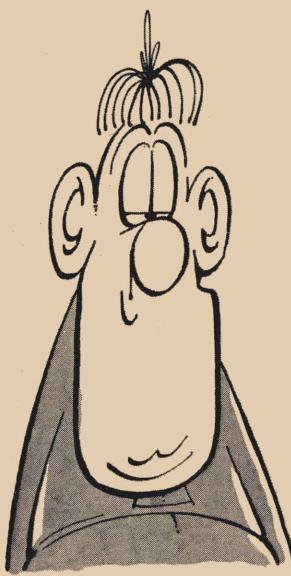
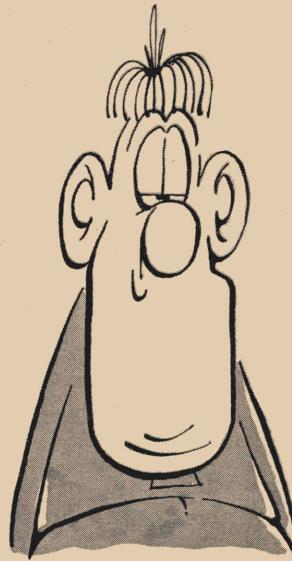
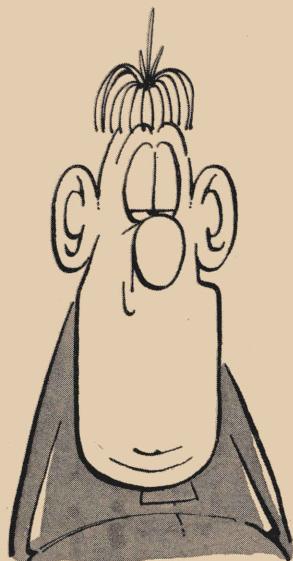
Gals, sheets take a real whippin' down our way! Beside the normal beatin' we gives 'em—demonstration-bustin' an' night-ridin', we even sleeps on 'em!



So if you're prejudiced against dirt like I am, you'll use "ALL-WHITE"! Your husbands will be proud to wear your sheets after "ALL-WHITE" has segregated the dirt from 'em! Sold in select stores for select people! A product of W.A.S.P. Enterprises!



EARLY ONE MORNING

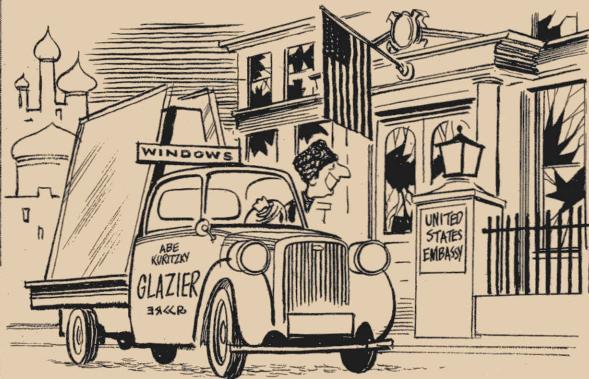


JOHNSON'S WACKS DEPT.

For the past few months we've been racking our brains, trying to think of what outrageous thing we could possibly do now that would make you forget how angry you are at us for raising the price of our Magazine to 30c. Well, we finally thought of it!

Ready? Here, then, is another Primer:

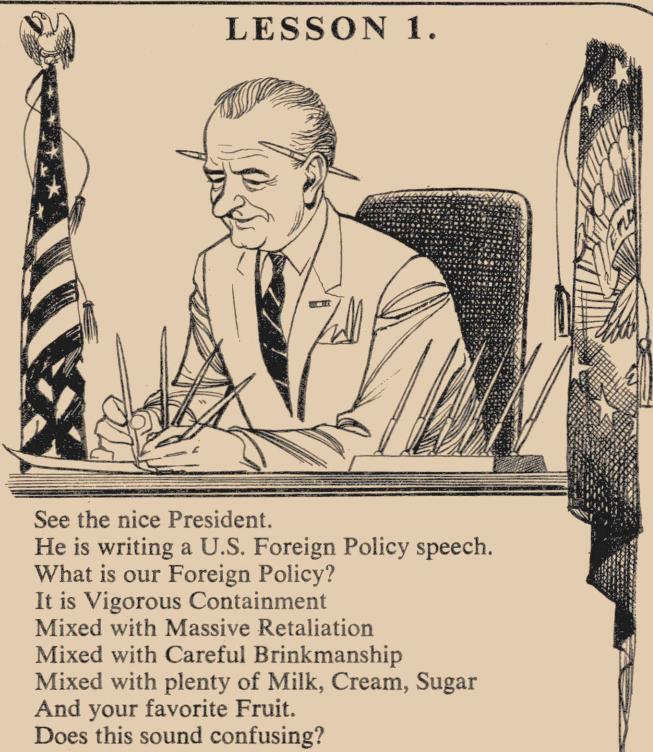
THE MAD UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY PRIMER



Illustrated by Robert James Clarke

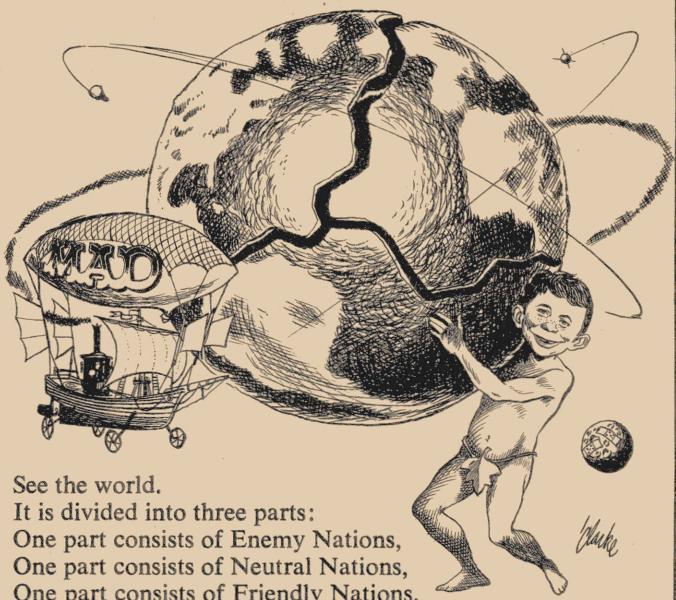
Written by Lawrence Harvey Siegel

LESSON 1.



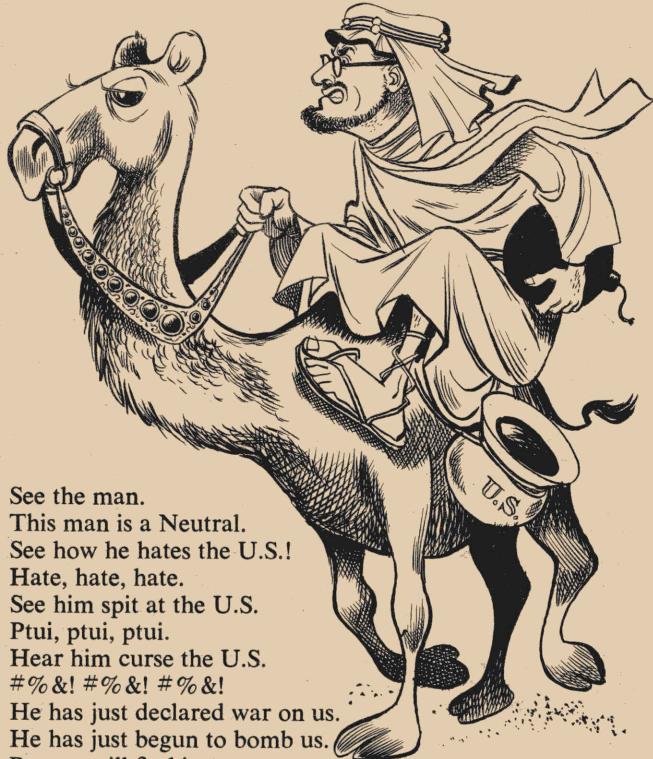
See the nice President.
He is writing a U.S. Foreign Policy speech.
What is our Foreign Policy?
It is Vigorous Containment
Mixed with Massive Retaliation
Mixed with Careful Brinkmanship
Mixed with plenty of Milk, Cream, Sugar
And your favorite Fruit.
Does this sound confusing?
Someday you will understand it.
After all, you are only eight.
Someday the nice President will understand it, too.
After all, he is only fifty-eight.

LESSON 2.



See the world.
It is divided into three parts:
One part consists of Enemy Nations,
One part consists of Neutral Nations,
One part consists of Friendly Nations.
We have been pushing our style of Democracy at all of them.
Has this policy succeeded?
You bet it has.
Today, our Enemies hate us,
The Neutrals hate us,
And our Friends hate us.
Which proves an important Democratic Principle:
All men are equal.

LESSON 3.



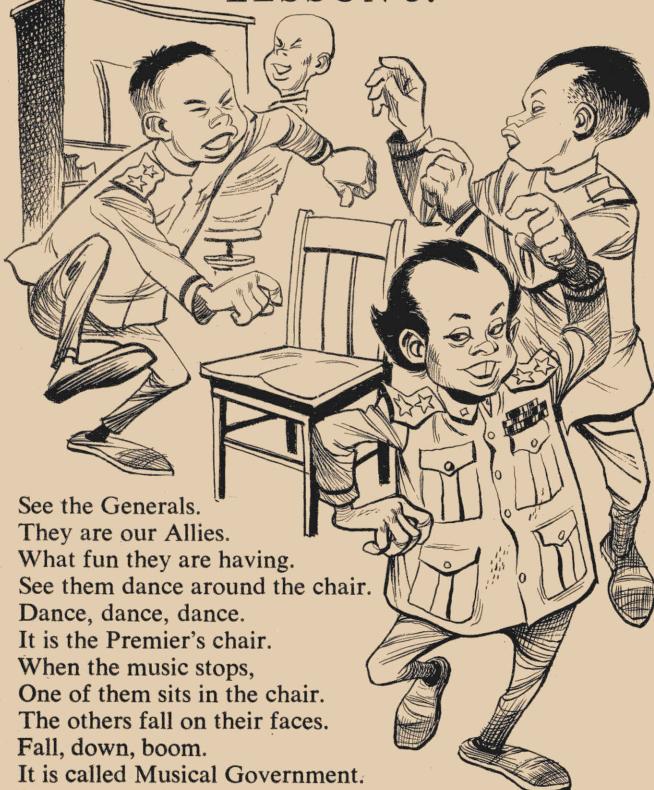
See the man.
 This man is a Neutral.
 See how he hates the U.S.!
 Hate, hate, hate.
 See him spit at the U.S.
 Ptui, ptui, ptui.
 Hear him curse the U.S.
 # % &! # % &! # % &!
 He has just declared war on us.
 He has just begun to bomb us.
 But we will fix his wagon.
 Next week, we will send him a lot less Foreign Aid money.

LESSON 4.



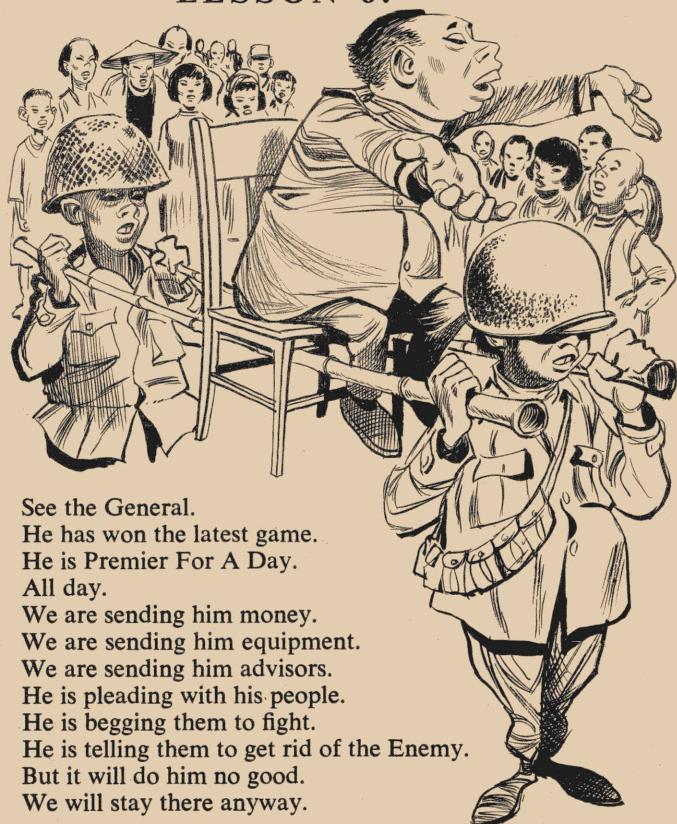
See the man.
 This man is head of a new African Nation.
 He resents U.S. Racial Policies.
 He resents that U.S. Negroes are Second-Class Citizens.
 We want this man to love us.
 We want *everyone* to love us.
 So we will show him how well we treat Negroes.
 We will appoint a Negro Ambassador to his country.
 But he will still hate us
 Because we think so little of him
 That we have the nerve to send an Ambassador
 Who is a Second-Class Citizen.
 You just can't win.

LESSON 5.



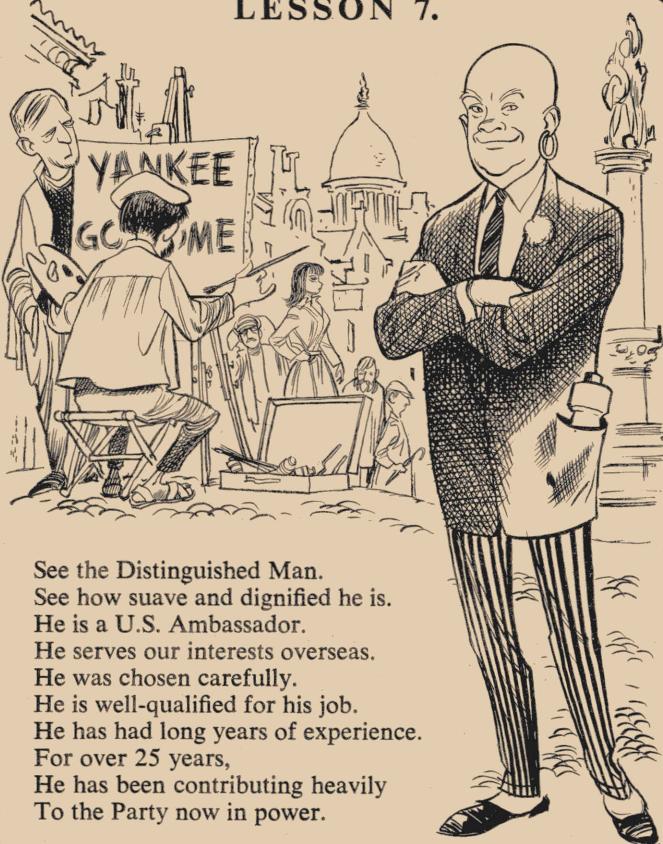
See the Generals.
 They are our Allies.
 What fun they are having.
 See them dance around the chair.
 Dance, dance, dance.
 It is the Premier's chair.
 When the music stops,
 One of them sits in the chair.
 The others fall on their faces.
 Fall, down, boom.
 It is called Musical Government.
 They play it 4 or 5 times a week.

LESSON 6.



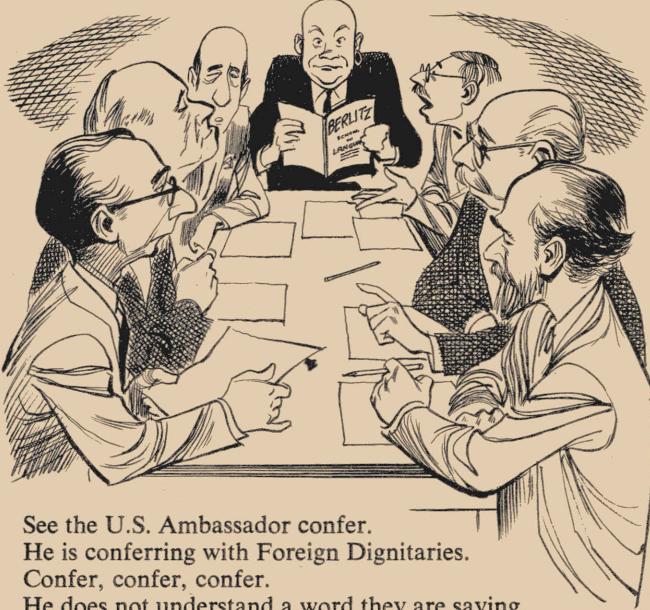
See the General.
 He has won the latest game.
 He is Premier For A Day.
 All day.
 We are sending him money.
 We are sending him equipment.
 We are sending him advisors.
 He is pleading with his people.
 He is begging them to fight.
 He is telling them to get rid of the Enemy.
 But it will do him no good.
 We will stay there anyway.

LESSON 7.



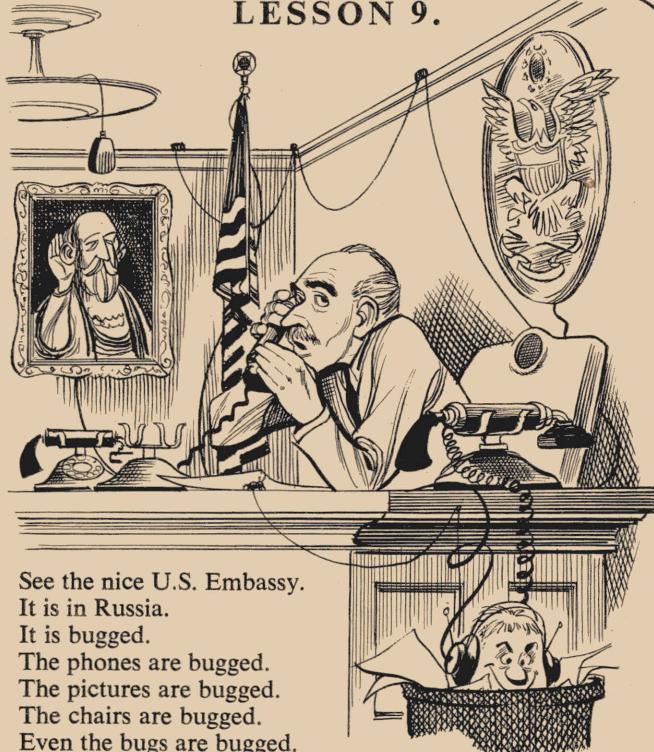
See the Distinguished Man.
See how suave and dignified he is.
He is a U.S. Ambassador.
He serves our interests overseas.
He was chosen carefully.
He is well-qualified for his job.
He has had long years of experience.
For over 25 years,
He has been contributing heavily
To the Party now in power.

LESSON 8.



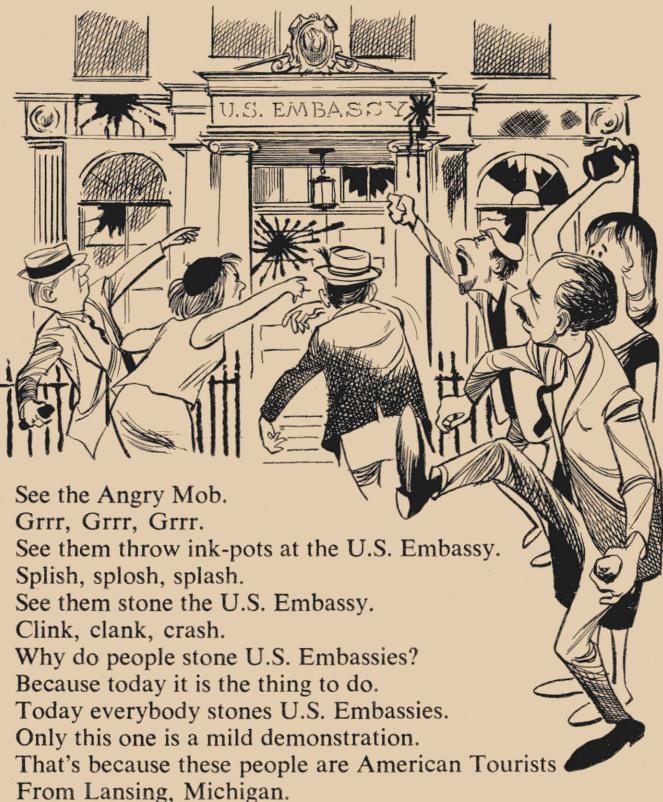
See the U.S. Ambassador confer.
He is conferring with Foreign Dignitaries.
Confer, confer, confer.
He does not understand a word they are saying.
Huh? Wha—? Eh?
This is a problem shared by many U. S. Ambassadors.
Most of them cannot speak the language
Of the country in which they are stationed.
What makes it so embarrassing for *this* U.S. Ambassador
Is that he is stationed in England.

LESSON 9.

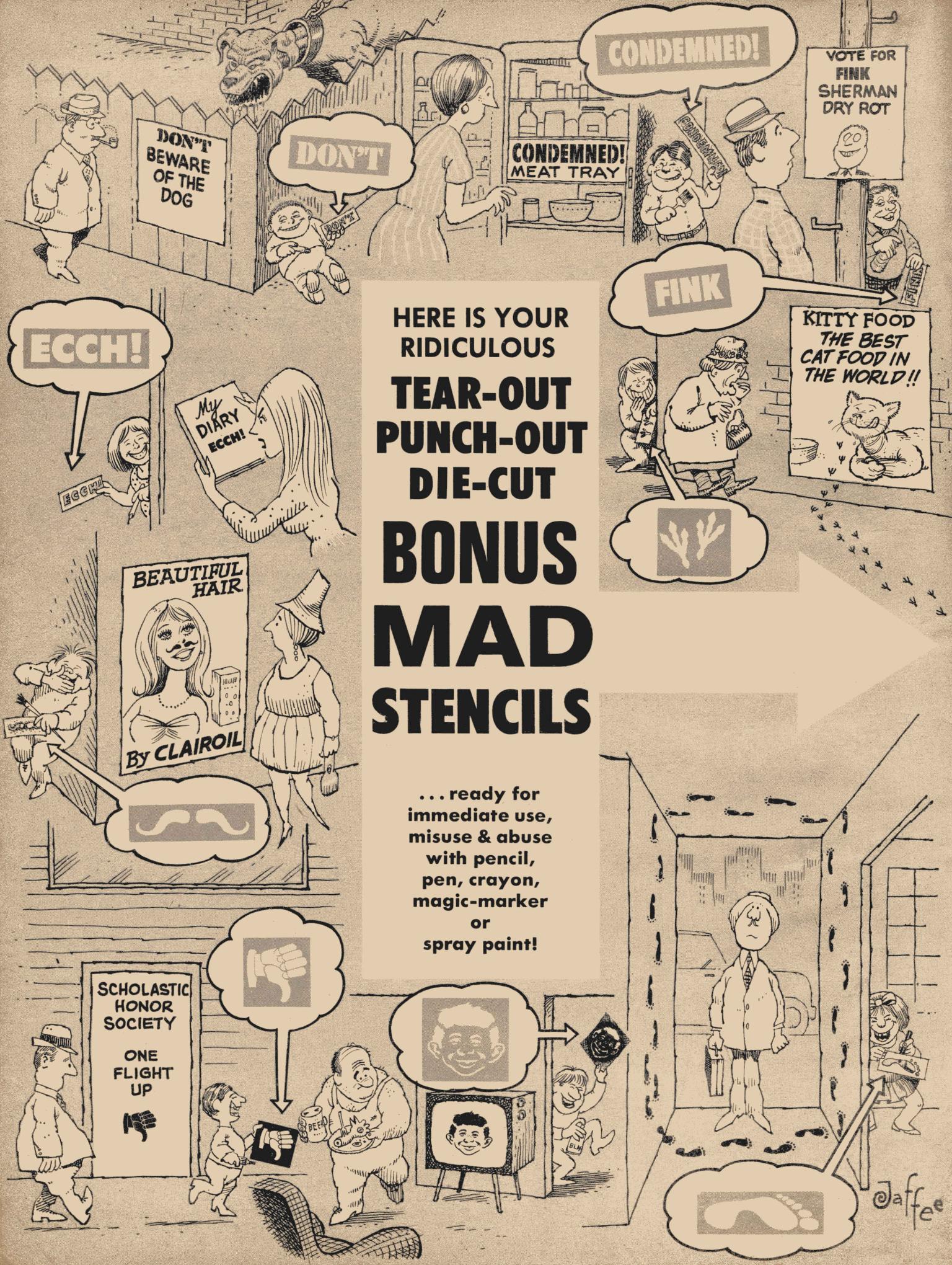


See the nice U.S. Embassy.
It is in Russia.
It is bugged.
The phones are bugged.
The pictures are bugged.
The chairs are bugged.
Even the bugs are bugged.
The Russians are learning all about our Foreign Policy.
But we are not angry.
Maybe someday they will explain it to us.

LESSON 10.



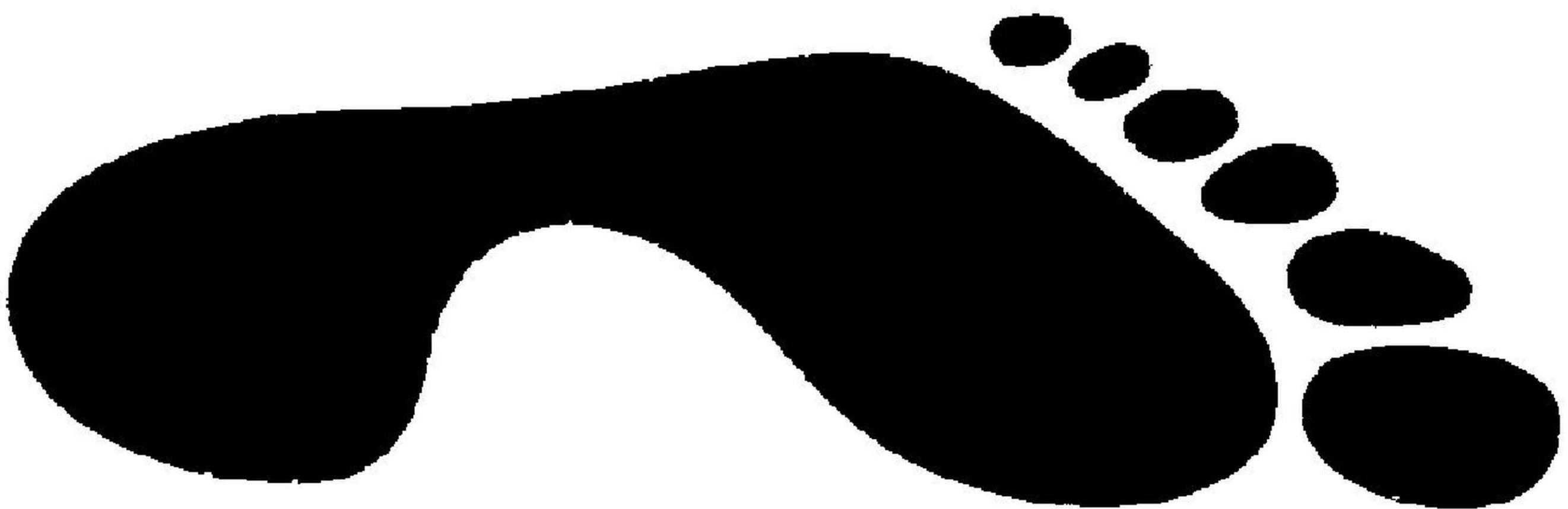
See the Angry Mob.
Grrr, Grrr, Grrr.
See them throw ink-pots at the U.S. Embassy.
Splish, splash, splash.
See them stone the U.S. Embassy.
Clink, clank, crash.
Why do people stone U.S. Embassies?
Because today it is the thing to do.
Today everybody stones U.S. Embassies.
Only this one is a mild demonstration.
That's because these people are American Tourists
From Lansing, Michigan.



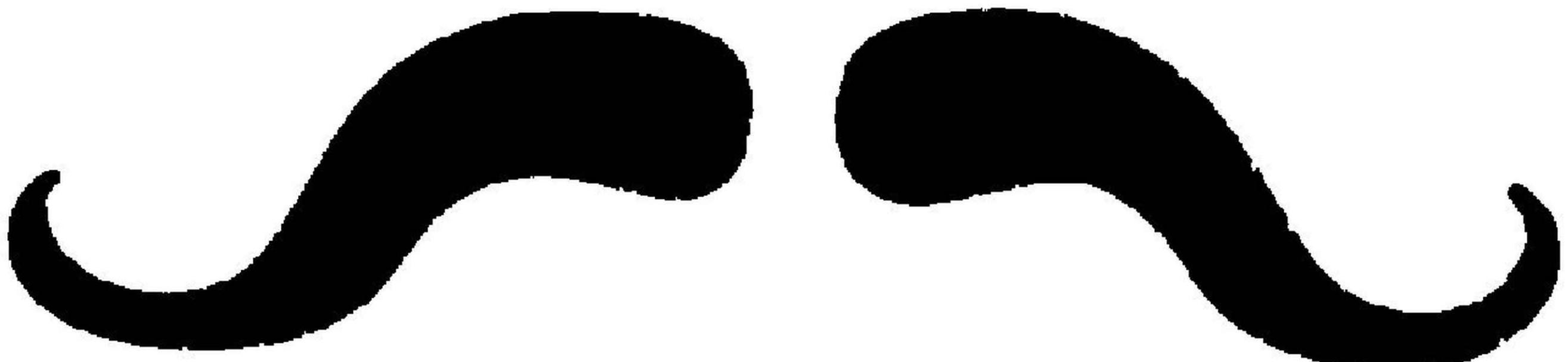


FINK 

ECHT!



CENSORED!





WHAT TIME DOES THE BABOON GO UP? DEPT.

Nowadays, when you go to the movies, you see sickness, violence, murder . . . and that's only the cartoon! Films today have deep psychological meanings and shock endings. What ever happened to all the good old movies where you knew the ending long before you entered the theater, but you sat there engrossed, anyway? Today, when Hollywood speaks of "*monster*" movies, they mean anything starring Tuesday Weld. In the good old days, when they spoke of "*monster*" movies, they meant such great flicks as "King Kong," "Son of Kong" and "Mighty Joe Young." And so, in an attempt to bring back the good old days, MAD proudly presents:

SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG



STARRING:

JAMES GARNER as **DORIS DAY** as **DICK VAN DYKE**
Robert Headstrong as **Rae Faye** as **Bruce Cabbage**

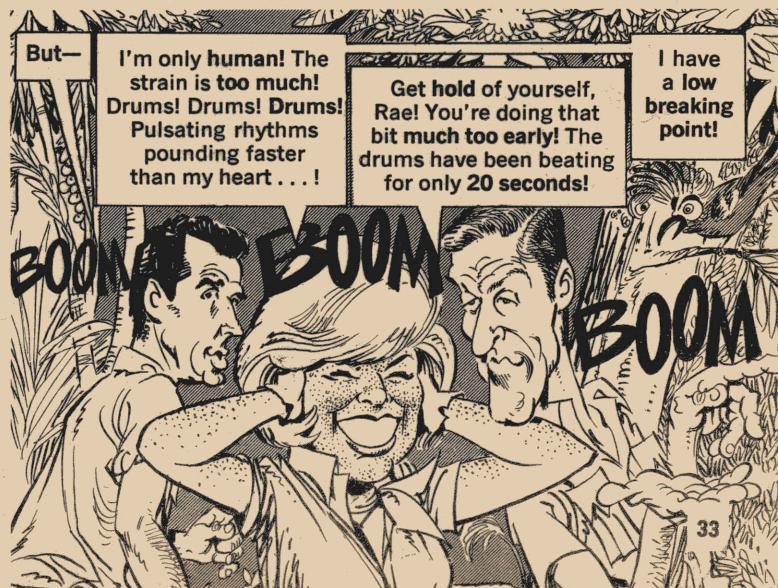
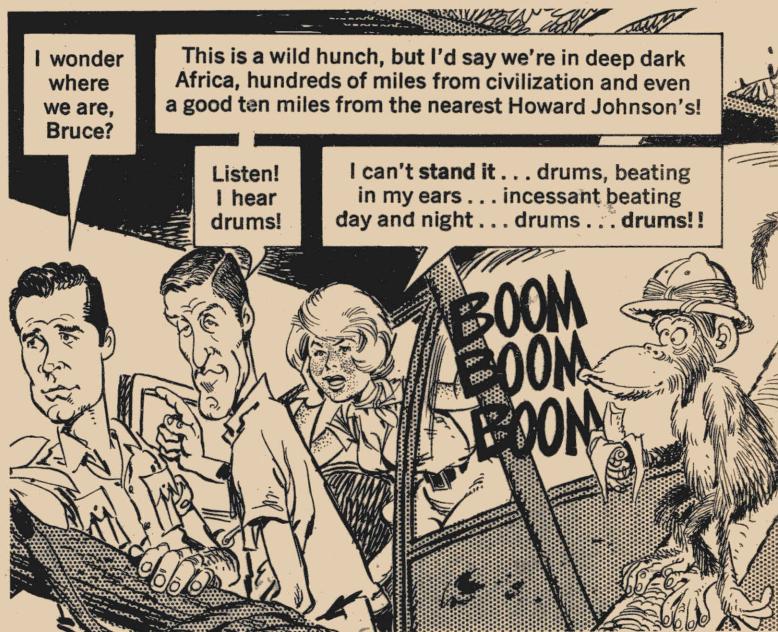
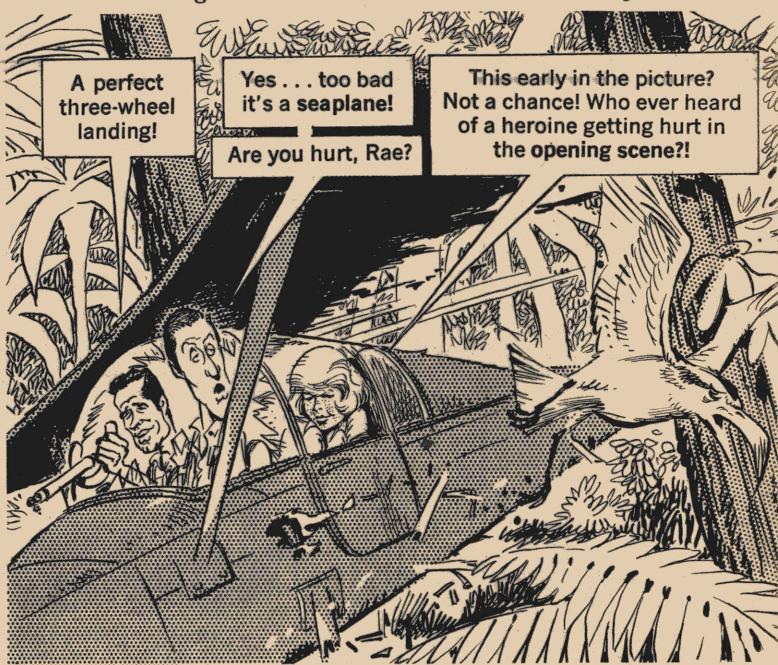
and **RICHARD BURTON** in his greatest character role as the

SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG

Illustrated by Mort Drucker

Written by Dick De Bartolo

Deep dark Africa . . . hundreds of miles from civilization . . . and even a good ten miles from the nearest Howard Johnson's!



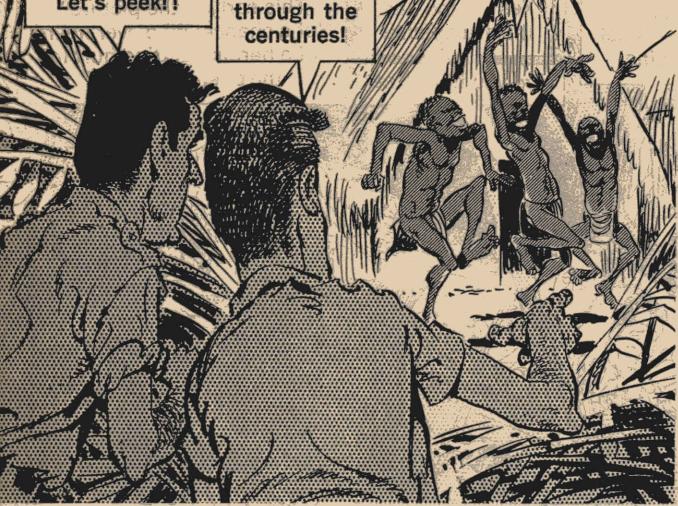
The drums are coming from over here behind these tall weeds! Let's peek!!

Eee-gads! Savages performing pagan rituals handed down through the centuries!

Did you ever see a lassie . . . Go this way and that way? Did you ever see a lassie . . . Go this way and that . . . ??

This is dangerous territory we're in, Rae! I'm sorry we got you—a woman—involved! Your place is at home where it's safe and warm and . . .

I can do anything you men can do! So don't think of me as a woman! Think of me as . . . a very sexy man!

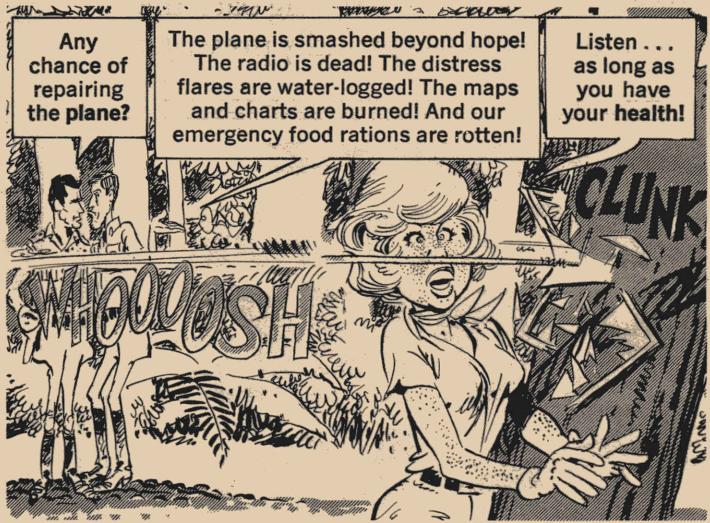
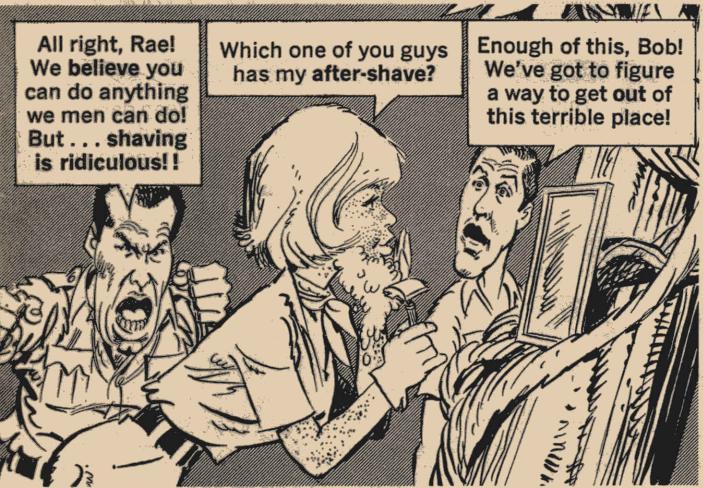


The next morning . . .

All right, Rae! We believe you can do anything we men can do! But . . . shaving is ridiculous!!

Which one of you guys has my after-shave?

Enough of this, Bob! We've got to figure a way to get out of this terrible place!



What was that?

It's either an ad for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum . . . or we got big troubles!!



What was THAT??

BONNNNGG



BONNNNNNGGG

There it is again!

Twice!?? That can mean only one thing . . . ! It's two o'clock!!



ROARRRR

ROARRR

Two o'clock, nothing! I'm taking a wild guess, but I'll bet that was the signal calling for the legendary giant ape SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG!!

It's either that, or this movie will have to have a different title!



The sound is getting closer!

I'm scared!

Scared?! Pull yourself together! Are you a very sexy man . . . or are you a mouse?!



Good Lord, look!! It's an ape at least forty feet tall!! And that's without shoes!



Outside of Jayne Mansfield, that's the most awesome sight I have ever seen!

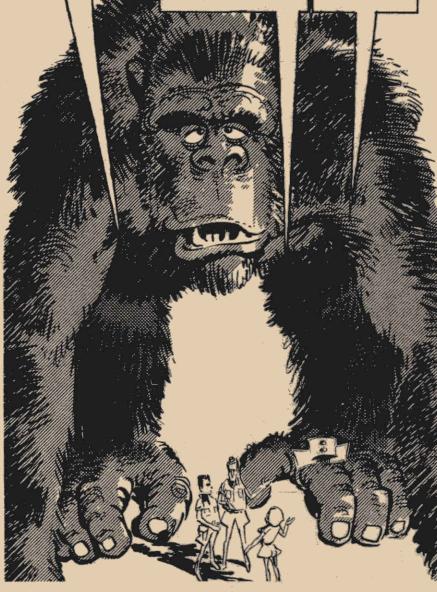
People would pay a fortune to see this beast! If only we could get him back to the States!

But how?

We could give him a tranquilizer!

How can you give a giant ape a tranquilizer?

In a glass of water??



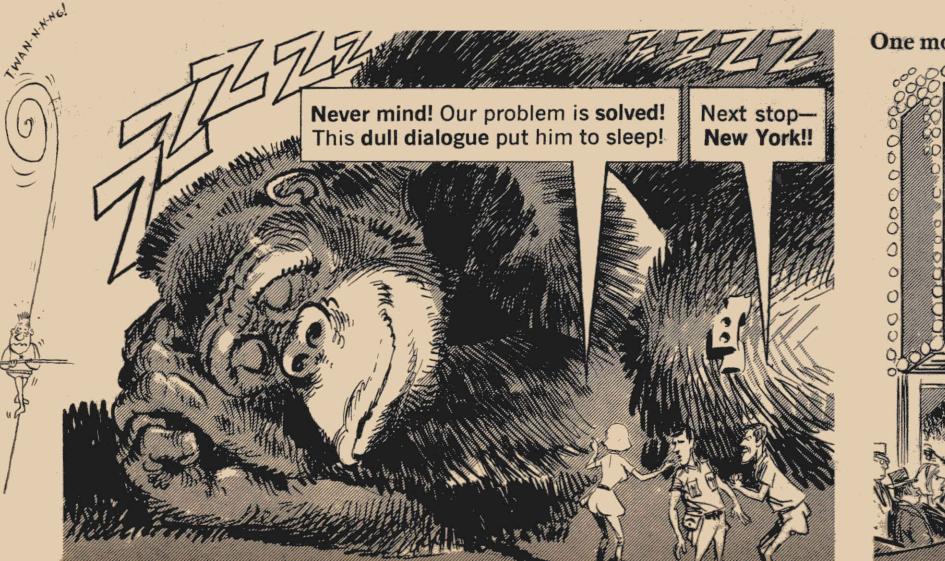
I've got a better idea! I'll read to him from this copy of the "Reader's Digest"! That always puts me to sleep!

I've got an even better idea! I once sent away for one of those "Learn Hypnotism" courses, and . . .



Never mind! Our problem is solved! This dull dialogue put him to sleep!

Next stop—New York!!



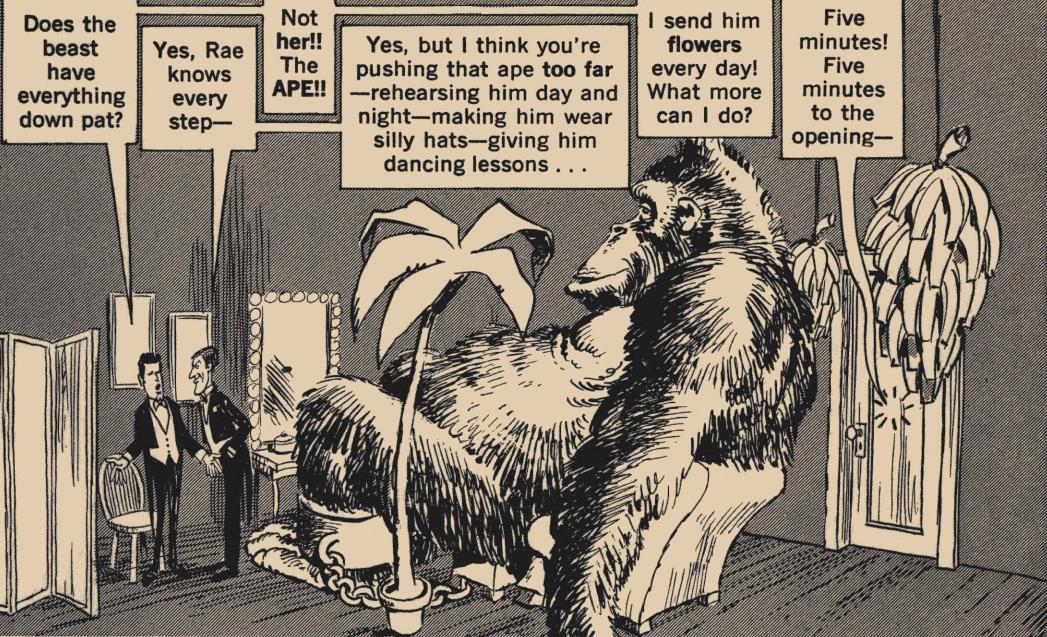
One month later . . . on bustling Broadway, in New York . . .

OPENING TONIGHT!
RAE FAYE
and her
GIANT APE

See The Eighth Wonder Of The World!



I know it's a little unusual for someone to order a size **1000** tuxedo, but get it over here **immediately**! And I also need a pair of cuff-links about two feet in diameter! Hurry! Good-bye!!



Gentlemen!
A fanfare
please . . .

RAT TAT TAT

Those drums!
Those incessant
drums—beating,
beating!!

Enough is enough, already,
Rae! Now you and Kong go
out there and stamp your
way into the hearts of
that audience . . .

. . . while we
pray that the
stage doesn't
collapse!

Just me and my shadow . . . strolling down the avenue . . .
Me and my shadow . . . all alone and feeling blue . . . *

Great!

Sensational!

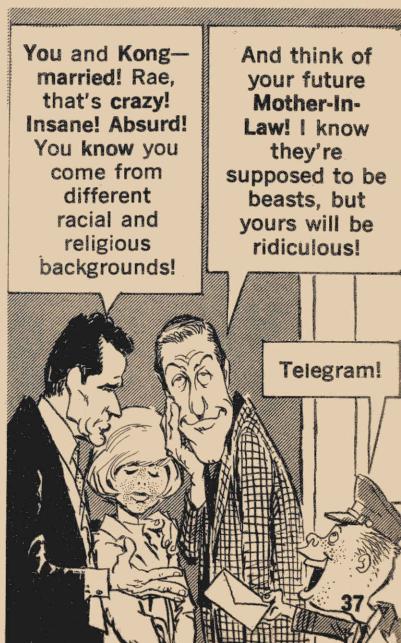
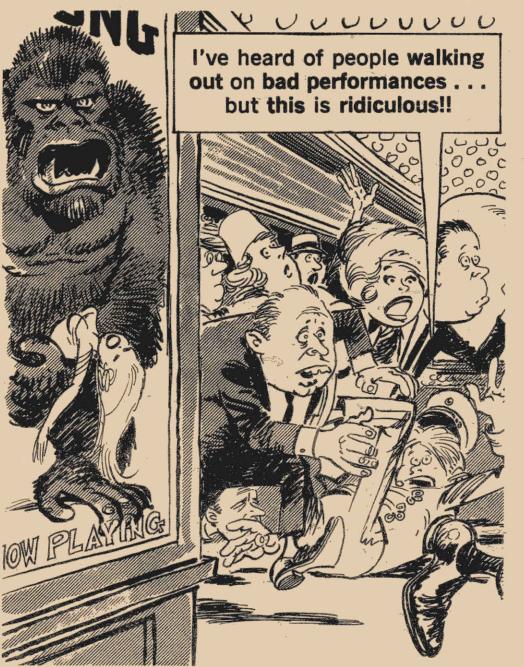
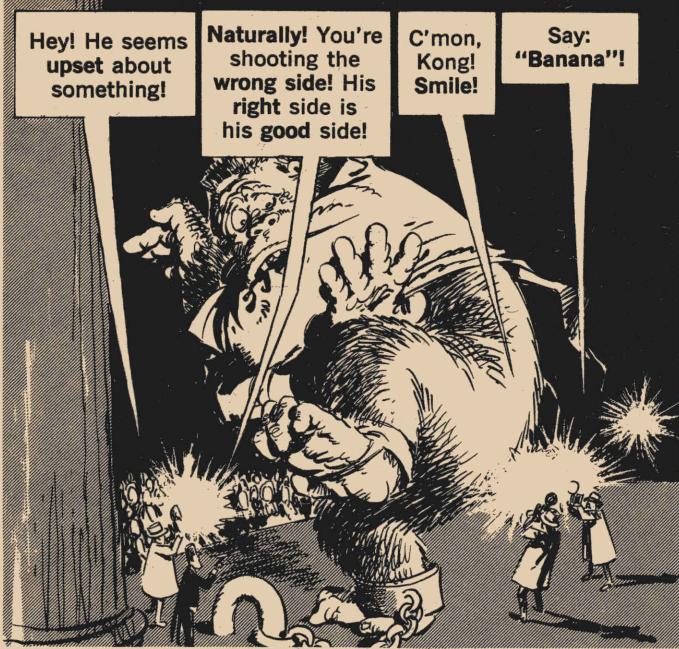
That ape
certainly
knows how
to ape!

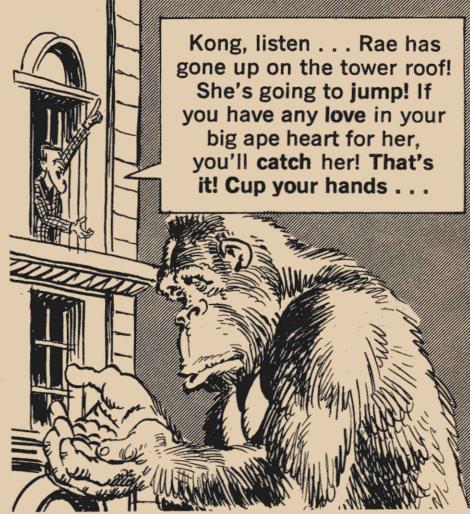
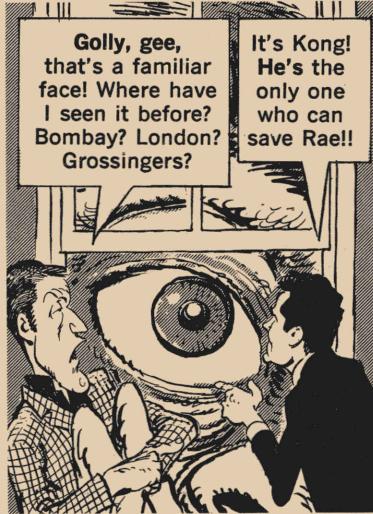
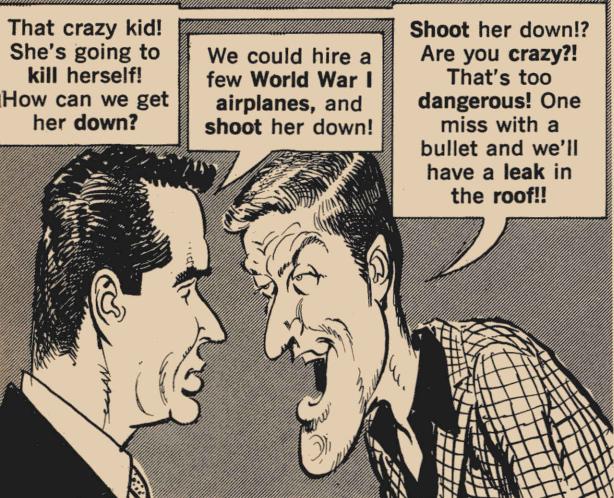
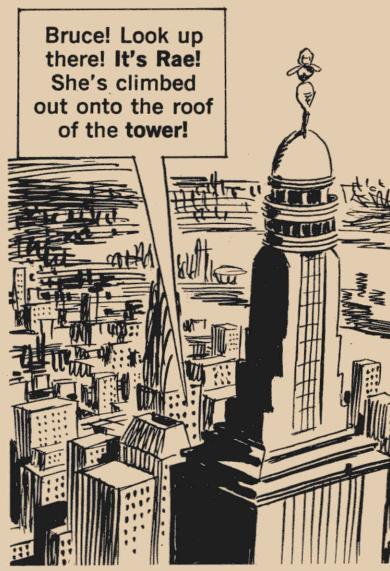
Best 40-foot
dancing ape
I ever saw!

Mr. Headstrong! How
about going onstage and
getting some shots of
Rae and the ape while
they're performing!

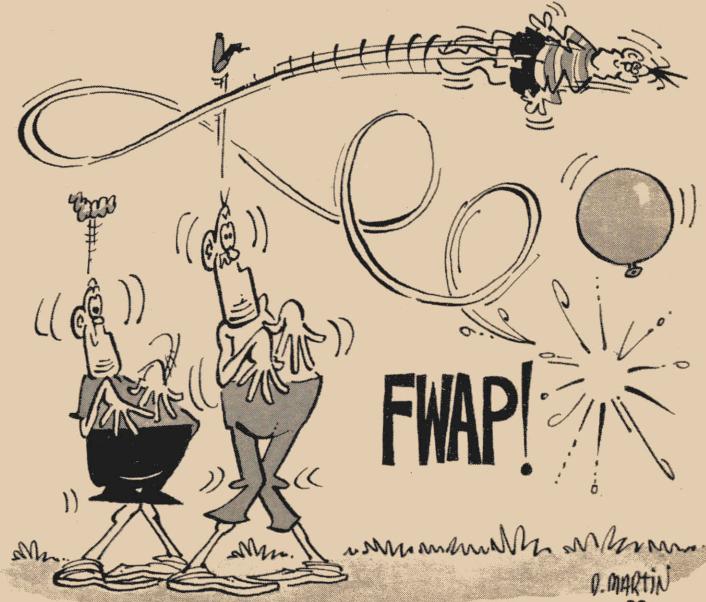
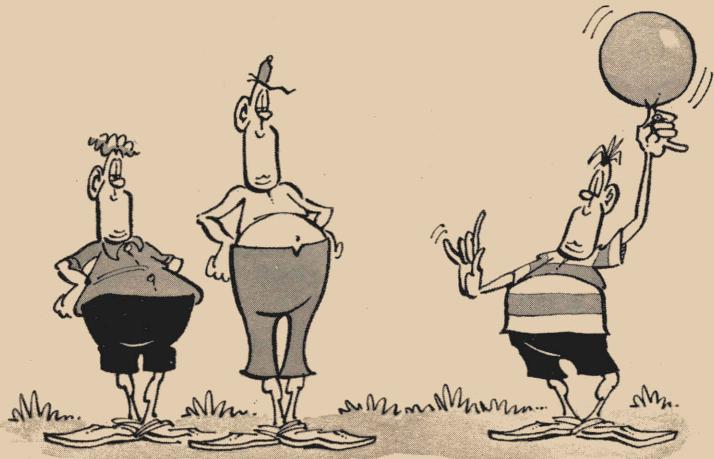
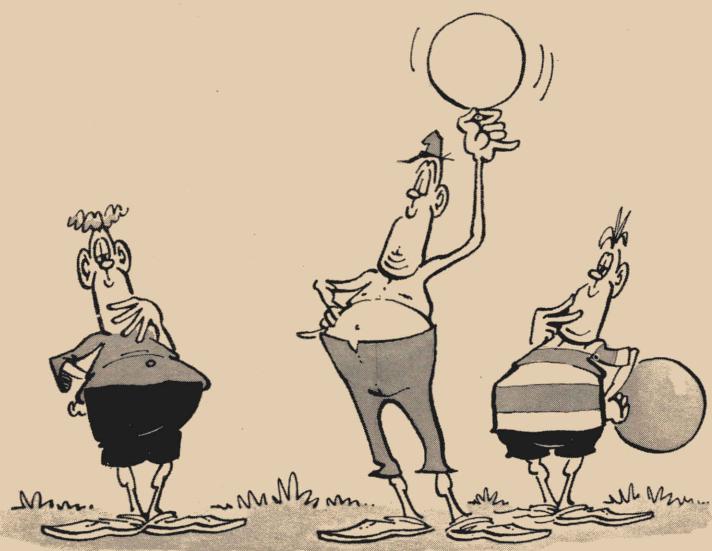
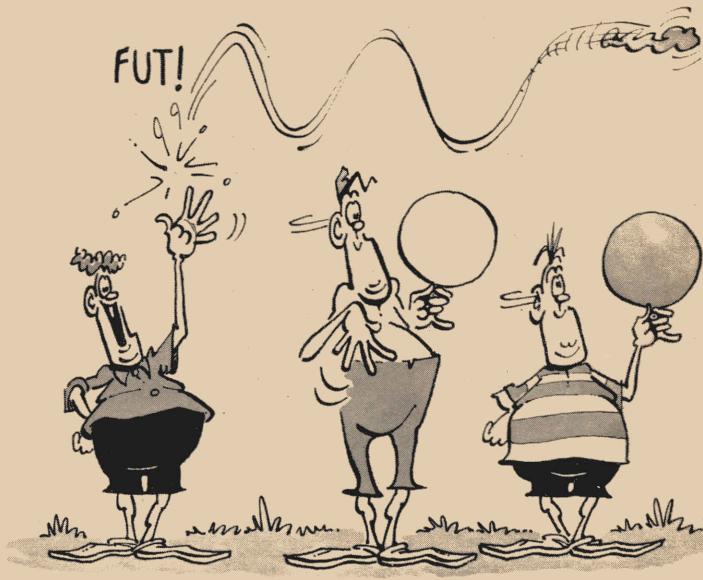
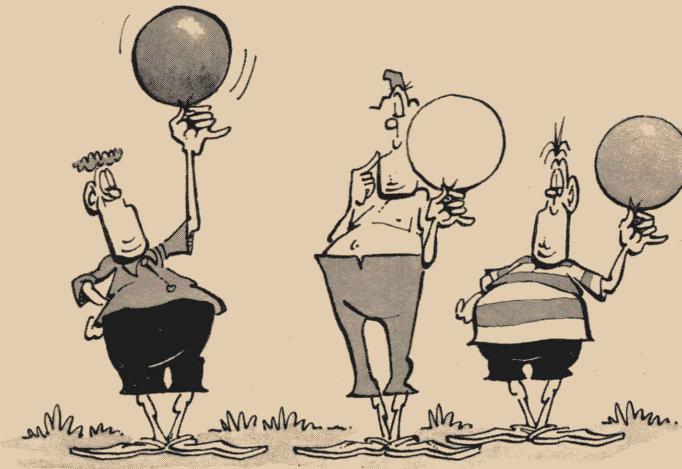
Okay! Rae
is the one
without
the chains!



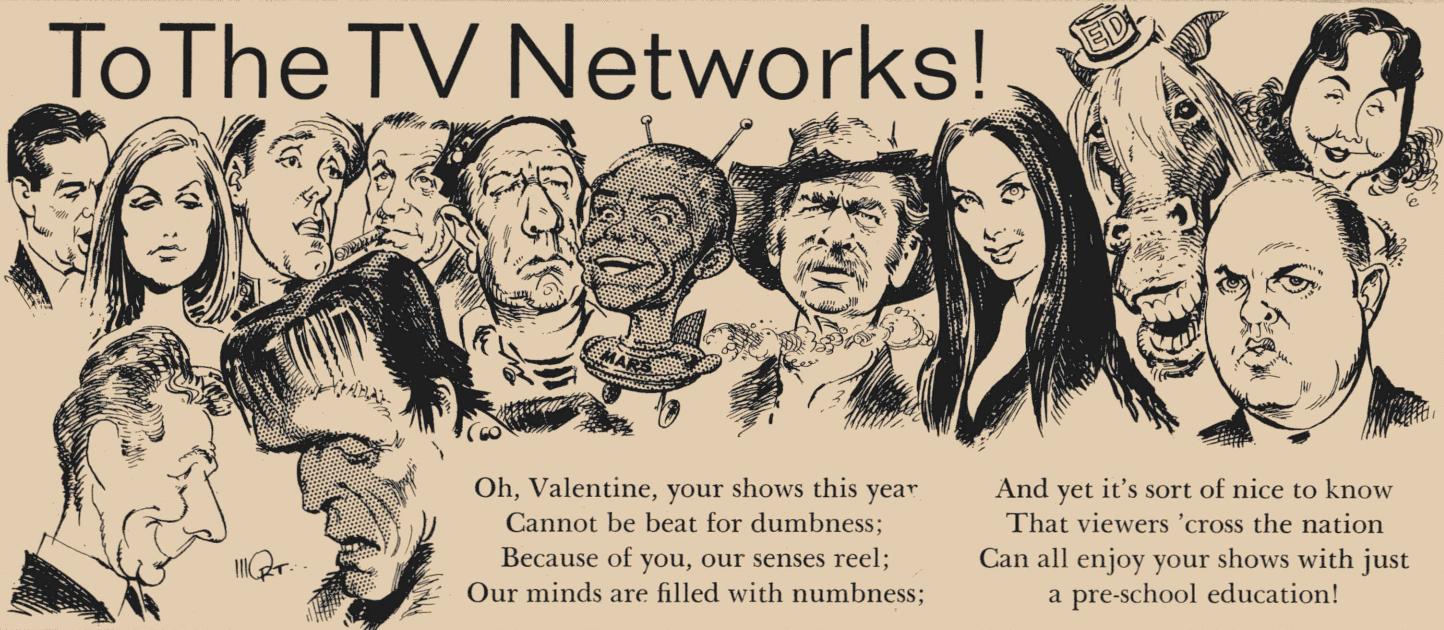




ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON



To The TV Networks!

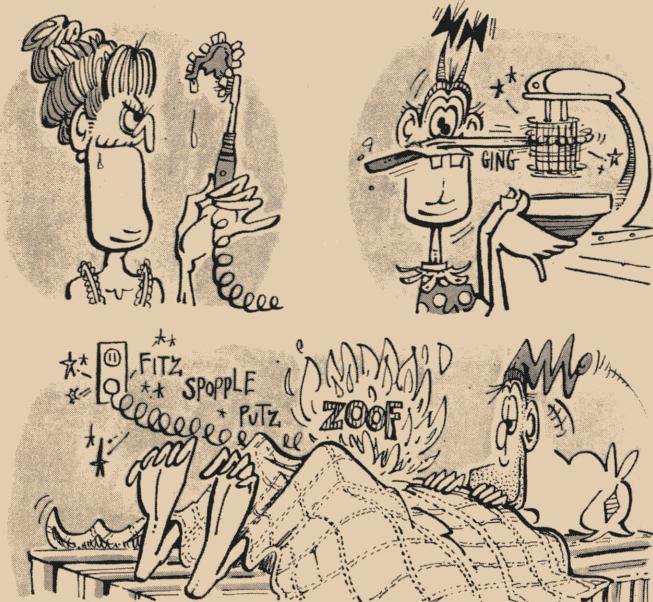


Oh, Valentine, your shows this year
Cannot be beat for dumbness;
Because of you, our senses reel;
Our minds are filled with numbness;

And yet it's sort of nice to know
That viewers 'cross the nation
Can all enjoy your shows with just
a pre-school education!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

To The Makers of Electrical Appliances



Dear Valentine!

Your new electric toothbrush just
Destroyed Ma's upper plate;
Your new electric blanket just
Ignited Uncle Nate;
Your new electric mixer won't
Let go of little Sue;
Each day we're finding brand-new things
Appliances can do!

CUPIDITY (look it up) DEPT.

*V*alentine's Day is a time to show feelings of love and affection. And who is more worthy of receiving our love than the folks who receive all of our money . . . namely American Industry. So, with this heartfelt sentiment to guide us, let us now demonstrate our affection with . . .

To The Designers of Women's Fashions:



Dear Valentine!

Your dresses hang like burlap sacks,
Your coats are a disgrace,
Your hats might well have been designed
For use in outer space,
Before you make up next year's styles
To sell your faithful harem—
Please have some pity on us guys
Who have to watch girls wear 'em!

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

To The



Telephone
System:

We once adored you, Valentine,
But now you've made us sore—
With numbers like six-one-five-nine—
Four-two-eight-six-three-four;
We feel that we've been led astray,
You've treated us so sloppily;
But that's the price we have to pay
When using a monopoly!

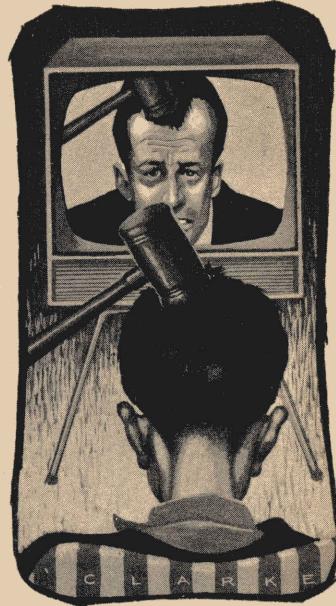


ARTIST: PAUL COKER JNR.

To The
MAKERS Of
HEADACHE
REMEDIES:

Whenever we have headache ills,
We try to end our sufferin'
With aspirin and other pills
Like Anacin and Bufferin;
But, Valentine, we must endure
The pains, because you see—
We get the headaches

watching your
Commercials on TV!



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MAD's Valentines to American Industry

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

To The Automobile Companies:

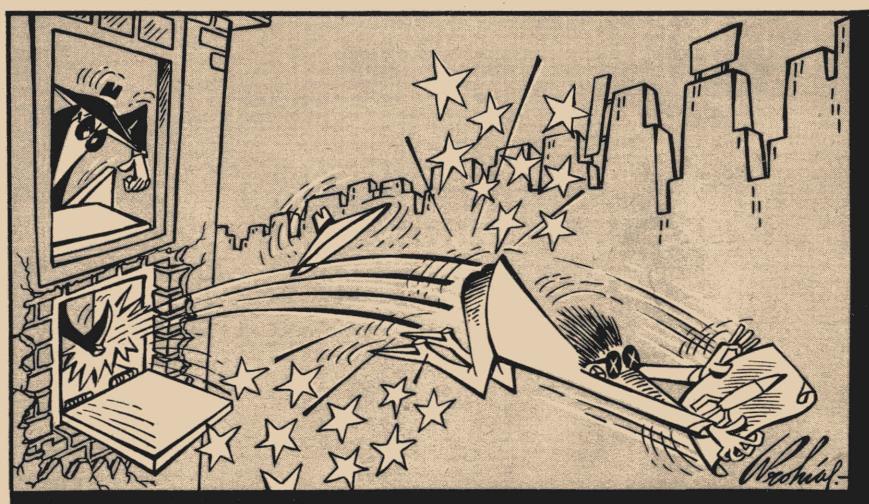
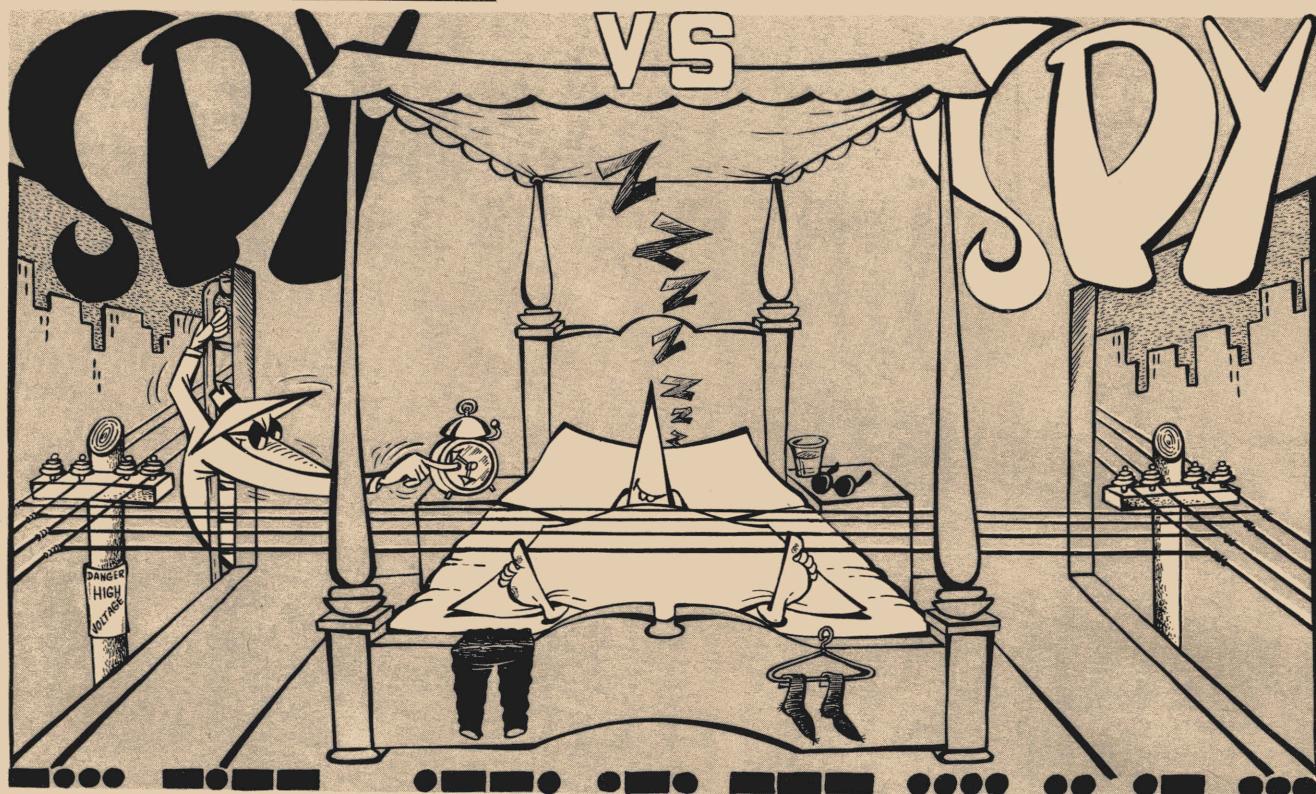


You give your cars real fancy names
Like Tempest, Riviera;

Like Comet, Skylark, Galaxie,
LeSabre and Polara;

Your names are helpful, Valentine,
Because each year we're learning—

The fancier a car is named,
The more gas it is burning!



OUT, DAMNED SPOT! DEPT.

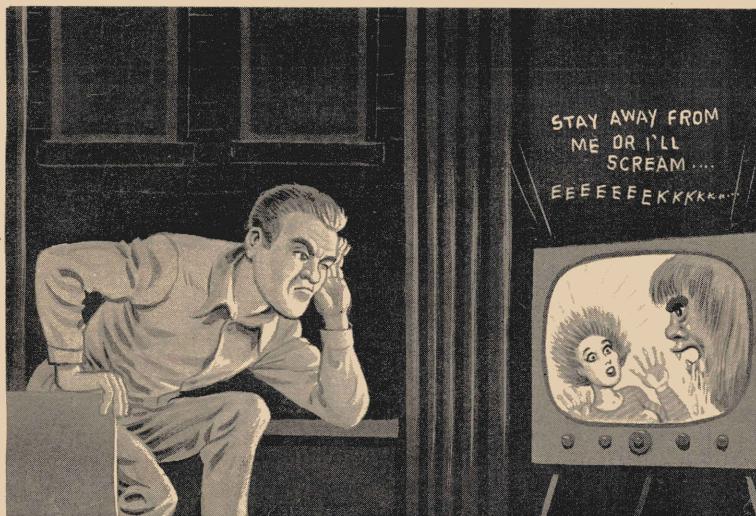


Some time back (MAD #81), we published "The MAD Plan For Beating TV Commercial Breaks" which offered suggestions and methods for effectively, productively and enjoyably filling the valuable time taken up by idiotic TV ads. Now, MAD offers the following article for those lazy slobs who just cannot bring themselves to leave their TV set for something constructive . . . who just sit there, enduring the pain of those ridiculous commercials. For you, MAD has created these

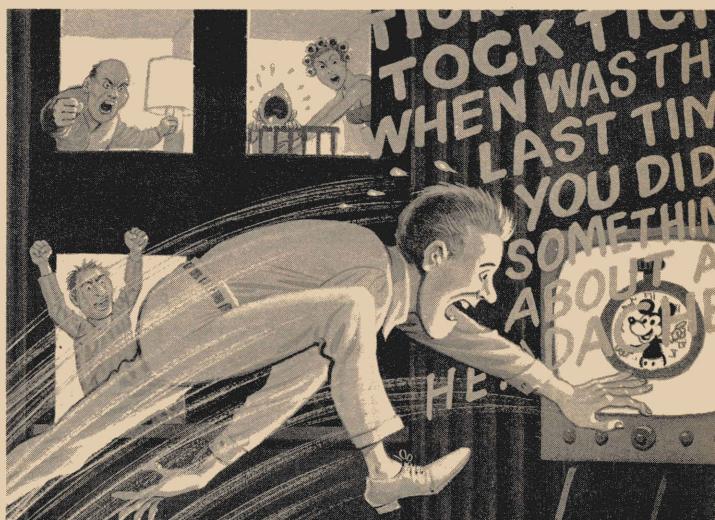
TV-COMMERCIAL AIDS

OR, HOW TO LIVE WITH TELEVISION COMMERCIALS— AND STILL NOT GO OUT OF YOUR EVER-LOVIN' MIND

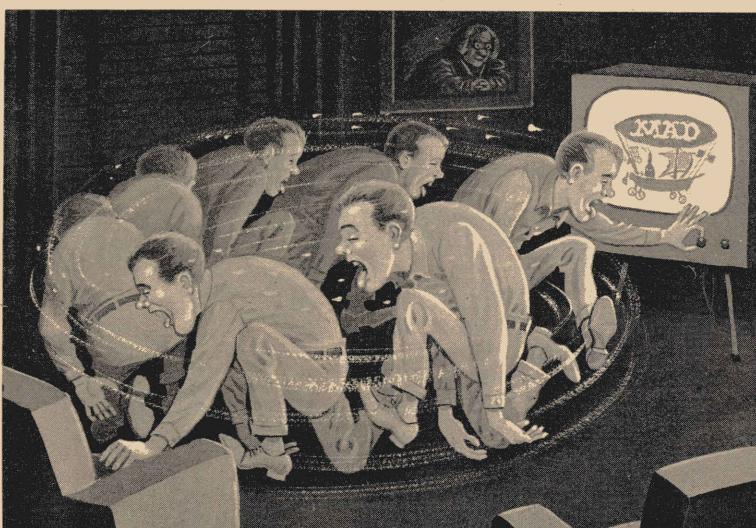
ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



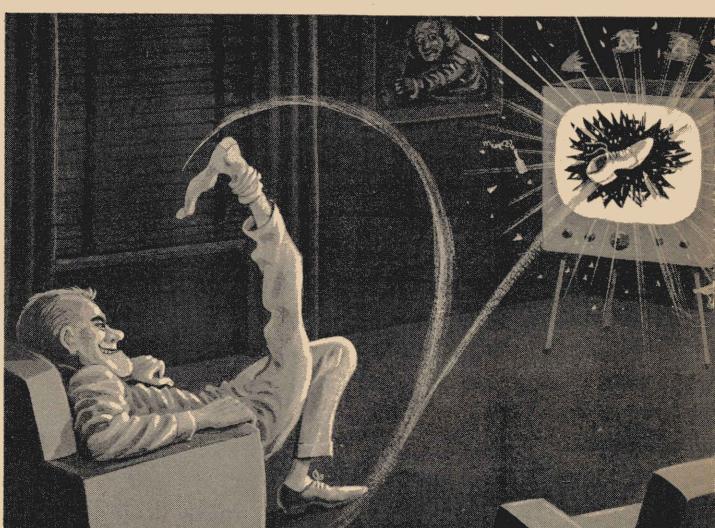
Aside from appealing to the moronic, the neurotic and the just-plain-sick, there's another irritating aspect to all TV commercials. This is especially apparent during late evening hours when the typical TV viewer is straining to catch the sound that has been purposely tuned very low so as not to disturb sleeping children or crabby neighbors.



Suddenly, the commercial comes on like a 21-gun salute—and the viewer must make a mad dash to the set in order to turn down the volume. Then he's got to stand there for three or four minutes while five or six commercials are run off and the program resumes. Only then can he dare to turn the volume up again and return wearily to his seat.



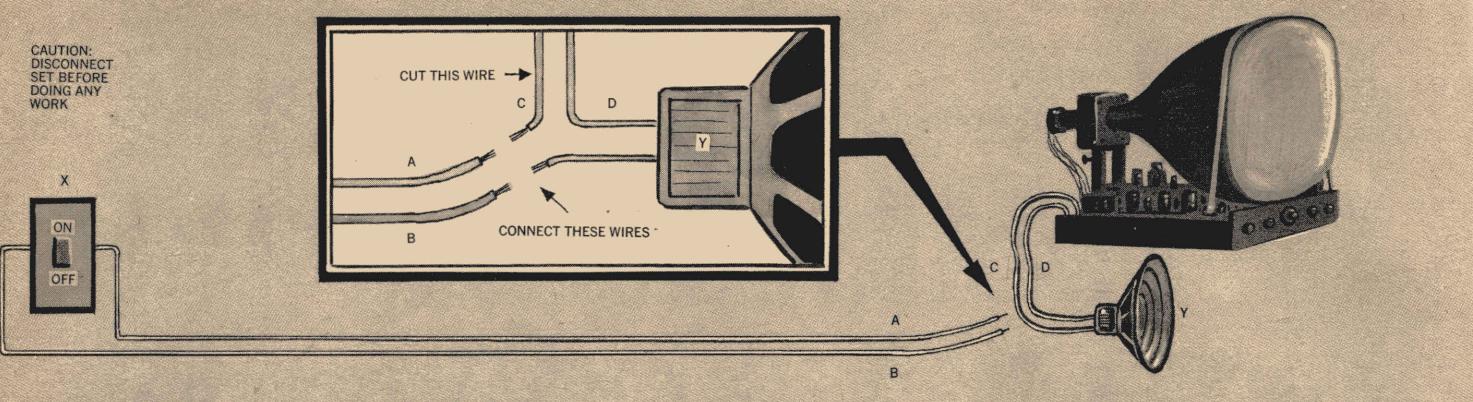
Some lucky set owners have remote control units that can turn sound down from across the room. But vast majority of viewers do not own them, and must run back and forth 20 or 30 times an hour to control commercial nuisance.



Many ingenious TV viewers, when they can no longer stand it, have spontaneously created a primitive form of remote control like the one shown above. Unfortunately, this has its limitations since it can only be used once an evening.

A SIMPLE REMOTE SOUND-CONTROL DEVICE THAT ANYONE CAN MAKE

CAUTION:
DISCONNECT
SET BEFORE
DOING ANY
WORK



This is a simple Remote Control unit which any idiot can assemble and install, so ask an idiot to help you. Wires **A** and **B** lead from ordinary "On-Off" switch **X** (purchased at any hardware store) to TV set speaker **Y**. Note that TV

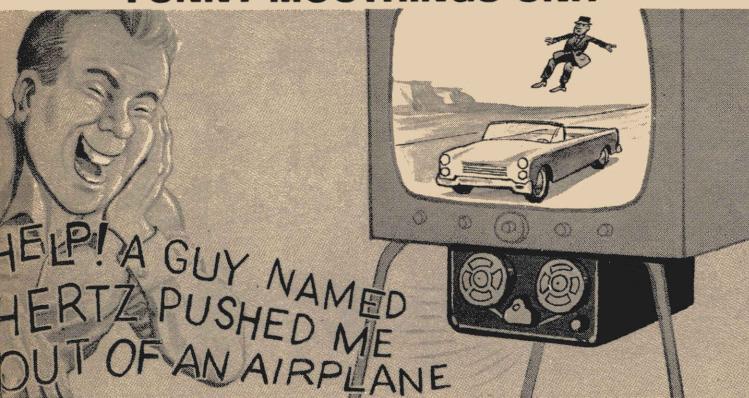
speaker has two wires **C** and **D** which come from TV chassis. Cut one of these and connect ends of **A** and **B** to cut ends of speaker wire as shown in close-up drawing. Tape bare splices, and your Remote Control is ready for operation.

ADDITIONAL COMPONENTS THAT COULD MAKE

For the really dedicated TV-Commercial hater, the simple Remote Control "Sound-Off" Unit may not be

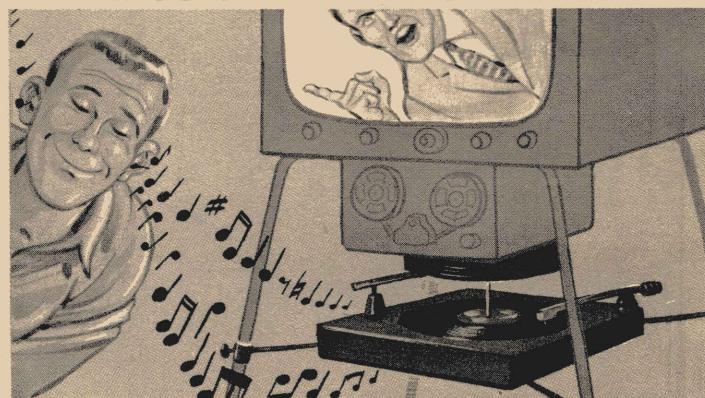
enough. So here are more sophisticated approaches to the problem. These can be assembled and instal-

FUNNY MOUTHINGS UNIT



For many, a silent picture on TV may seem out of place, so this light-hearted device can be fun. It consists of pre-taped hilarious dialogue which replaces the words of the commercial announcer when his sound is knocked off, and makes his pitch even more idiotic than it actually is.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE UNIT

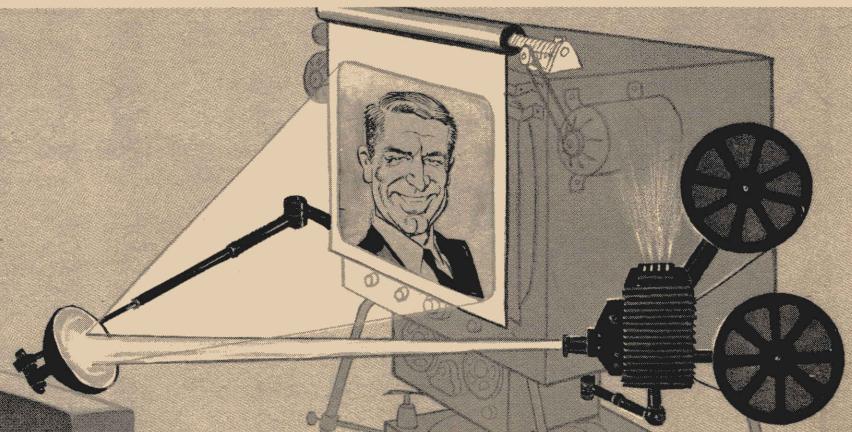


For those who may find ridiculous dialogue synchronized with a TV-commercial equally boring, this simple unit can be employed. It consists of recorded musical selections which start playing automatically when sound is knocked off. You listen to soothing melody while announcer mimes.

MOST COMPLETE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



Since a still picture is a poor substitute for live TV, this all-in-one unit will solve every problem. A motion picture projector unit is coupled with all the others to go on when sound is knocked off. Along with pre-selected



travel pictures or action shots, the viewer can employ funny mouthings, or musical accompaniment or combination of both. In fact, when TV programs themselves are bad, it provides good uninterrupted feature-length entertainment.



Imagine! Now—with this simple Remote Control Unit—just a flick of your finger and you've knocked off the sound and rendered ineffective an offensive TV commercial! And

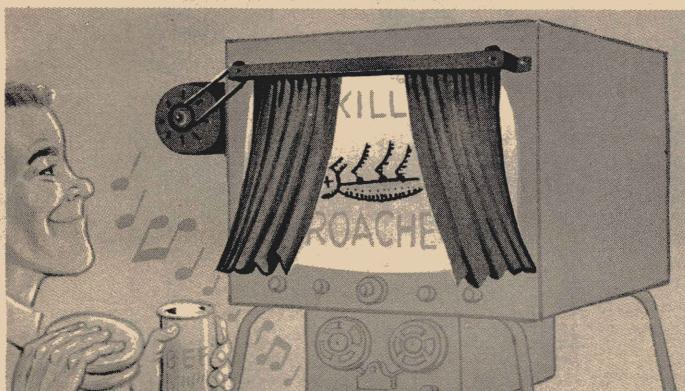
what fun it is, when you realize that you're destroying a commercial that cost a sponsor maybe \$50,000 or more to produce with a switch that cost you maybe 50¢ to produce!

TELEVISION VIEWING ALMOST WORTHWHILE

led in one or more units, depending upon how much time and money one wants to waste on this silly

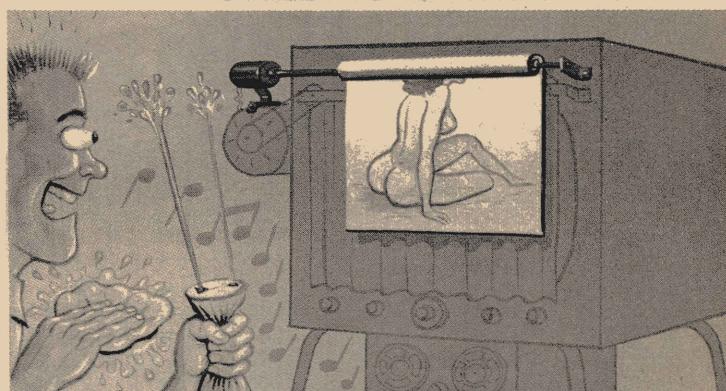
business. Just look how much of it has been spent already just to bring you this ridiculous article.

DRAW CURTAIN UNIT



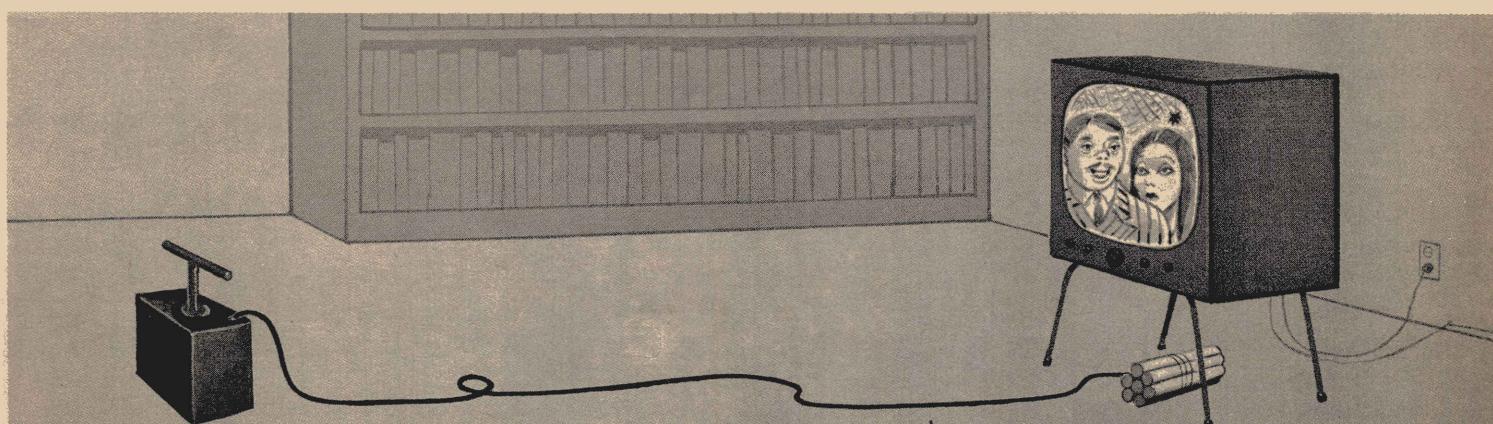
This component is designed for those viewers who prefer not to have their musical interludes marred by repugnant pictures. It automatically closes curtain over TV screen when music comes on, eliminating disgusting views of bad breath, gassy stomachs, etc., so viewer can eat a snack.

STILL PICTURE UNIT



For those viewers who would not be satisfied to stare at a blank curtain while listening to a musical interlude, this component can be added. It automatically unrolls a full-color photo that is both pleasant and inspirational to look at while listening to music and eating a snack.

MOST EFFECTIVE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT POSSIBLE



However, after carefully checking out this season's TV offerings, we've come to the conclusion that the programs are just as irritating as the commercials, and that this is the best remote control unit you can use. Now, instead

of exposing yourself to television brain-rot, your mind can be elevated and nurtured by more worthwhile pursuits. Like reading, for instance. And we're not talking about reading this rag, you clod! Try something constructive!

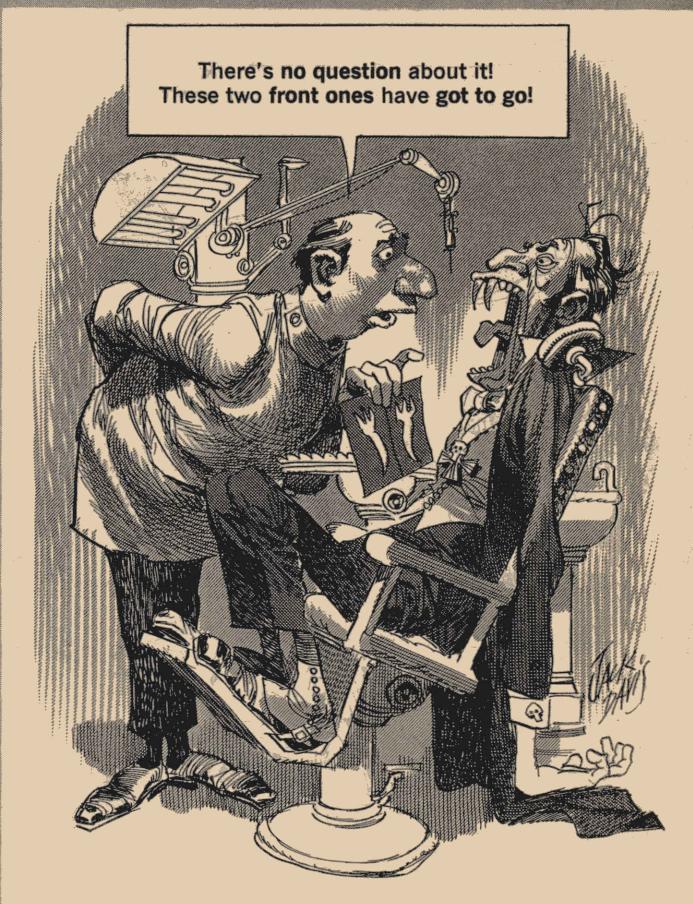
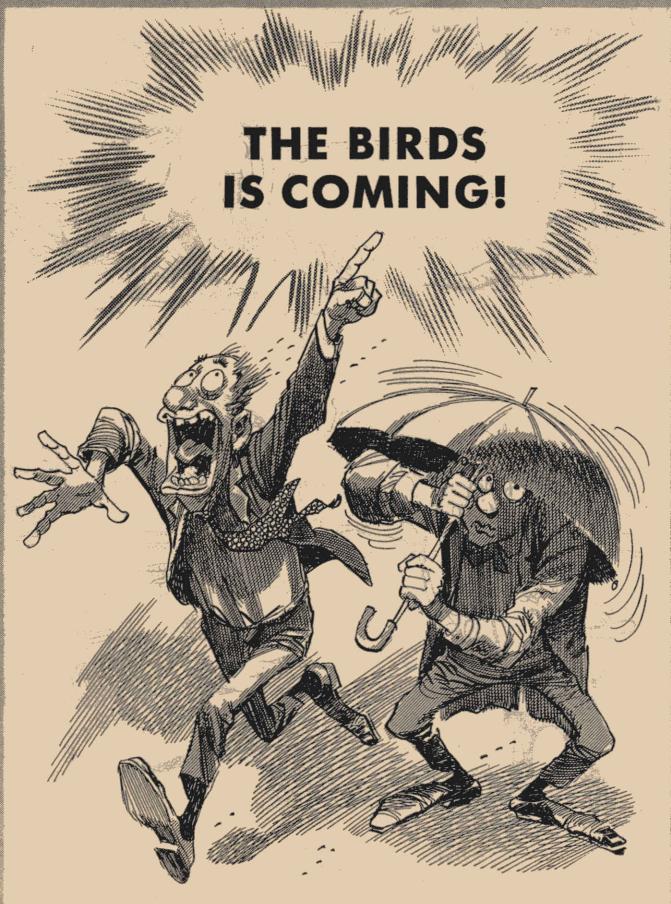
OUR CREATURE PRESENTATION DEPT.

HORROR Movie Scenes We'd Like To See

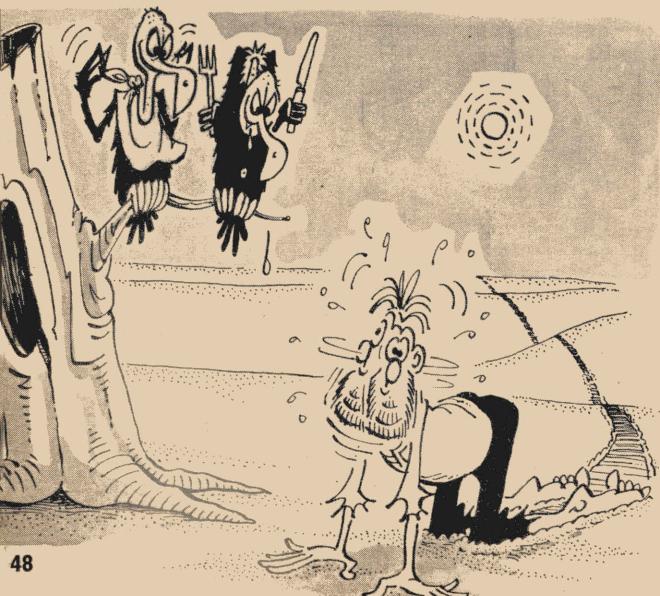
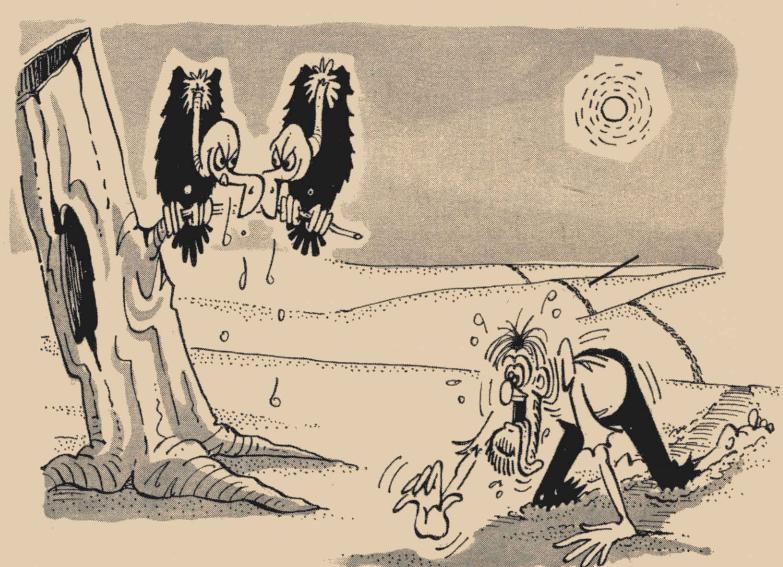
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DON EDWING





IN THE DESERT





There is a new retail shop that is beginning to blight our landscape—the Greeting Card Store. Inside, you can pick out all sorts of messages to send. However, you'll have to search long and hard to find the corny, sentimental cards of yesteryear. Today, the Greeting Card Industry has gone "clever". Who is the diabolical genius behind this movement? Well, let's drop in on the biggest "Card Shark" of 'em all as

MAD INTERVIEWS THE GREETING CARD MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART



I don't understand! Don't people send cards to express affection?

Silly boy! People send cards because they're coerced into it! Therefore, they begin to dislike the people they HAVE to send cards to! Klever Kards kill two birds with one stone! They discharge obligations and hostilities at the same time!

Here are the artists who do the illustrations for my cards!

How do you select your staff?

Each year, we hold an international contest for budding young artists!

Oh—and you hire the winners?

No—I hire the losers! Any self-respecting artist would rather starve to death than do this! That way, I get them cheap—and if they ask for more money, I threaten to put their names on the cards!



In here, we have my writers! I see we're in luck! They're just about to test a new card idea on our One-Woman Panel of Experts!

WRITERS PRIVATE



Are you crazy?
It passed with
flying colors!
Congratulations,
Comstock! You
did it again!

It was all right—
but I must be slipping!
She only broke my tooth!
Last month, she fractured
my jaw! Oh, well—I guess
you can't win 'em all!



YOU HAVE
ABSOLUTELY
NO
MATERNAL
INSTINCT!



I guess mothers today
don't expect something
warm and loving!

Mothers today don't
even deserve something
warm and loving!

What other
cards
do you
make?

Well, we've just
finished printing
our "Thank You"
Cards—and now we're
starting our "You're
Welcome" Cards!

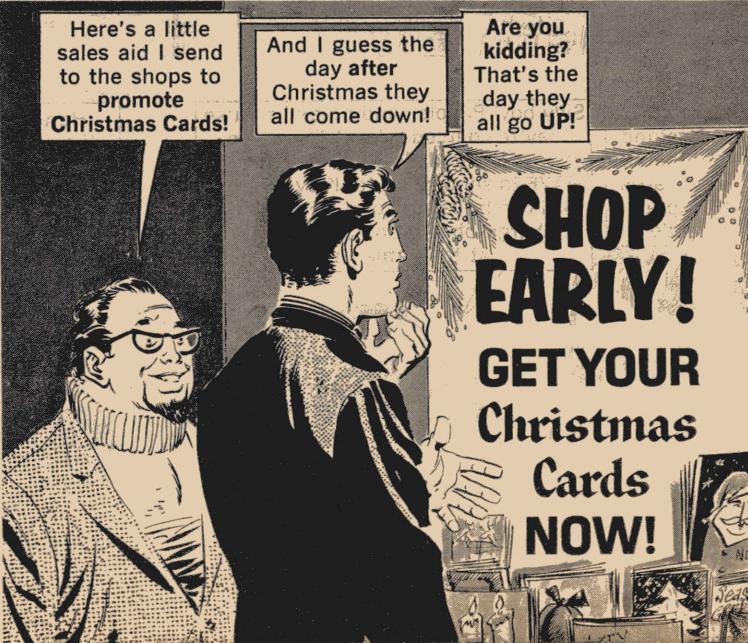
And
after
that?

We'll do our "Thank
You For Your 'You're
Welcome'" Cards! We
cover all bases!

Here's a little
sales aid I send
to the shops to
promote
Christmas Cards!

And I guess the
day after
Christmas they
all come down!

Are you
kidding?
That's the
day they
all go UP!



I see you're admiring our "Long John" Card—a \$2.50
retailer which is actually good for TWO sales!

Two sales?! How come?

Well, first we advise the buyer to "allow ten days for delivery"! Then, when it's crushed and torn by the Post Office and **RETURNED TO SENDER**, he's got the time to get himself another regular-size card! Not bad, eh?



This
is an
unusual
card!
What
is it?

That's one of our
"Construction Cards"!
Remember—years ago—
when you opened a card
and a charming little
cottage scene would
pop up? Now try this
modern adaptation!



Here is our "St. Valentine's Day Practical Joke Box-Card"! Hear it ticking . . . ?

Oh-ho! And the person who receives it thinks it's a bomb, eh? That's very funny! What happens when they open it up?

What
else?
It
explodes!



Here we have our "Wedding Congratulation Cards"! We turn out a complete line—from the slightly suggestive to the downright smutty! And next to them—we have our "Divorce Congratulation Cards"! And next to them—to show how modern we are—we have the display where they're packaged together!

WEDDING CARDS **DIVORCE CARDS** **TWO-IN-ONE PACKAGE**

CONGRAT
PAP...

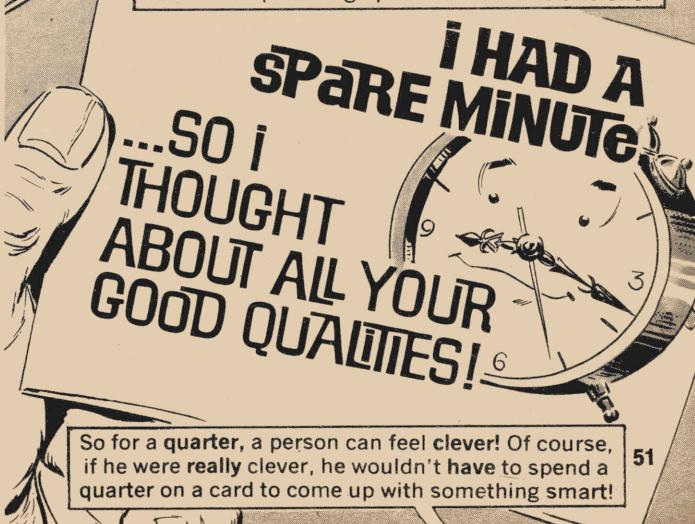
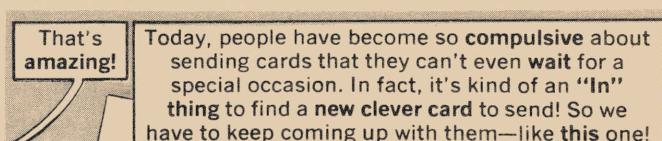
TWO-IN-ONE PACKAGE



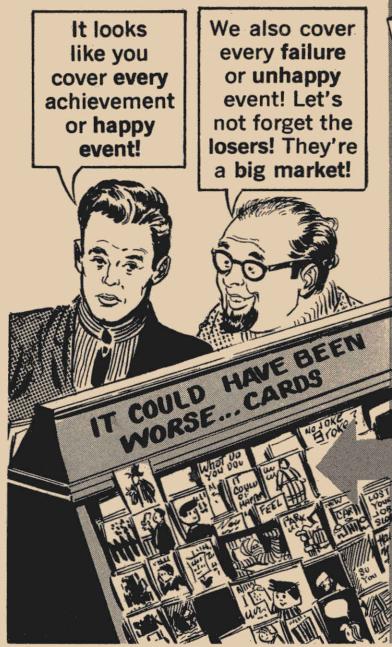
Years ago, there were only **traditional cards** . . . birthdays, anniversaries, etc. But today, Card Manufacturing is **highly specialized!** We produce a card for every occasion! Got an occasion? Just try me—

Let's see . . .
Oh, this is silly,
but my **niece** got
bitten by a **dog**
last week!

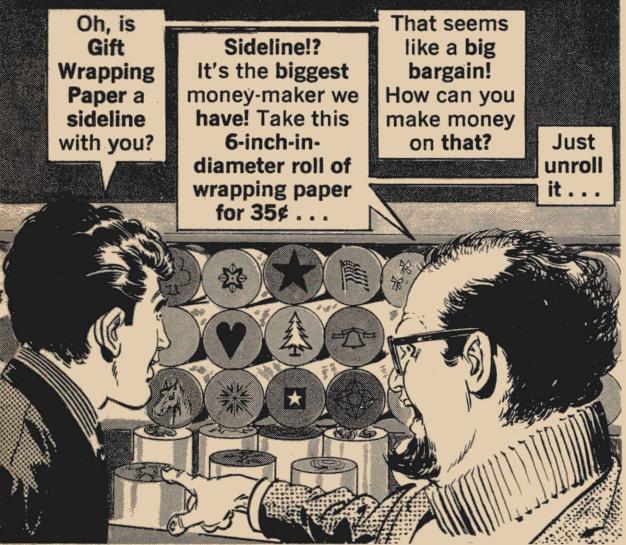
That's
easy!
What
color
dog?



So for a **quarter**, a person can feel clever! Of course, if he were **really** clever, he wouldn't **have** to spend a **quarter** on a card to come up with something **smart**!



GIFT WRAPPING PAPER

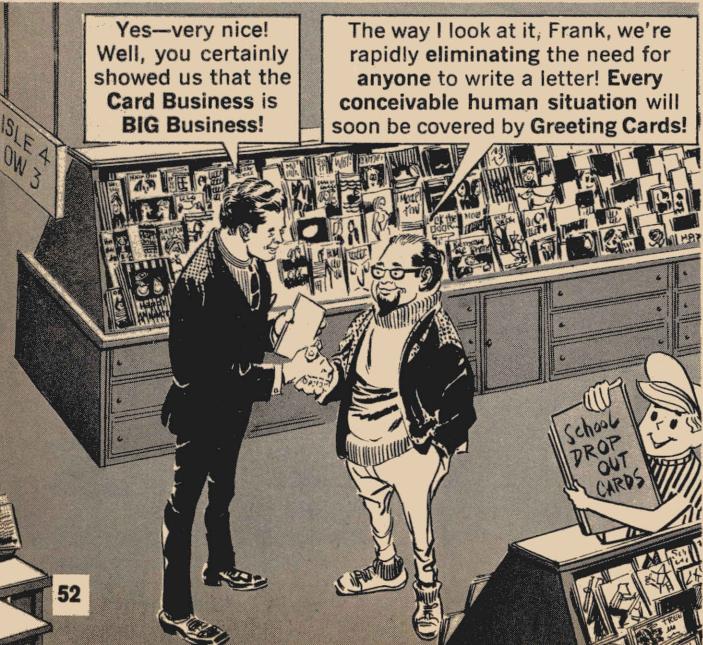
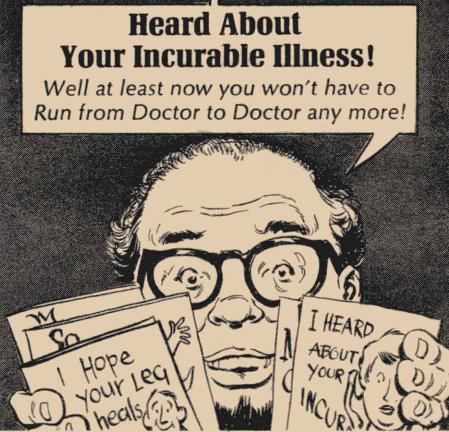


Remember . . . I said the roll was 6 inches in diameter . . . not the paper! If you can't make money selling a few feet of paper for 35¢, you're in real trouble!



How do you like these "Get-Well" Cards?

I Hope Your Broken Leg Heals Fast!
But not so fast that you can't build a Big Case against the Insurance Company!



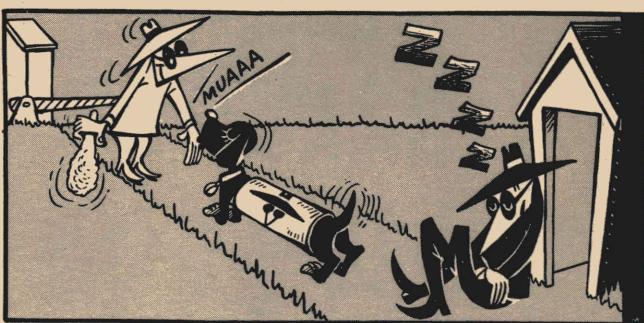
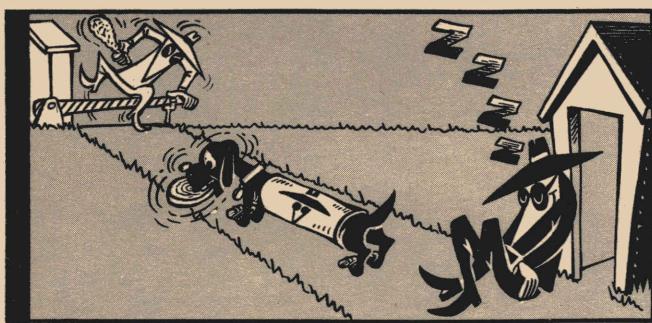
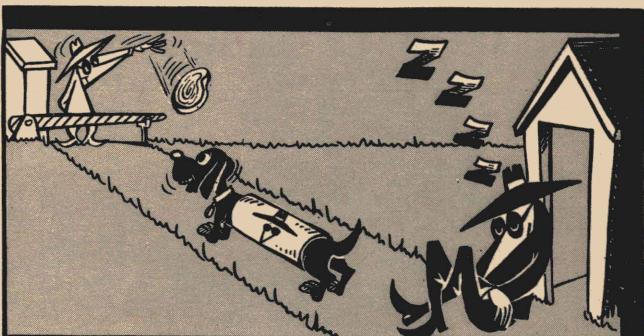
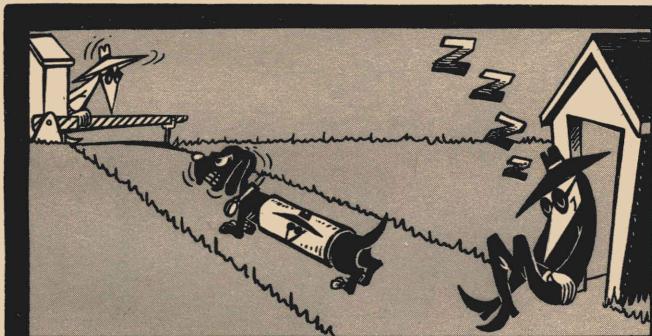
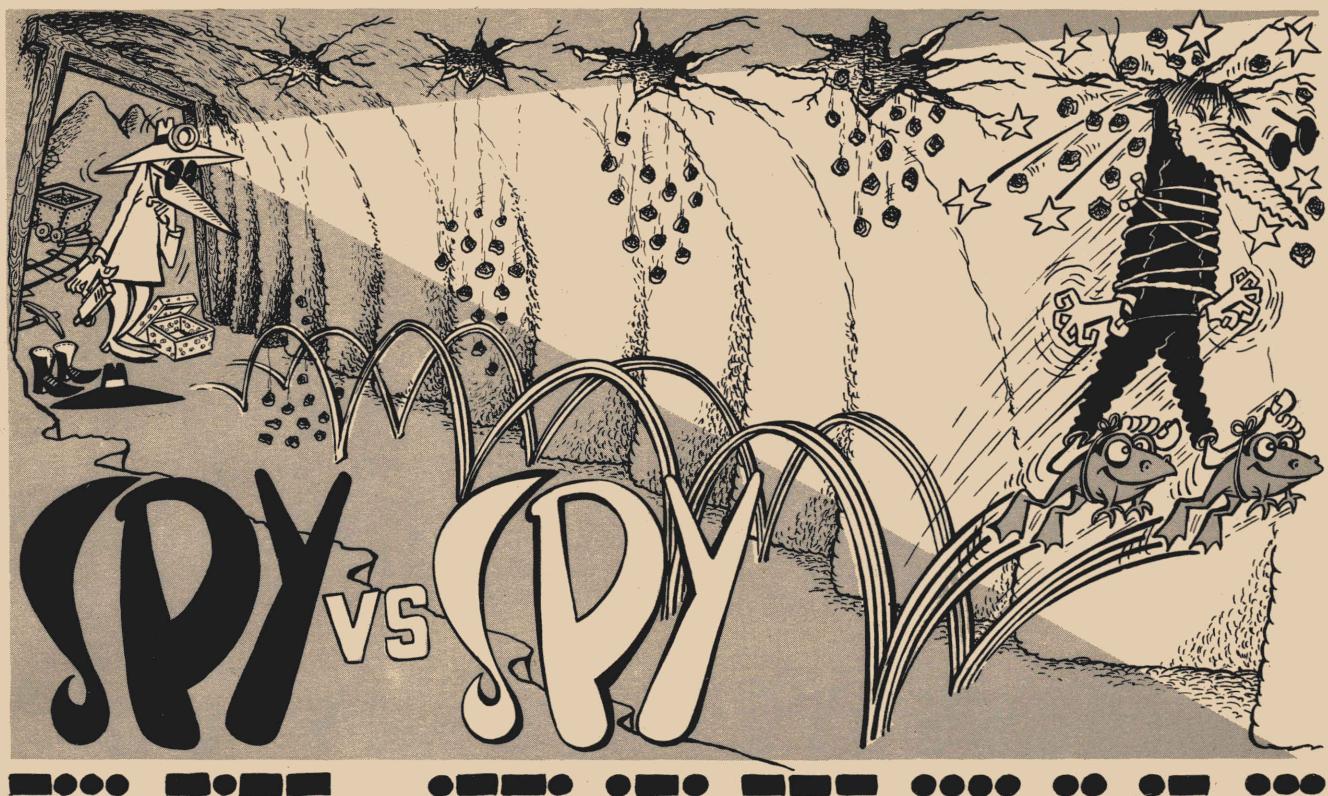
The way I look at it, Frank, we're rapidly eliminating the need for anyone to write a letter! Every conceivable human situation will soon be covered by Greeting Cards!

I'd like to thank you, Mr. Kupid—it's been a most interesting interview . . .

Aisle 5,
Row 7,
Rack 3!

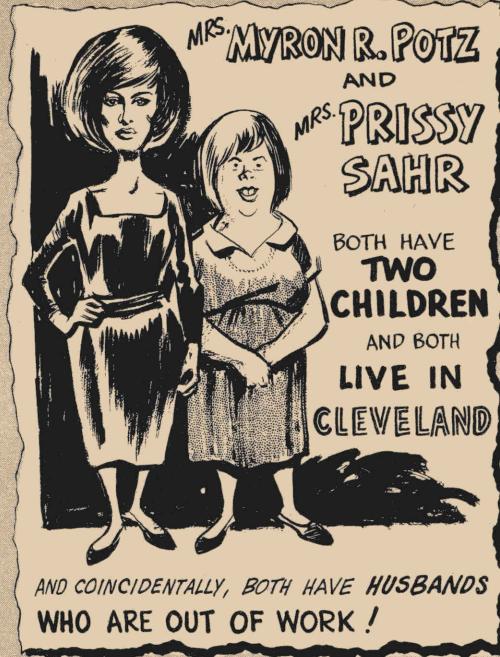
Er—uh—What's that?
That's where you'll find our "I'd Like To Thank You For A Most Interesting Interview" Cards! Just give the lady a quarter, sign it and send it!





GETTING EVEN WITH THE ODD DEPT.

For many years now, a popular feature in our daily newspapers has been "Believe It Or Not." However, because it has been in existence so long, its creators are finding it increasingly more difficult each day to come up with weird and startling items with which to amaze and confound their readers. In fact, we find that they seem to be running out of astounding things, and that it has gotten to the point where a typical "Believe It Or Not" item reads something like this:



We feel this wonderful old feature could be revitalized by a whole new approach... one in which startling items that reflect today's world, and comment "socially" on what's going on, are presented. Something like:

MARCEL DE BOUVANT HAS WALKED THROUGH NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK EVERY NIGHT FOR THE PAST 11 YEARS... AND HAS NEVER BEEN MUGGED OR ROBBED!

MARCEL IS THE POODLE! HIS MASTER, HORACE WILLIAMS... WHO YOU SEE HERE WALKING MARCEL... HAS BEEN MUGGED 1,472 TIMES!!

BRIAN "FRAT" FORBISHER A HANDSOME, SPORTS CAR-DRIVING OHIO STATE UNDERGRADUATE, WENT TO FORT LAUDERDALE DURING THE EASTER VACATION... AND YET DID NOT GO THERE TO MAKE OUT!

HE WENT TO MIAMI TO MAKE OUT! FORT LAUDERDALE WAS JUST A STOPOVER ON THE WAY!

MAX CARNEGIE A WAITER AT A BUSY BROADWAY RESTAURANT WAS ASKED DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE LUNCH HOUR, TO TAKE BACK A BOWL OF CHICKEN SOUP AND EXCHANGE IT FOR A BOWL OF VEGETABLE SOUP... AND HE DID NOT GIVE THE CUSTOMER AN ARGUMENT!

HE MERELY PICKED UP THE BOWL OF CHICKEN SOUP... AND DUMPED IT ON THE CUSTOMER'S HEAD

HECTOR J. QUINLEY A CHAIN SMOKER FROM Shamokin, Pennsylvania READ SO MUCH ABOUT THE BAD EFFECTS OF SMOKING ... THAT HE GAVE UP READING!

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN



CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF,
MUTUAL FUND SALESMEN
ARE NOT "PUSHY"!

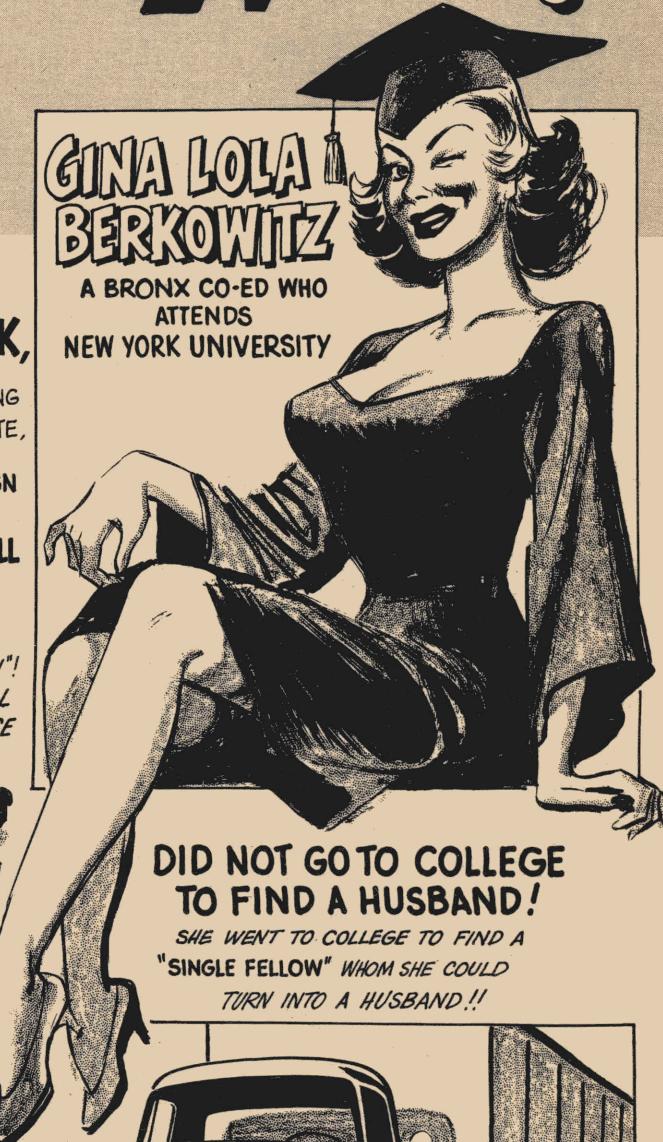


THEY ARE, HOWEVER,
UNBELIEVABLY BORING!

MARTY HERMAN
of Red Bluff, Del.
IS A
TRUCK DRIVER
ON ROUTE 17
and yet,
HE HAS ABSOLUTELY
NO IDEA
WHICH DINERS
SERVE THE
BEST FOOD !

HIS WIFE INSISTS THAT HE TAKE A LUNCH BOX FROM HOME, AND EAT IN THE TRUCK TO SAVE MONEY !!

GINA LOLA BERKOWITZ
A BRONX CO-ED WHO
ATTENDS
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY



A

FRIGHTFUL INCIDENT

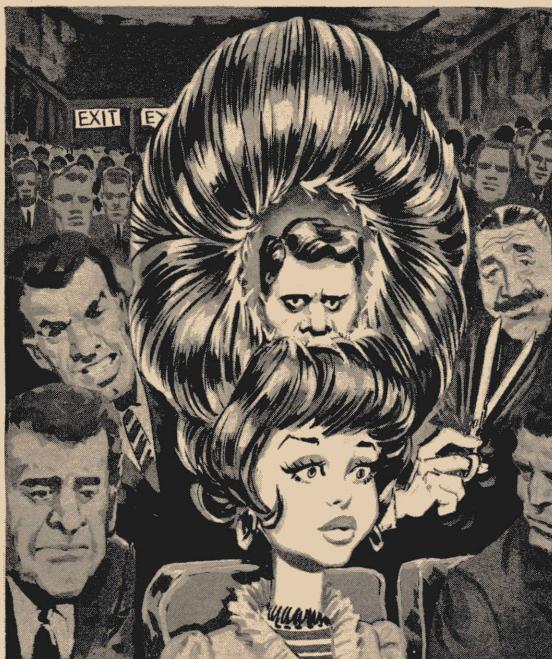


Nothing in the world . . . neither parents, nor friends, nor boyfriends, nor even life itself . . . is more important to a teenage girl than her hair. For this reason, and because today's teenage girl has plenty of spending money, more and more publishers are trying to grab their share with magazines that are devoted exclusively to hair and hair styles. Magazines like

HairGoo

June
35c

The Magazine Devoted To Beautiful Hair Styles



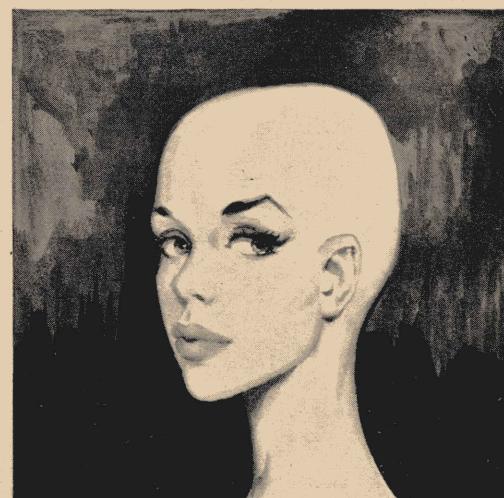
"THE SEE-THROUGH"

Created spontaneously by talented
Mr. Kenny of Hollywood (rear)



"THE SHOCK COIF"

Created by Mr. Pierre of Paris
when he accidentally spilled his
iced tea down model's bare back



"THE YUL BRYNNER"

Created by Mr. Freddy of Brooklyn
after tightening rollers
just a wee bit too much

★ LOVELY NEW ACCIDENTAL
CREATIONS (COVER) ★ HOW
TO OVERCOME ROLLER ROT
★ WHY SOME GOLDEN LOCKS
TURN GREEN ★ HOW TO TELL
IF SHE DOES, OR DOESN'T
★ 50 BRAND NEW HILARIOUS
PARTY JOKES ABOUT HAIRDOS
★ HOW TO DETERMINE IF YOUR
HAIRDRESSER IS—(ER)—DATEABLE

HairGoo

JUNE 1965

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Hair And There

HAIRLINE HEADLINE NEWS PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

CINDERELLA GIRL MARRIES KING



At her recent surprise wedding to King Alphonse Garnicht of Lichtenstein, "Cinderella Girl" Zelda Barfman looked ravishing in royal blue jumbo rollers. The bridesmaids who attended her all wore fuschia rollers and silver pins.

FIRST WOMAN APPOINTED TO SUPREME COURT



Sitting in her very first session at the bench, following her historic appointment to the U. S. Supreme Court, the Honorable Claire Loosebolt wore solemn, dignified black rollers in a coif modeled after the Statue of Justice.

SEXTUPLETS BORN TO BROOKLYN HOUSEWIFE



Mrs. Andrew Breedwell, of Brooklyn, North Dakota, proudly displays her brand new hair style, set by Mr. Percy of Mercy Hospital. Posing along with Mrs. Breedwell, all in matching hair styles even though they are boys, are her new sextuplets. "I wanted a girl," smiled Mrs. Breedwell.

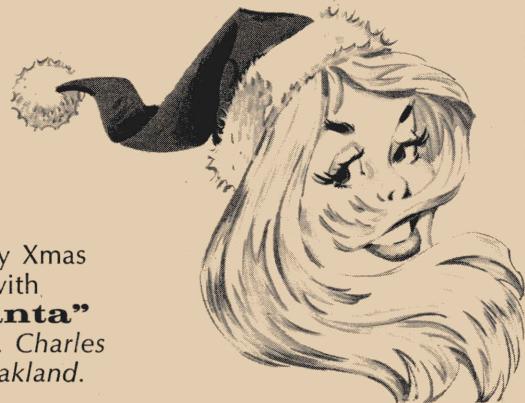
Best Coifs of the Month



Let freedom ring with
"The Statue of Liberty"
by Mr. Michael of Miami.



Pretty as a picture in
"The Frame"
by Mr. Irving of San Francisco



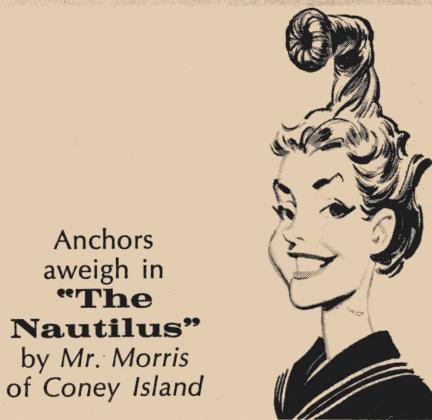
Merry Xmas with
"Santa"
by Mr. Charles of Oakland.



Deep in the heart of Texas with **"The Longhorn"**
by Mr. Morton of San Antonio



A charming choker in
"The Noose"
by Mr. Melvin of Dallas.



Anchors aweigh in
"The Nautilus"
by Mr. Morris of Coney Island



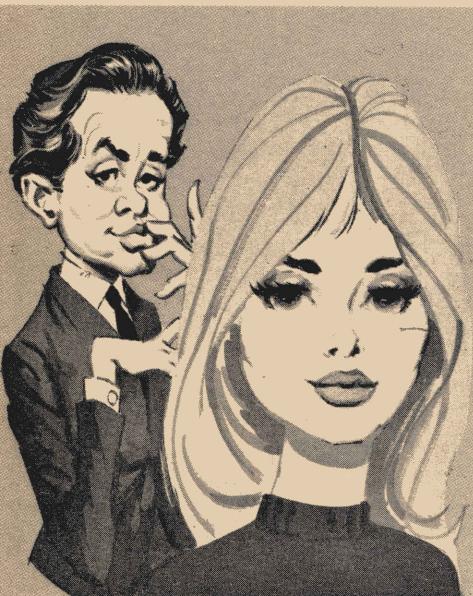
Playboys delight in
"The Bunny"
by Mr. Frank of Center Fold-Out



Topping the topless with
"Modest Maiden"
by Mr. Stuart of County Jail



THE BIRTH OF A Mr. Teddy of Park Avenue Cre



Mr. Teddy, a famous N.Y. hairdresser, studies lovely model for inspiration.



Suddenly it comes to Mr. Teddy . . . a brilliant idea for a gay new hairdo.



It will be a tantalizing upsweep . . . brushed into 3 sections at the crown.

HAIRDOS A

Another exciting installment of the monthly feature that offers hints and warnings so that you may enjoy your hair

without endangering it. Remember, your crowning glory is your most prized possession. With proper care and respect

ROLLING



DO study roller diagrams carefully before starting. Then try several dry runs before getting into actual intricate hairdo structures.

DON'T just start right in. You run risk of getting your hands caught. Unable to open door, this gal was trapped in her room 3 weeks.

TOSSING



DO learn to walk so that your hair tosses casually from side to side. Somehow this has proven to be very attractive to all young men.

DON'T walk with your hips swinging and your hair hanging straight down. For some reason, young men find this unappealing and unsexy.

MASTHAIRPIECE ates a Breathtaking New Coif!



Swiftly he goes to work, combing and brushing—deftly teasing and setting.



In his artistic hands, pins and clips and rollers fall perfectly into place.



Voila! A new creation fit for a queen! Talented Mr. Teddy has done it again!

ND DON'TS

it can give you endless pleasures . . . pleasures that you can enjoy alone and by yourself for hours. Just think how

important this could be if ever you were to be marooned on a desert island, or if you had to spend time in jail.

LACQUERING



DO hold lacquer spray can at the proper distance from your hair, and spray with a fine mist to give a bright, natural sheen to your hair.



DON'T spray carelessly and absent-mindedly—like when you're on the phone—or disastrous results (such as above) may occur.

FALLING



DO plan with extreme care the direction in which your hair will fall once you've removed rollers. This seems easy but can be very tricky.



DON'T let this happen to you. A hairdo like this may look lovely, but really isn't when you consider it is a front view of her face.

The HAIRGOO Shopping Bag

Devoted to presenting the latest and finest in hair care products. Before any product can be included here, our laboratory thoroughly tests, examines, analyzes, compares, investigates and inspects the manufacturer's attitude toward payola. If it meets our high standards, we then recommend his product.

PORTA-POO KIT



Now you can shampoo anywhere and any time—at home, in a car, plane, bus, subway, rocket, etc. The plastic bag clamps tightly over your head, and soap and water are pumped in by the rubber ball. **\$40.00**, Suds Industries.

ROLLER-CHIEF



This brilliant item features a lovely kerchief with built-in rollers. Just throw it over your head with rollers face down on your hair before meeting friends, and fool them into thinking you have a date for that night. Also eliminates feeling naked among other girls in rollers. **\$17.00**, B. J. Corp.

HAIRDO-CADDY



Whether you travel a lot or stay at home, this is a "must" for the modern hair-conscious young lady. Everything you need for any hair problem or set imaginable can be stored in it. Ends clutter of rollers, pins, spray cans, curlers, etc. Jumbo size (not shown) available at slight extra cost. Mail order only. **\$185.00**, this magazine.

Dear Miss HairGoo

Dear Miss HairGoo:

My girl friends and I argue about wearing hair rollers at the beach. I say it's not proper, especially if we want to meet the boys. I am enclosing a snapshot of all of us. As you can see, the girls are wearing rollers and I am not. (I'm the one on the left in the topless suit.) Who is right?

Good Taste
San Diego, Cal.



Dear Good Taste:

Sorry, but we agree with your friends. Hair rollers are acceptable everywhere nowadays. And the boys are not the least bit offended, as one can plainly see by the happy wide-eyed group in the picture. Don't be such an old fuddy-duddy, Good Taste! Get with it!

Dear Miss HairGoo:

Last Wednesday, while sitting in the Freem Theater watching Sandra Bouffant in "Teenage Love On A Surfboard At Bikini Beach," some clod brushed past and knocked all my hair rollers off my head. They spilled all over the place under seats. These rollers (at least 73 of them) were the expensive pink "Jumbo" kind, and cost me at least 7 month's babysitting money. Shouldn't the theater pay me back for them, since it was one of their customers who did it?

Sore
Rancid, Texas

Dear Sore:

We seem to recall reading about this incident in our local papers. Isn't that the one where twenty-eight emergency cases were admitted to your local hospital with injuries ranging from fractured arms and legs to broken necks and brain concussions following the show? And didn't it come out that each patient had slipped on a hair roller as he was leaving his seat? And isn't the theater being sued for several million dollars? But back to your question. Yes, you do have a right to collect. After all, as you pointed out, the rollers were quite expensive. But more than that—look at the embarrassment you were caused when your set was ruined! The more we think about it, the madder we get!

Dear Miss HairGoo:

Last month, I bought one of the products advertised in your magazine, and I had a lot of trouble with it. The product was "Hair-Gro," which was supposed to help hair grow vigorously and healthy or my money back. Well, I've been trying to get my money back, but the manufacturer refuses to give it to me. I followed the instructions just as it said on the box. I mixed the stuff in a big bowl and poured it on my head and rubbed it in with a sponge. Well, my hair is growing fine, as they promised. But it is also growing on my hands, face, neck, shoulders, and even on my sponge. When I wrote them about this, they said that the guarantee only covers my head, and the rest is my problem. I don't think this is fair. What do you intend doing about this?

Itchy Palms
Boston, Mass.



Dear Itchy Palms:

You will be pleased to hear of the prompt action we have taken against the makers of "Hair-Gro." In all future full-page color ads they run in this magazine, they will not be permitted to display the "HairGoo Seal Of Approval." We just don't fool around when it comes to protecting our readers.

Dear Miss HairGoo:

I tried the gorgeous "Coif Of The Month" featured in your last issue, and it really turned out beautiful. I got compliments wherever I went. But now I would like to try a different coif, and I can't seem to get the "Coif Of The Month" to come down. Where did I goof?

Bewildered
Blytheville, Ark.

Dear Bewildered:

You didn't goof! We did! What happened to you also happened to 4,578 other HairGoo readers. It seems there was an unfortunate chemical reaction between the setting lotion and the hair spray we recommend—something like the way epoxy glue works when you mix the two little tubes together. But don't fret. It may be rock-hard now, but in a month or so, new soft hair will grow up and you'll be able to cut the whole silly thing loose. And by a lucky coincidence, next issue will feature a full line of "Crew-Cut Coifs" that could become the exciting new style-trend of the year. And if it goes, you'll be there—in the forefront of it all.

THE PLAY BY-PLAY'S THE THING DEPT.

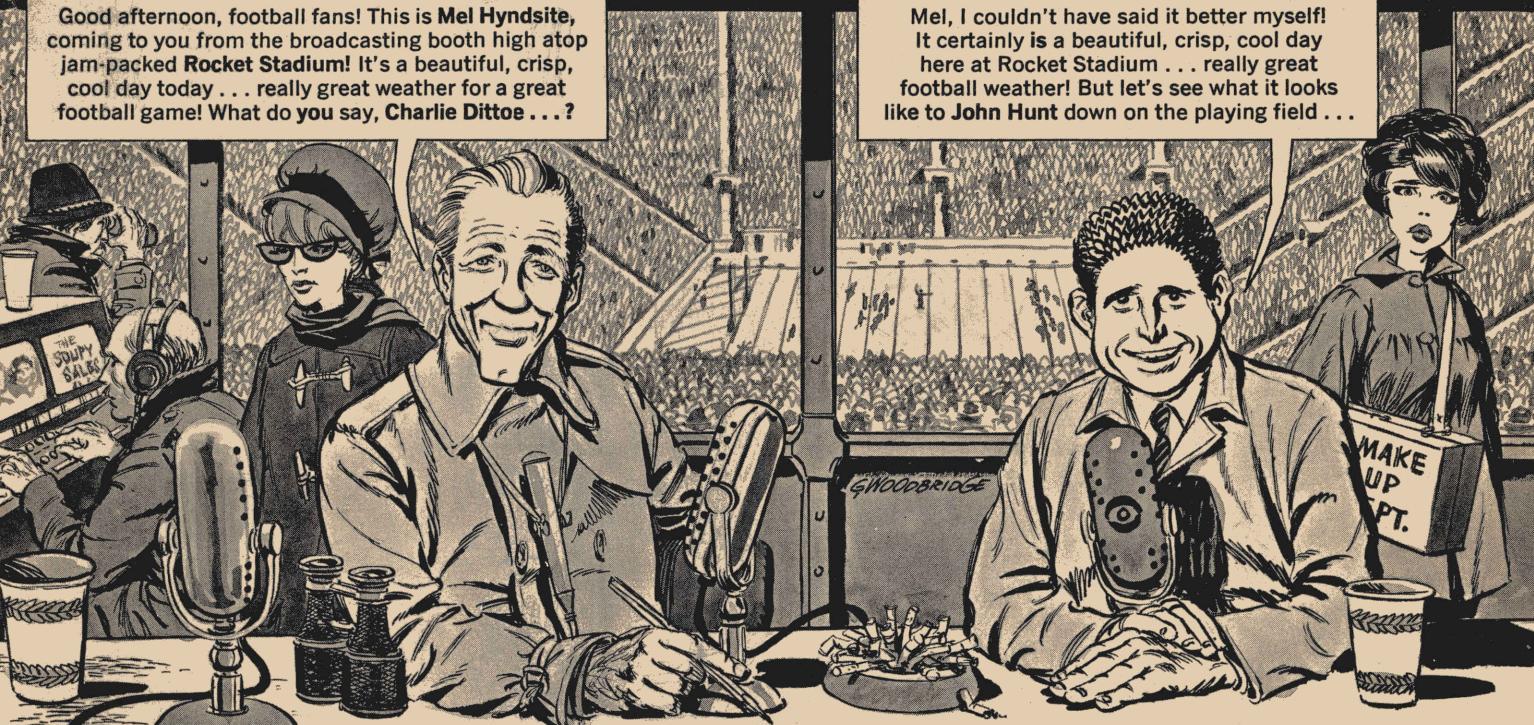
The latest trend in TV coverage is known as "In Depth" reporting. Those who followed the 1964 Political Conventions know what that means . . . armies of "Anchor Men", "Floor Men", "Local Color Men", and "That's-The-Story-As-It-Looks-From-Here Men" interviewing everyone in sight to get the "Full Story". Because this type of coverage proved successful, it won't be long before unimaginative network big-wigs decide to turn these squads of reporters loose in other areas of television. F'rinstance, MAD now presents a preview of what to expect in one of the many areas that does not need this type of coverage, and so will probably get it! Mainly, here is . . .



FOOTBALL "IN DEPTH" '66 '69

Good afternoon, football fans! This is Mel Hyndsite, coming to you from the broadcasting booth high atop jam-packed Rocket Stadium! It's a beautiful, crisp, cool day today . . . really great weather for a great football game! What do you say, Charlie Dittoe . . . ?

Mel, I couldn't have said it better myself! It certainly is a beautiful, crisp, cool day here at Rocket Stadium . . . really great football weather! But let's see what it looks like to John Hunt down on the playing field . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

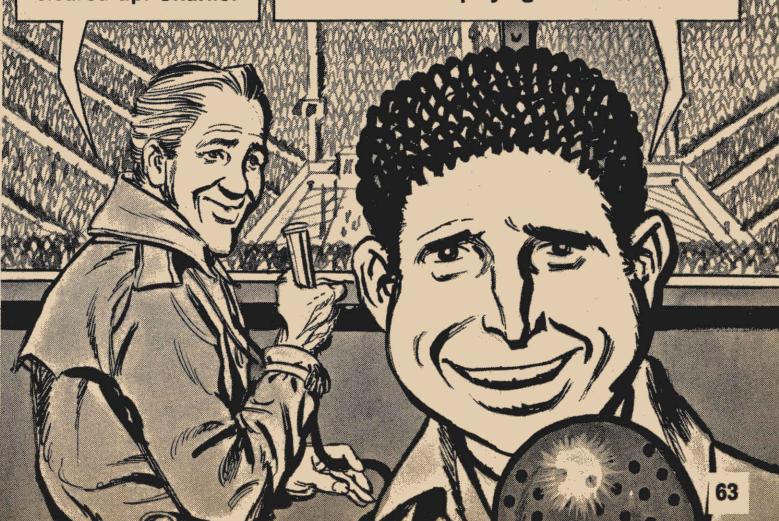
WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

This is John Hunt, your 10-to-20 Yardline Reporter! Just seconds ago, I asked coach Albie Vermin what kind of a football day it looked like to him! And here's his answer . . . recorded just moments ago—thanks to the miracle of video tape . . .



It seems we're having a little technical difficulty down there, but we'll bring you that tape as soon as our engineers have it cleared up. Charlie?

Well, Mel, it looks to me as though we've had a little technical difficulty! Interestingly enough, while we were trying to show you that tape, the Hawks kicked off to the Rockets! But for that story let's switch to Ward Ellis down on the playing field . . .



Fans, as Charlie Dittoe just reported, and I can confirm it from here, the Hawks have kicked off! The ball was taken at the Rocket five yard line! But the unusual thing was the height of that kick! I don't believe I've seen a football go so high in my fifteen years of announcing this great game of pro football! Anyhow, that's the way the kickoff looked from here! Now, back to the booth . . .

Thanks for that penetrating analysis of Groza Spinoza's kick, Ward!

That sure was a high kick by Number 88, Groza Spinoza. Incidentally, while Ward was bringing that report to us, Rocket halfback Max Shnell ran the kickoff back for a touchdown! Joe "the Toe" Williams then failed to kick the extra point—the first time that's happened in his career!



And what a career it's been for Joe! All-State at Ridley High, 3 years All-American at I.C.U. and 7 years a great star for the Rockets . . .

Mel, pardon me for interrupting this interesting sidelight on Joe "the Toe", but there seems to be some excitement down on the field! To sum it up, Jim Ozi threw a 90 yard pass to Frank Guffaw who made a sensational catch to tie up the game! Then, Paul Hornmeister's conversion kick gave the Hawks the lead . . . sorry to cut in, Mel!

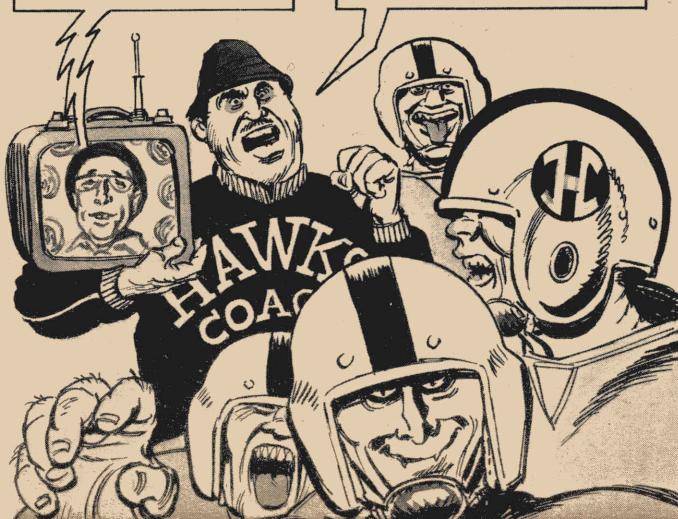
That's okay, Charlie! I see that the Rockets are now in their huddle with fourth down and 3 yards to go for a score! So let's go to our Huddle Man, Jim Sony, for that story . . .

I'm down here in the Rocket huddle where they've just called a "Quarterback Sneak"! This could really catch the Hawks off guard . . .



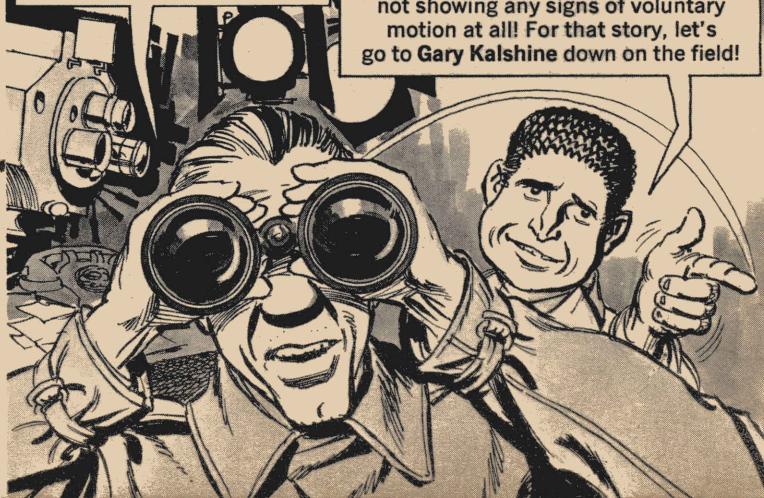
. . . could really catch the Hawks off guard . . .

You heard it, guys—
QUARTERBACK SNEAK!!
Let's KILL 'EM!!



Wow! Look at that pileup!
You'd almost swear that the Hawks knew what the Rockets were going to do . . .

I agree, Mel! That "Quarterback Sneak" didn't seem to surprise the Hawks one bit! But it seems to have stunned Rocket quarterback, Finn Starr! He's not showing any signs of voluntary motion at all! For that story, let's go to Gary Kalshine down on the field!



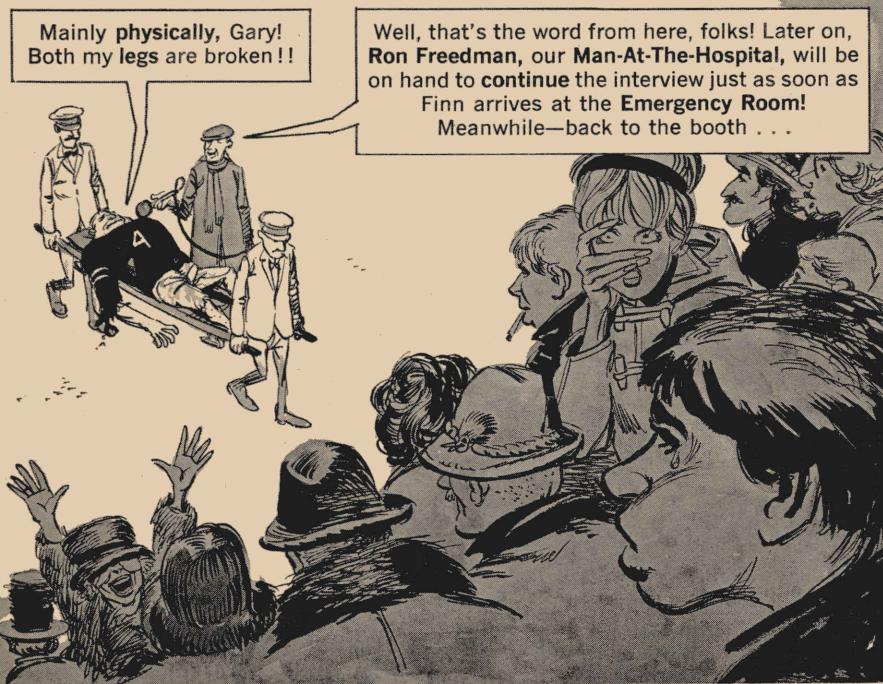
Gary Kalshine here at the side of Finn Starr, who seems to be regaining consciousness after being tackled by the entire Hawk line! How do you feel, Finn ??



Well, Gary, I would guess this is about the **worst** injury I've ever sustained!



Would you care to tell our viewing audience if you mean "physically" or "emotionally", Finn?



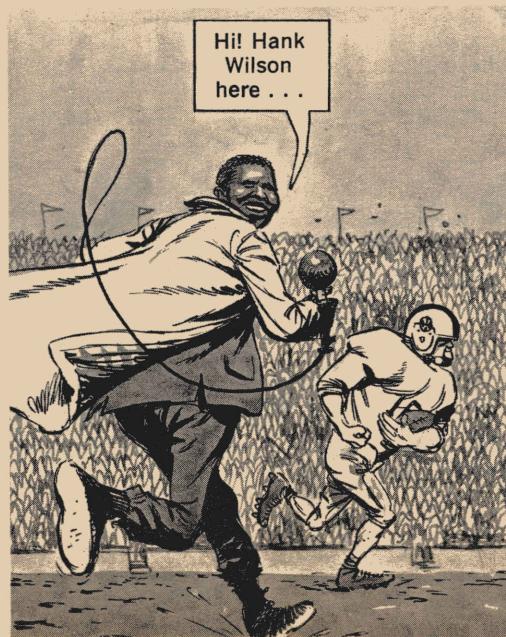
Mainly physically, Gary! Both my legs are broken!!

Well, that's the word from here, folks! Later on, Ron Freedman, our Man-At-The-Hospital, will be on hand to continue the interview just as soon as Finn arrives at the Emergency Room! Meanwhile—back to the booth . . .

Well, Finn Starr has just worked his way into the record books! This is only the **third** time in a Hawk-Rocket game that a quarterback has broken both legs on a 4th down, 3 yards-to-go situation! If Finn were conscious now, he'd be a very proud young man!



Hate to change the subject, Mel, but during the past few minutes there's been a lot of scoring down there by both sides! And if I'm not mistaken, this is the kind of thing that may well decide the **outcome** of this game—not to mention the **championship**! With just seconds left to play, let's go down to Hank Wilson . . .



Hi! Hank Wilson here . . .

I'm trying to get a few words from half Hawkback, er, Hawk halfback Biff Shlubb as . . . puff . . . he races towards . . . puff . . . the goal line . . .



With this game all knotted up at 33-33 . . . puff . . . and you in the clear . . . and just 12 seconds to go . . . puff . . . do you think you'll go all the way, Biff?

I'm glad you asked me that question, Hank . . .

Well, Charlie, if Biff goes all the way, that'll be the ballgame . . .

He's down to the 20 . . . the 15 . . . here comes a tackler . . . he's down to the 10 . . .



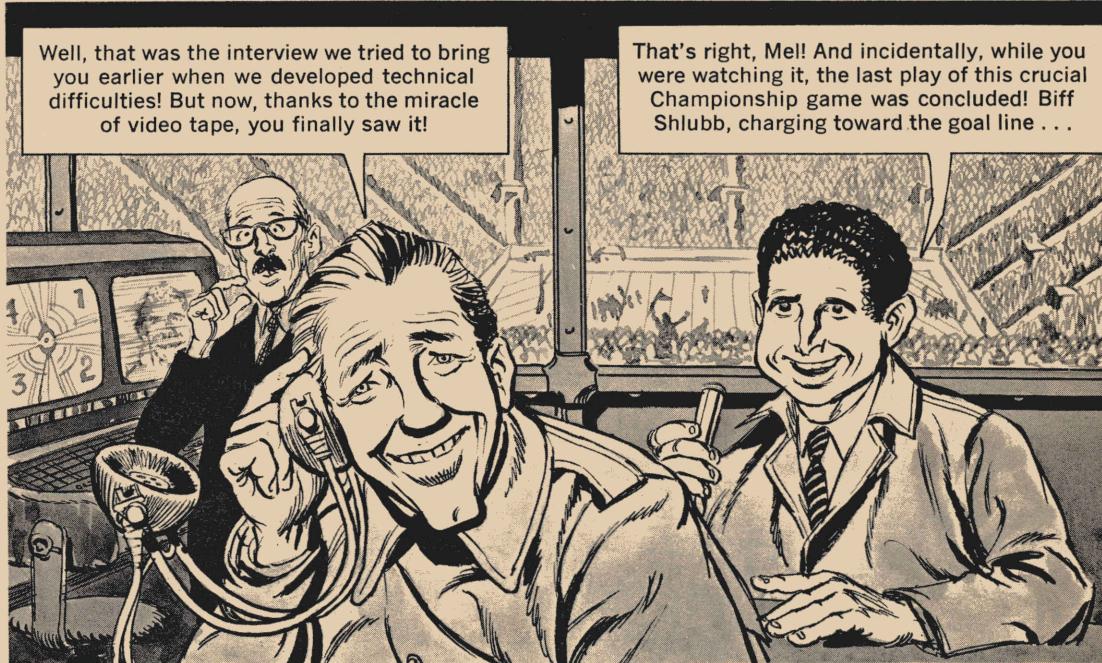
BLAZZEEET

John, in answer to that question, I just want to say that, in my personal opinion, it looks like a beautiful crisp, cool, great day for a football game . . .

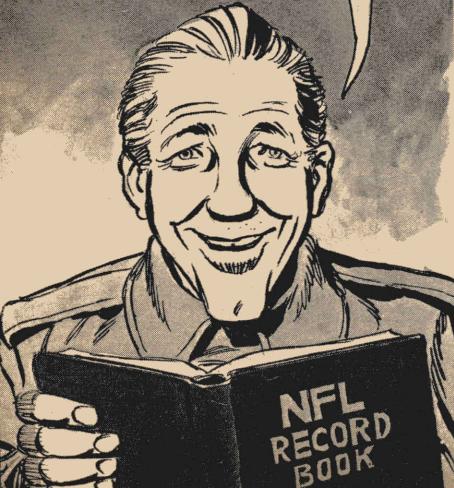


Well, that was the interview we tried to bring you earlier when we developed technical difficulties! But now, thanks to the miracle of video tape, you finally saw it!

That's right, Mel! And incidentally, while you were watching it, the last play of this crucial Championship game was concluded! Biff Shlubb, charging toward the goal line . . .



And, I should add right now, Charlie, that this was only the fourth time in the history of this league that a 175-pound halfback of Polish extraction . . .

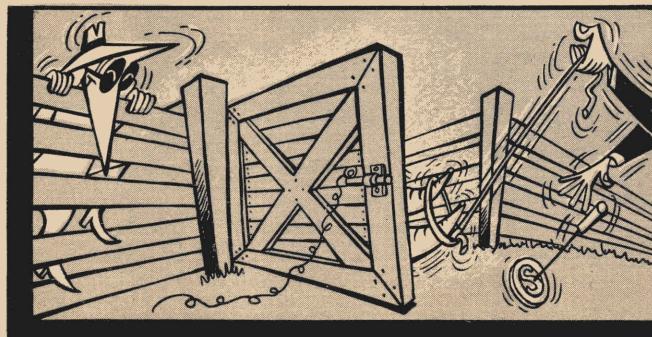
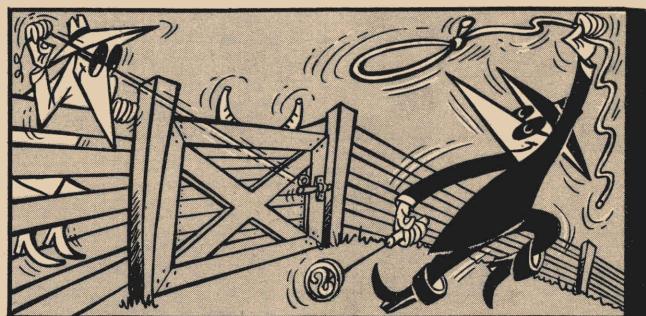
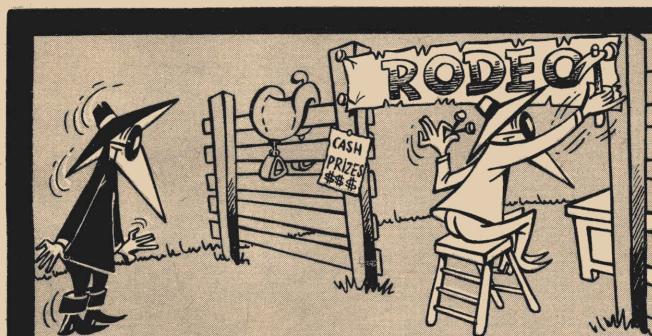
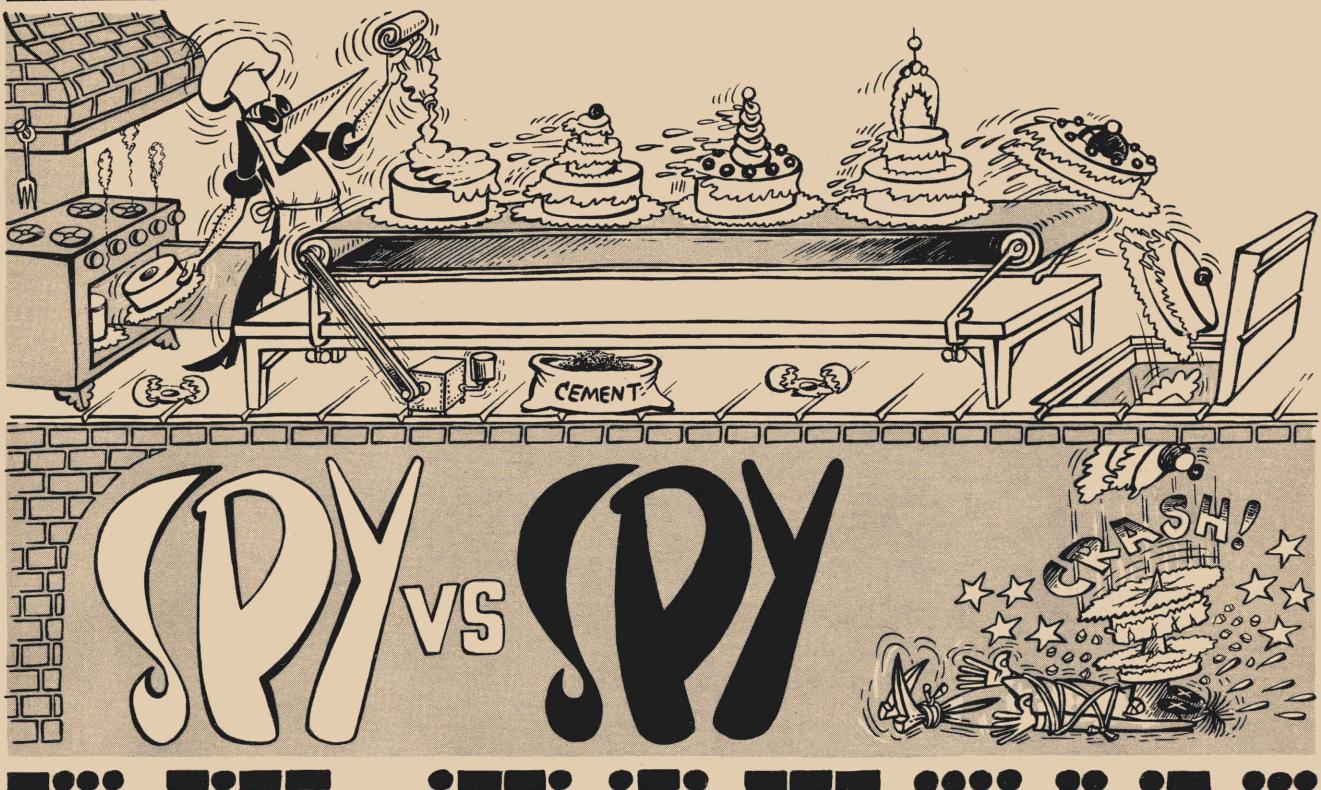


Gee, Mel, I hate to interrupt, but do we have time for the final score?

I'm afraid not, Charlie! There's just enough time to tell our listeners that this "Football In Depth" Presentation featured Anchor Men Charlie Dittoe and yours-truly Mel Hyndsite—Produced by Howard Cunningham—Directed by Nigel Evans—Statistical Research by Jethro Abney—our Men-On-The-Field were John Hunt at the 10 yard line, Ward Ellis at the 20, Arnold Stone at the 30, Kenny Levitz at the . . .



JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART II

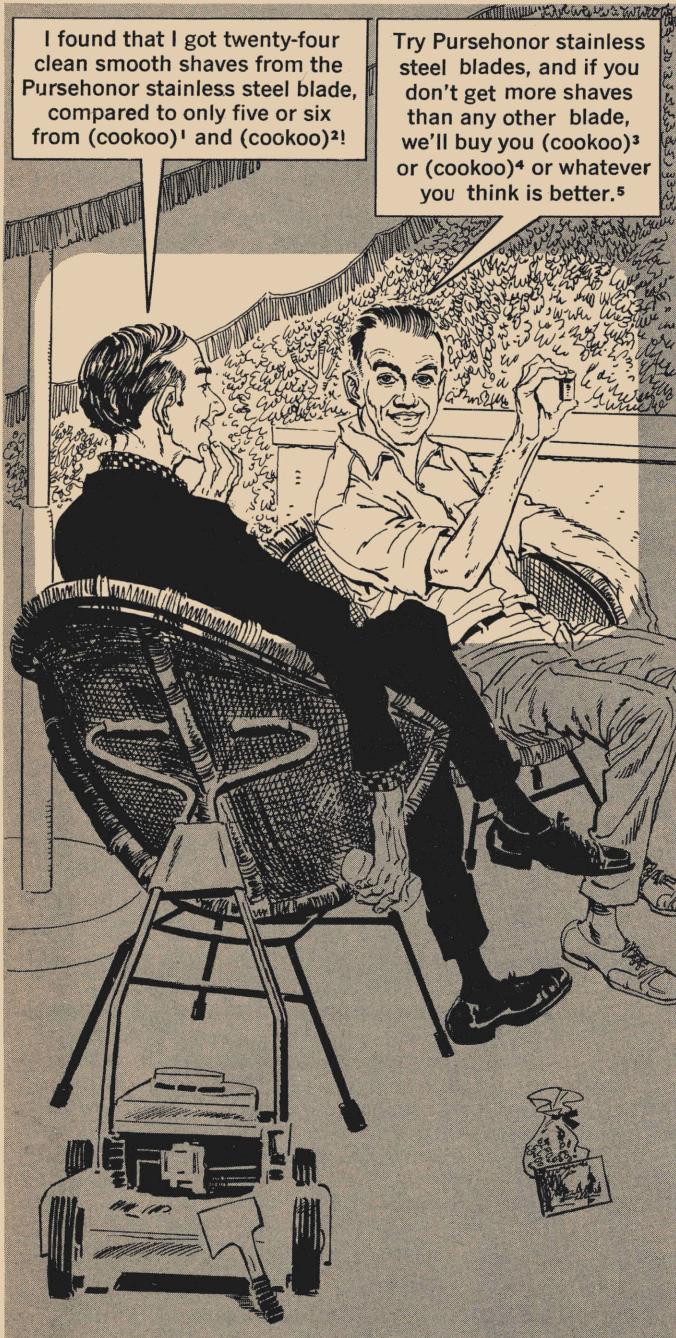


SPONSOR SPEAK WITH FORKED TONGUE DEPT.

Do you listen closely to TV commercials? Of course not! That's what the sponsors and their flunkies at the advertising agencies count on when they plan their messages—that you won't

UNSPOKEN MESSAGES

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



1—My Briggs & Stratton power lawn mower.

2—My oldest son's Boy Scout axe.

3—A picture post-card of Yellowstone Park.

4—A small bag of licorice jelly beans.

5—Just as long as whatever you think is better
isn't a competitive stainless steel razor blade.



1—Before he retired as a starting lineman with the
Green Bay Packers to take up a career in accounting.

2—Which consisted of beating the stuff with a stick
on a flat rock down by the creek behind our house.

3—Including the ones that were supposed to stay Navy Blue.

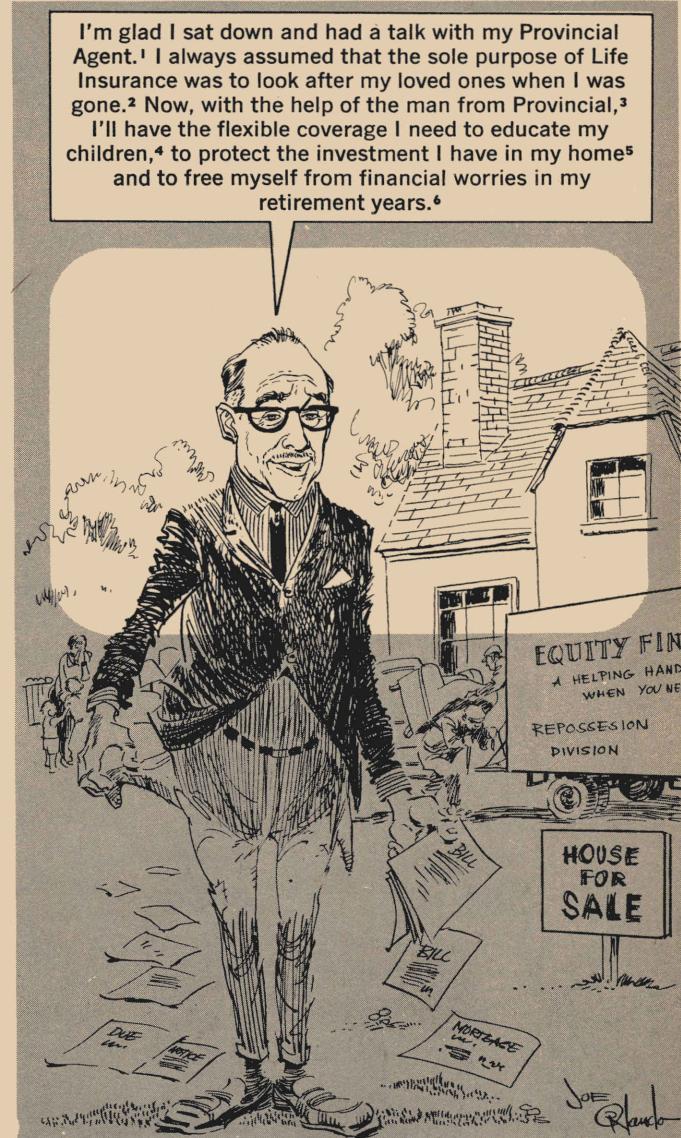
really be paying attention. Because they fill their sales pitches with cleverly worded phrases and facts that sound like one thing, but actually mean another. Watch now, as MAD exposes...

IN TV COMMERCIALS

WRITER: TOM KOCH



- 1—The Hollywood Training School for Child Actors.
- 2—He'd receive an A+ in "Product-Testimonial Sincerity"
- 3—For the usual fee, of course.
- 4—Or any other normal toothpaste ingredients. In fact, I think it was airplane glue in unmarked tubes.
- 5—Which is what was expected, since I had 43% fewer teeth.



- 1—Because if I'd had to stand after seeing how long he talked, my feet would've given out.
- 2—But I was wrong about that. With the fat commission the Agent collects, I've also looked after his loved ones when he's gone.
- 3—Plus the help of all the money I could borrow to take out these new policies.
- 4—If my children ever get flexible enough to be educated.
- 5—Which would've been nice, except that I had to sell my home to buy the policies to protect the investment I don't have any more.
- 6—Now the only financial worries I'll have in my retirement years is where to get money to pay my insurance premiums.

In our last issue, Dave Berg took a look at "The Lighter Side of The Boss"! However, after our Boss took a look at the article, Dave cooled him off with this follow-up...

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

Oh, my gosh! I overslept! Now I'm going to be late for work again!



I'd better get a good story! Let's see... I'll say, "I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Dilly, but my car had a flat tire and the train ran late!"



Yeah, that's it! "I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Dilly, but my car had a flat tire and the train ran late!"



Boy, did I have a day at the office, today! Forget about going out tonight!

Oh, shoot! And I was looking forward to it!

First there was a big fuss because Irwin Donnyfield's wife had a baby! Then Ben started telling off-color jokes! Then we had our coffee-break! Then I got to talking to that new cute secretary! And then a buyer took me out for a long lunch and I hadda get bombed with him!

Then, back at the office, some clown brought in the new "Playboy" and we ogled that for a while! Then there was a big thing because I lost my key to the Men's Room! Then there was another coffee break! Then my Mother called and you know how she can talk!

So what's all this about not going out tonight because of the day you had! It seems to me you did nothing but goof off!

That's just it! I had to bring the stuff home! I'll be working all night to make up for it!

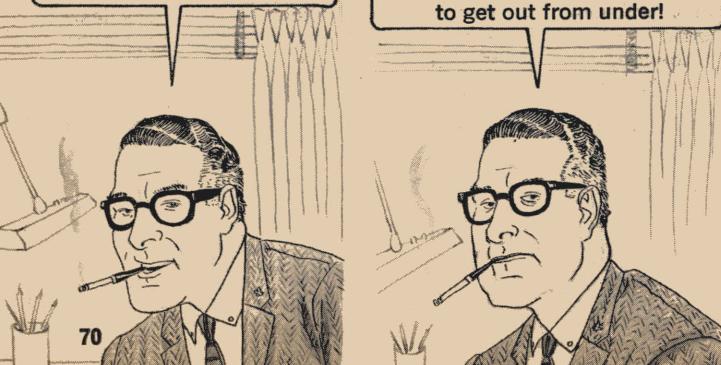


When I was making only \$20 a week, I used to say, "If I was only earning \$25 a week, I'd be in the clear!"

Then, when I was earning \$75 a week, I used to say, "If I was only earning \$100 a week, I'd be in the clear!" I could never seem to get out from under!

But at last came success! Today, I'm earning TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR!

Gee, if I was only earning fifty thousand dollars a year, I'd be in the clear!



EMPLOYEES

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

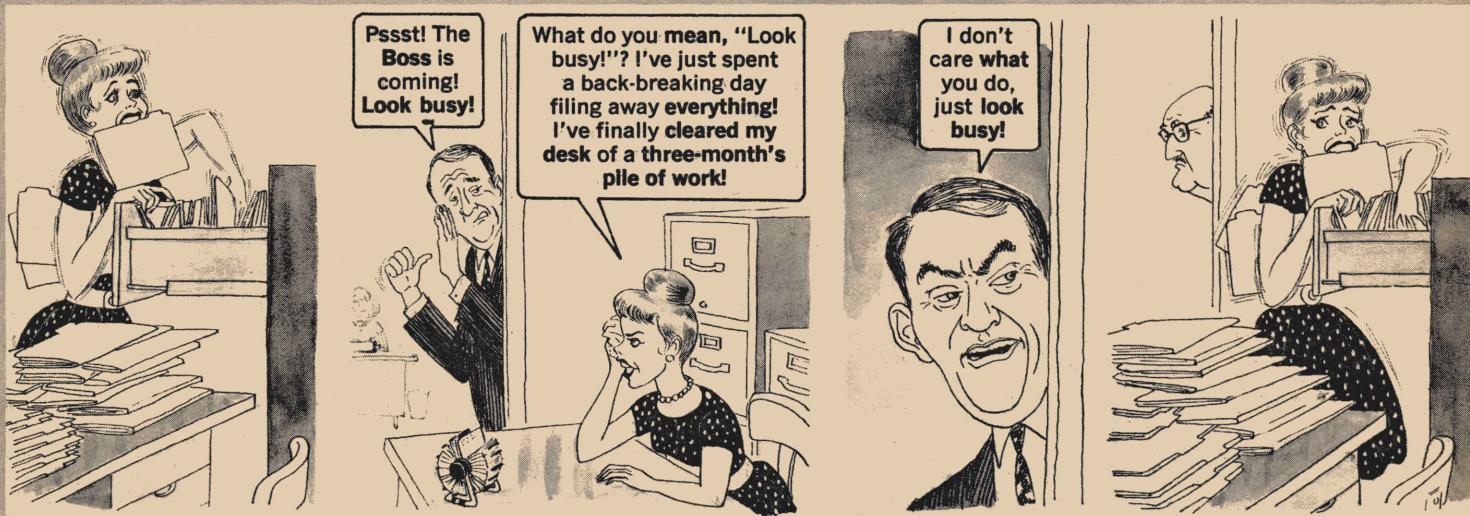
I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Dilly, but my car had a flat tire and the train ran late!

I'M SORRY I'M LATE, MR. CAR, BUT MY DILLY RAN LATE AND THE TRAIN HAD A FLAT TIRE!

WHAT?

Er . . . uh . . . I . . . let's see . . . My train . . . No, my car . . . Ohhhh!

I OVERSLEPT!



Hello, Alice? This is Amy! What a night I had last night! I went out with Bill, and after dinner, he . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! I'll connect you!

Alice? So he says to me, "I want you to meet my Mother tonight" . . . Hold on . . .



Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Mr. Gumpky? Just a moment! I'll connect you!

Alice? So—thinking everything was on the up-and-up, I went to his place! But when we got there . . . Hold on . . .

Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Just one moment! I'll connect you!



Alice? Well, there was no Mother there! It was a Bachelor Apartment . . . Hold on!

Kaputnik Enterprises! Good morning! Mr. Zupp? Just a moment! I'll connect you!

Alice? So—the minute the door closed behind me, he starts looking at me like I was Gina Lolapalooza . . . Hold on . . .



That's what I love about Lunch Hour! We grab a quick bite . . .

LUNCHEO



. . . and then we stand around in front of the building for the rest of the hour . . . and watch the girls go by!



Heck! It's one o'clock! Time to get back to work!

Yeah, darn it!



Ladies' Dresses



Son, I want to call a conference of all the Junior Executives! I've got an idea I want to run up the flagpole and see if anybody salutes it!

Of course, they'll salute it, Dad! They're just a bunch of spineless "Yes-men"!

Well I've got an opening for a Department Head, and you know how I feel about independent thinking!

Boy, am I lucky I overheard that! If it's independent thinking he wants, I'll give him some independent thinking!

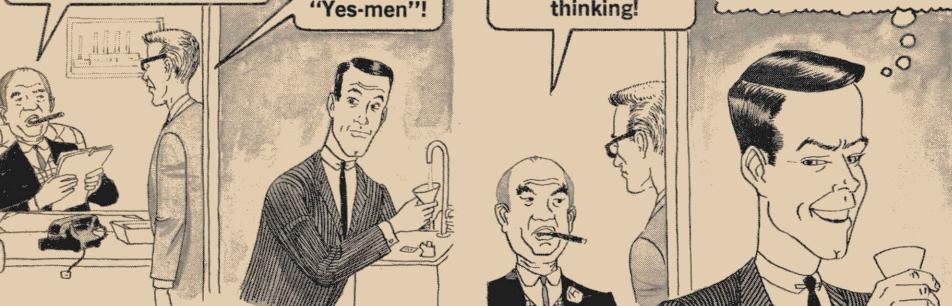
Well, gentlemen . . . that's the plan! What do you think of it?

Great J.B.!

Love it, J.B.!

Genius, J.B.!

Inspired, J.B.!



I said I'd like to order 50 gross of—

Huh? Y-yes, sir—

Who's up? What'd he say the count was?

Are you listening to me?

Heh? Yes, sir— You want to order 15 gross of . . .

What was that? a home run . . .

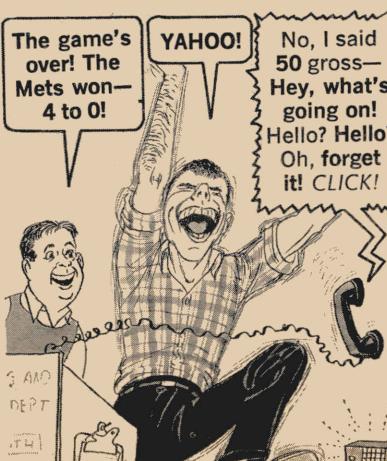
The game's over! The Mets won—4 to 0!

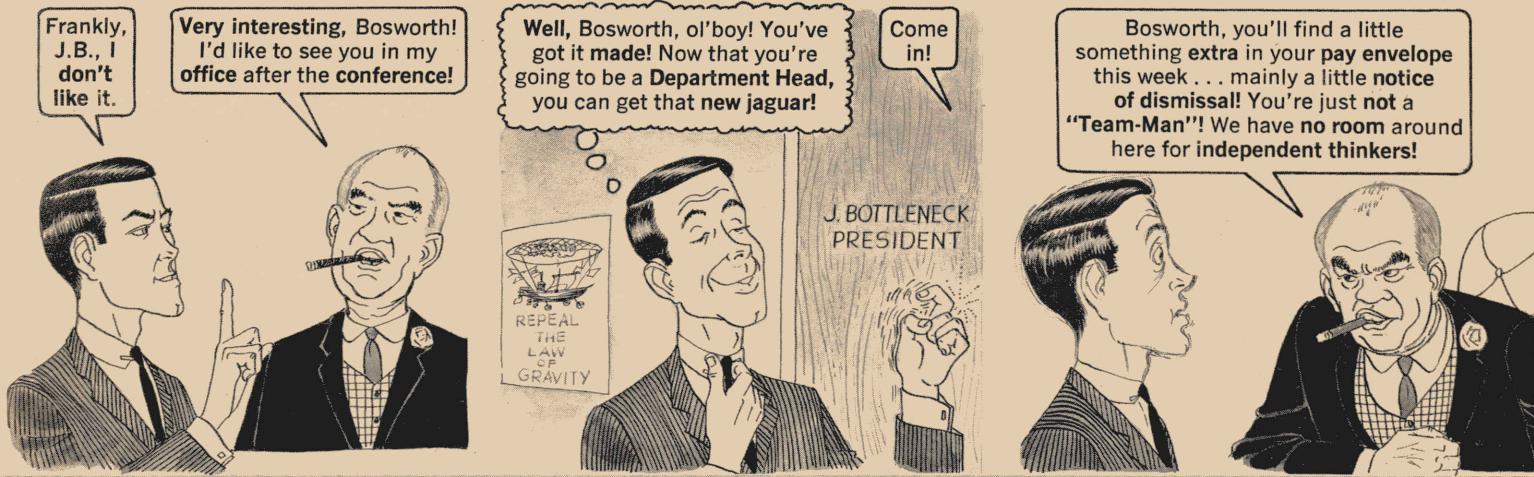
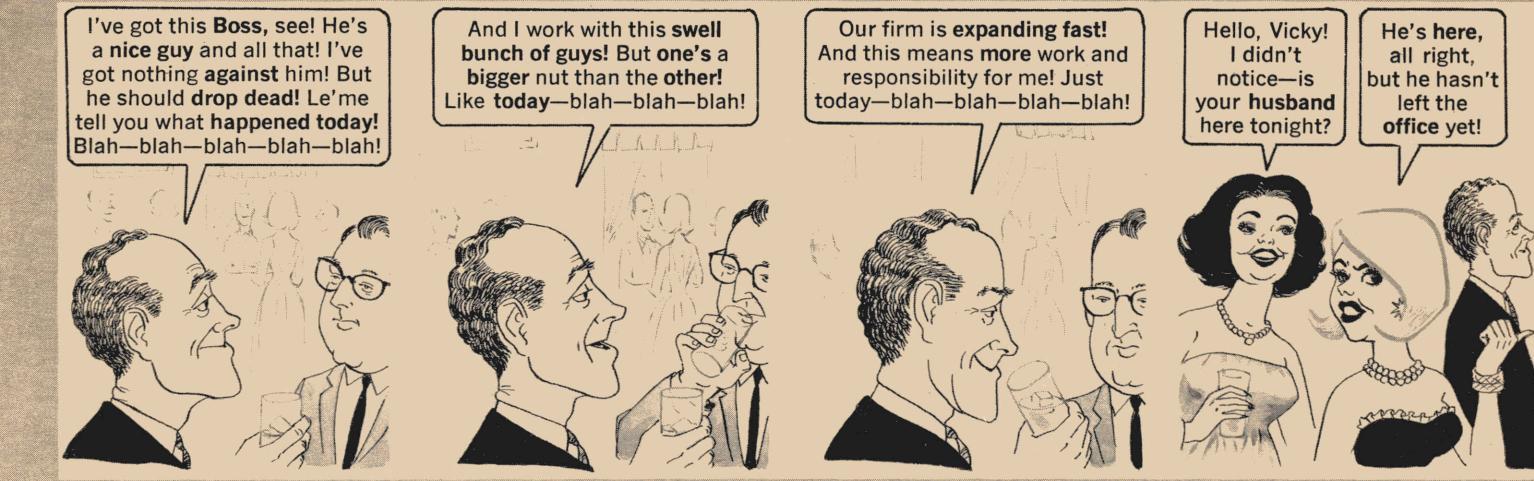
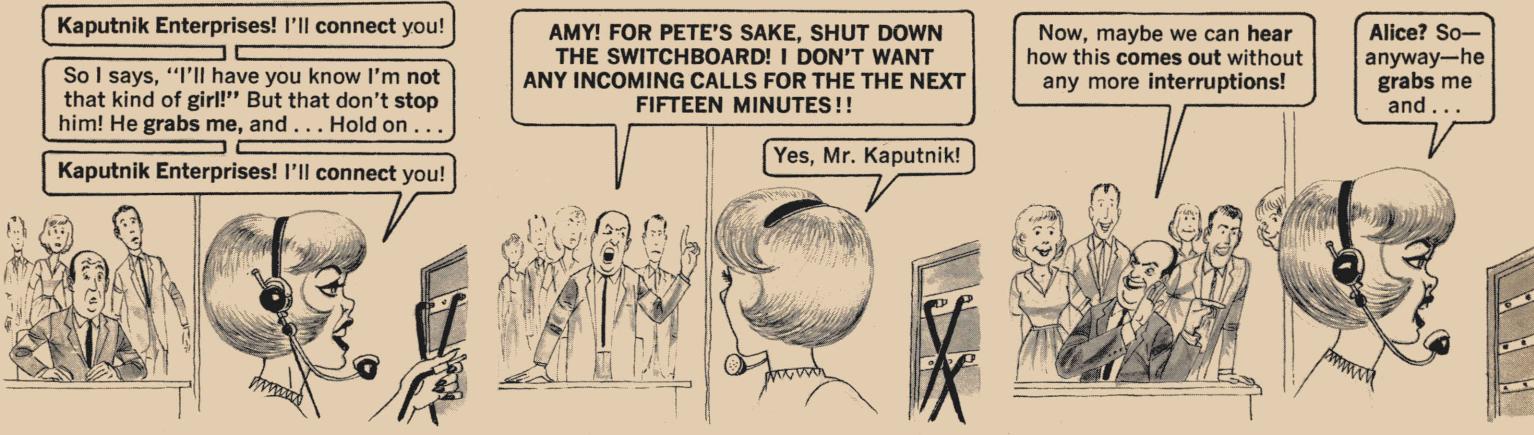
YAHOO!

No, I said 50 gross— Hey, what's going on! Hello? Hello? Oh, forget it! CLICK!

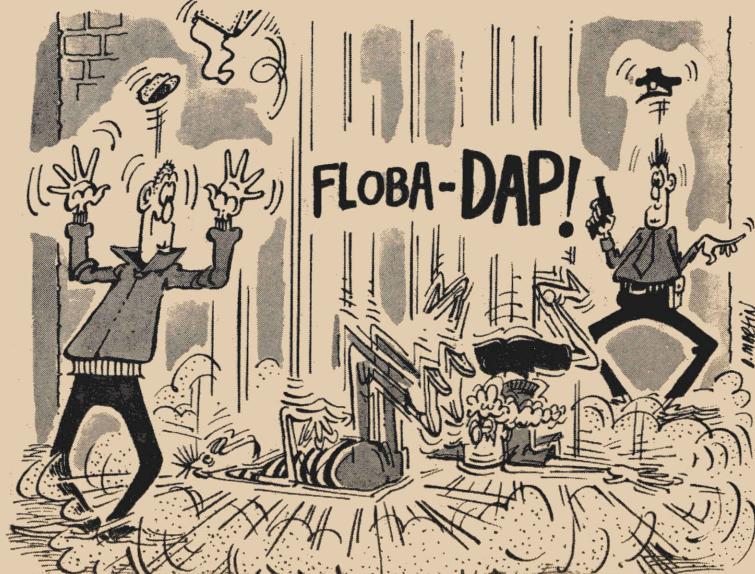
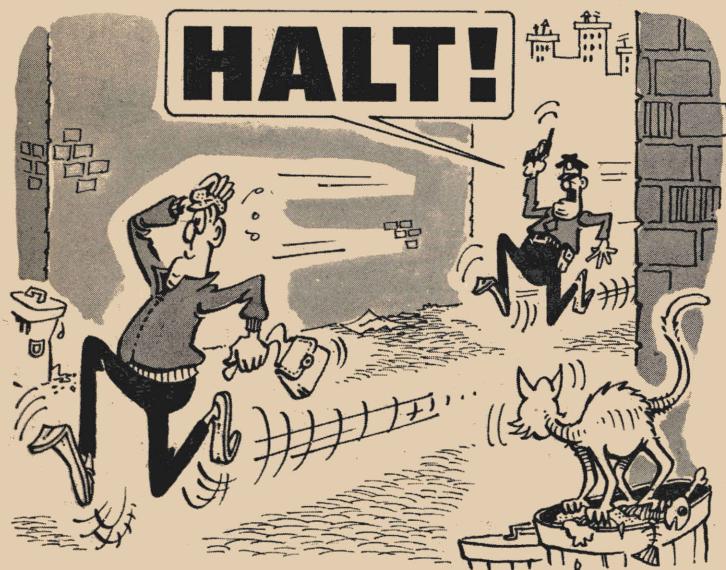
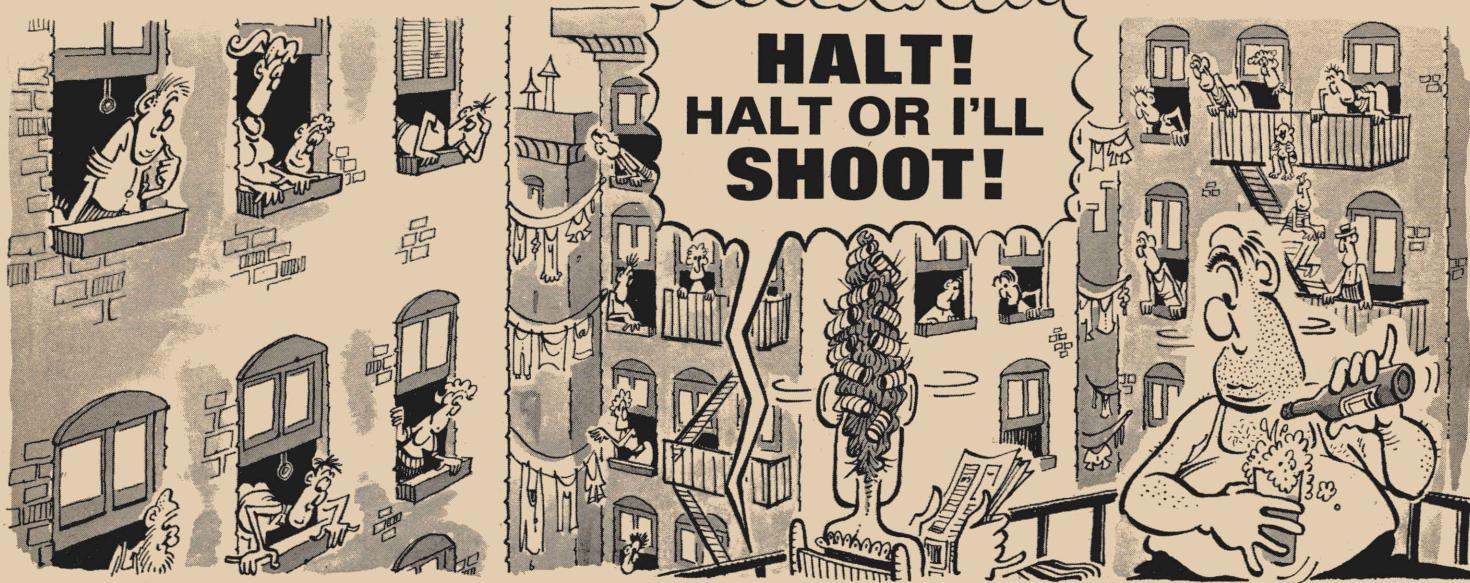
What are you cheering about? You just lost a thousand dollar order!

Yeah, but I won \$2.00 on the office Baseball Pool!





IN AN ALLEY



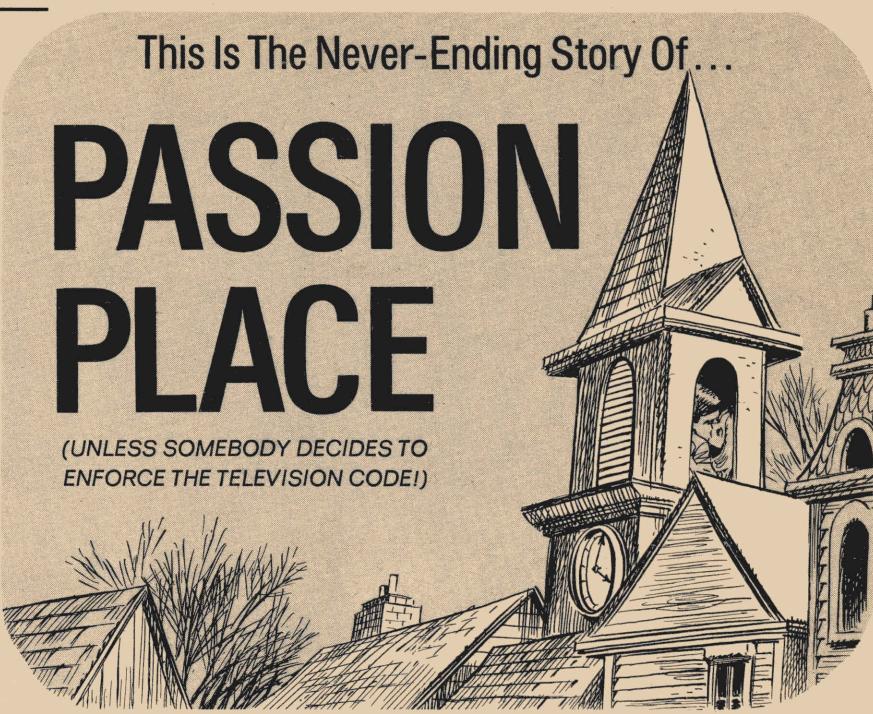
ONE HORSING-AROUND TOWN DEPT.

ONE OF THE NEW SHOWS BRIGHTENING THIS FINE '65 TV SEASON COMES ON TWICE A WEEK—AS IF ONCE A WEEK WOULDN'T BE BAD ENOUGH! IT'S AN INNOVATION IN FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT—if you happen to be a member of ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S FAMILY! ACTUALLY, IT'S A PRIME-TIME SOAP OPERA—ONLY SOMEBODY FORGOT TO USE THE SOAP—MAINLY ON THE WRITER'S MINDS! EACH EPISODE BEGINS WITH THE NARRATOR SAYING . . .

This Is The Never-Ending Story Of . . .

PASSION PLACE

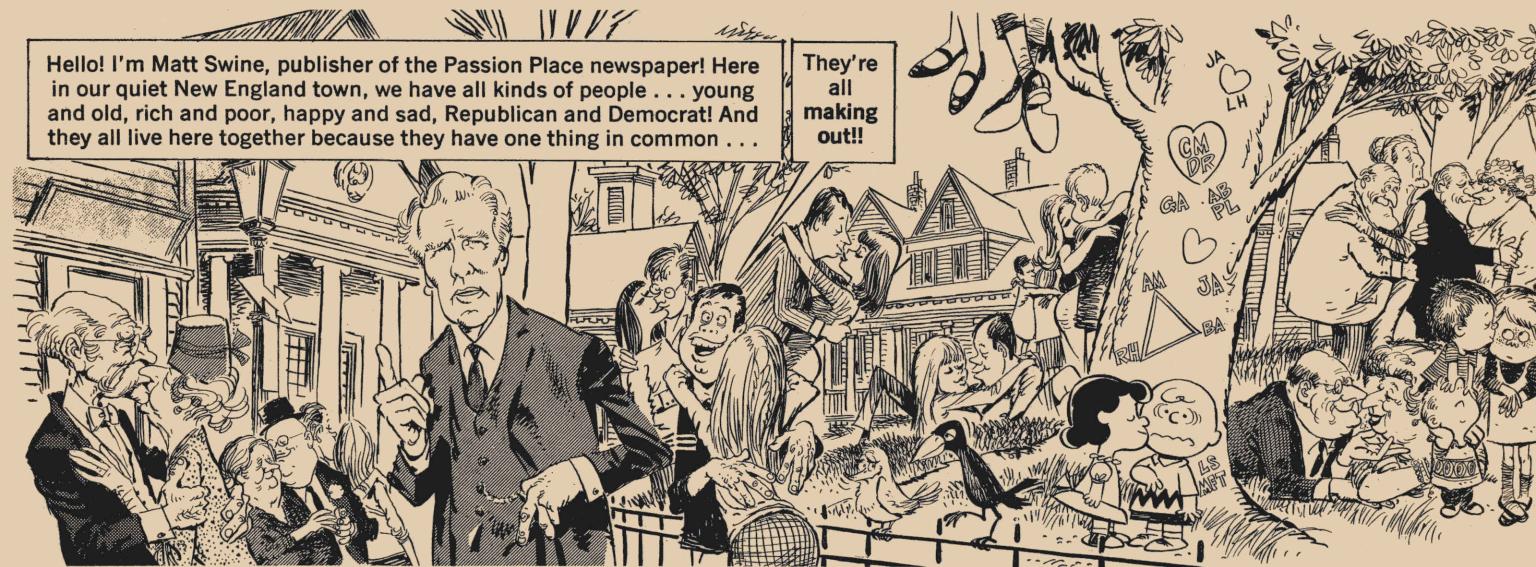
(UNLESS SOMEBODY DECIDES TO ENFORCE THE TELEVISION CODE!)



EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS MAD'S VERSION OF THIS DELIGHTFUL SHOW BASED ON THE FIRST TEN EPISODES. AFTER WATCHING THEM, WE QUIT. IN FACT, WE GAVE UP TELEVISION ENTIRELY, AND STARTED GOING OUT TO THE MOVIES AGAIN—WHERE WE COULD SEE GOOD, CLEAN, HEALTHY ENTERTAINMENT LIKE "THE CARPETBAGGERS" AND "YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE".

Hello! I'm Matt Swine, publisher of the Passion Place newspaper! Here in our quiet New England town, we have all kinds of people . . . young and old, rich and poor, happy and sad, Republican and Democrat! And they all live here together because they have one thing in common . . .

They're all making out!!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Here in Passion Place, we don't tear down the past—we respect it! In fact, we revere it, and yearn to return to the good old days . . .

Mainly, the good old days of Sodom and Gomorrah!

Let's look in on two of Passion Place's more promising delinquents . . . Rodney Hairbrain and Betty Anacin!

Rodney, how come you're always riding around in your convertible? Don't you ever walk?

I don't know! I never tried! Kiss me, Betty! I love you!

I'll bet you say that to all the girls!

Naturally!

Oh, good!! I was afraid I was different! I'd hate to be an oddball!



Rodney, stop it! Passion Place is full of snoopy gossips who pry into other people's business! There's no privacy—not even here!

Aw, Betty—you're too sensitive!

Now let's meet Constance McFrenzie. She's the town "widow" who doesn't trust men and doesn't want anything to do with them! That's her in the tight, sexy skirt!

Hello, Constance McFrenzie. How's your daughter, Allison McFrenzie?

Hi, Matt Swine. My daughter, Allison McFrenzie is fine!

Although we've been friends for 20 years, we folks in soap operas always refer to each other by both names!

Hmm—"Tropic of Cancer", "Fanny Hill", "Frank Harris"! Why are you throwing all these books out, Connie?

I don't want that kind of book in my store!

Ohh? And why not? I don't have a "Kids' Trade"!

Connie, don't you think Allison is old enough to be told the terrible secret about her father?

Matt, I warned you never to mention that! I get violent whenever you do!

Tut-tut, Connie! Remember, this is a family show—and we at ABC have turned over a new leaf this year. No violence! Just raw sex!!

Mommy, Mommy—Can I go out with Rodney Hairbrain?

Absolutely not! You're just a child! Go play with your dolls!

I can't! Why not?

I had to send my Barbie Doll away! My Ken Doll got her into trouble! Remember, this is Passion Place!

What do you know about life? You're sheltered and innocent! You couldn't handle a playboy like Rodney. He's been making out since he was 6 years old. Why, he's played "Doctor" with so many girls, they made him an honorary member of the A.M.A.!

Oh, mother, stop treating me like a child! I've never had a date! I've never stayed up past 9 P.M. And I've never even been in Juvenile Court! Do you know what that can do to a girl's reputation in this town?

Now let's chat with Passion Place's new Doctor, Michael Rusty. He replaced old Doc Bricks, who died of an overdose of his own advice!

I know I'm going to like it here! My practice in New York wasn't rewarding enough!

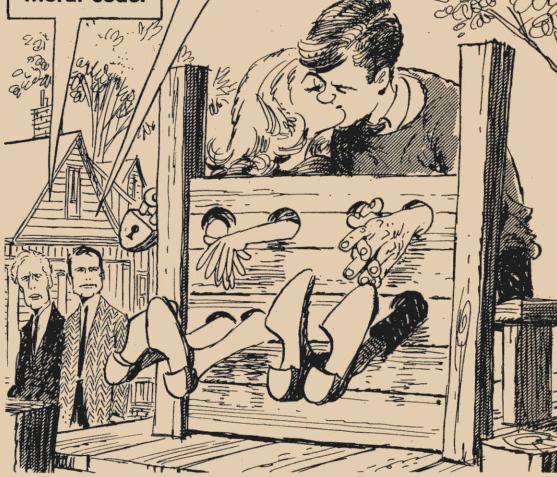
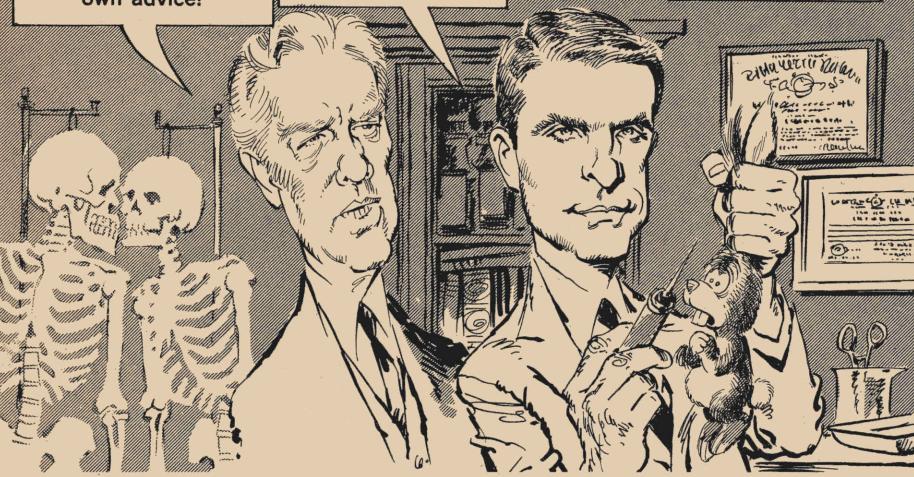
You mean there were no challenges?

I mean there were no patients! New Yorkers are strange and cold! They resent all incompetents!

This pillory is where we put people who offend the town's strict moral code!

You mean those who do naughty things?

No, I mean those who don't!



We were necking! I swear we were necking!

It's no use trying to protect me! They caught us red-handed ... playing "Scrabble"!

I'm worried about Betty Anacin, Matt. She came to see me after she broke up with Rodney Hairbrain. She has a real problem.

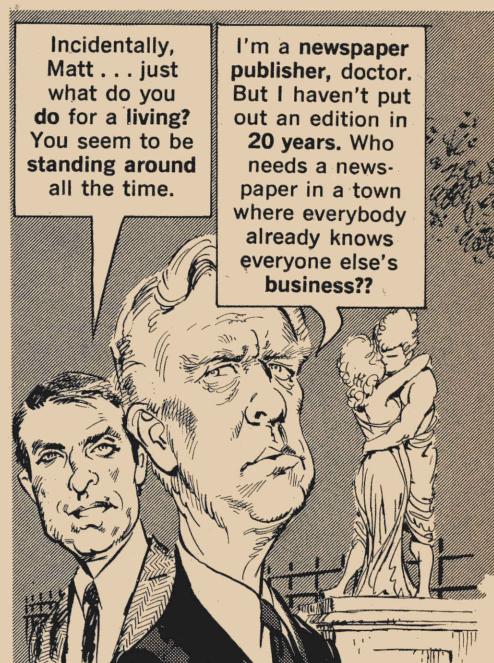
Don't worry. Here in Passion Place, when things look blackest for people, some fortunate coincidence always saves them.

What do you think will happen to Betty Anacin?

Thank God!!
Oh ... she'll probably get hit by a truck!

Incidentally, Matt ... just what do you do for a living? You seem to be standing around all the time.

I'm a newspaper publisher, doctor. But I haven't put out an edition in 20 years. Who needs a newspaper in a town where everybody already knows everyone else's business??



Here is Leslie Hairbrain's office. His secretary is Julie Anacin. Being in a small town can stifle some people ... but not Leslie and Julie. They both have outside interests ...

And this is it!!

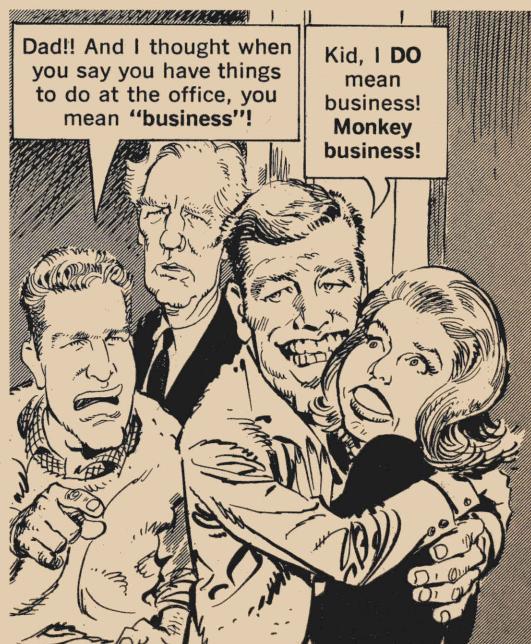
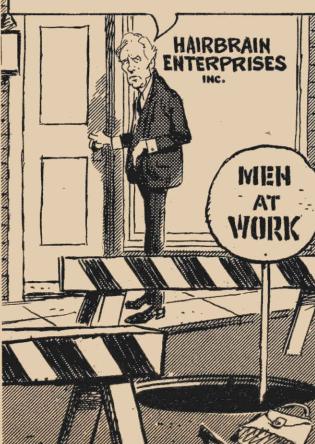
Leslie Hairbrain, I can't go on like this!

Why not?

It's time for my coffee break!

Dad!! And I thought when you say you have things to do at the office, you mean "business"!!

Kid, I DO mean business! Monkey business!



Gee, Dad, I always thought you were a real family man—a dedicated father—a loyal husband—and a moral person.

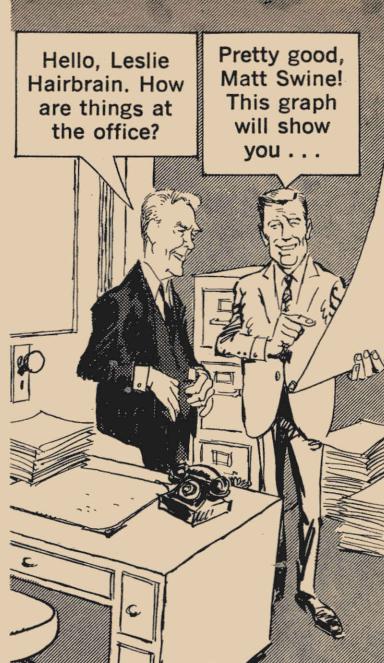
And now you know the truth!

Yes, now I know, and I don't have to be ashamed of you any more! I always knew you wouldn't fail me!

Hello, Leslie Hairbrain. How are things at the office?

Pretty good, Matt Swine! This graph will show you . . .

This is when I cornered Julie in the stockroom . . .



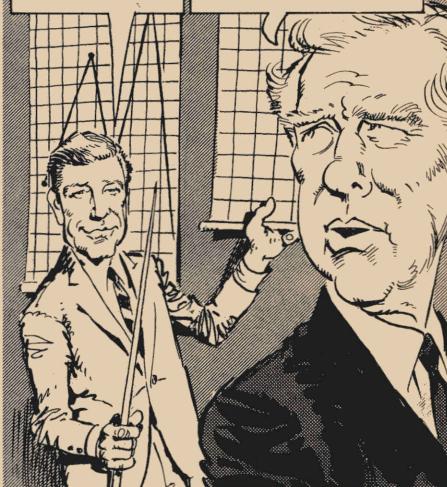
This is when Julie's husband came in while I was chasing her around my desk . . .

This is when the other employees went to lunch, leaving Julie and me alone . . .

And here's when my wife came in while I was chasing Julie around her husband . . .

Well, that takes care of yesterday's chart! Want to see today's chart . . . ?

No, thanks, Leslie. I just dropped in to show our viewers what the main industry was here in Passion Place!



Let's watch Rodney call on Allison to invite her to the Annual Village Party. Each year, we proclaim December 24th a legal holiday in Passion Place to celebrate Ava Gardner's birthday!

But, Rodney, how could you love me? You're such a swinger, and I'm so naive!

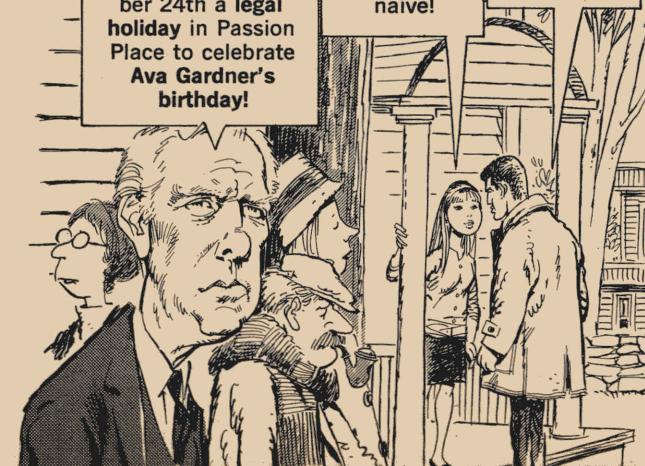
That's just it! I love you because you're so pure and innocent!

You're not the kind of girl who would let a boy do this—

Or this—

Rodney! Allison!! What are you doing?

Rodney is showing me how much fun it is to be pure and innocent!!!



By the way, Rodney—how can you love me when you're in love with Betty? Or is it your father who's in love with Betty? No, he has a crush on my mother—er—No, that's Dr. Rusty who has a crush on my mother! But she loves Matt Swine . . . who's really in love with your father—Oh, I'm so terribly mixed up!!

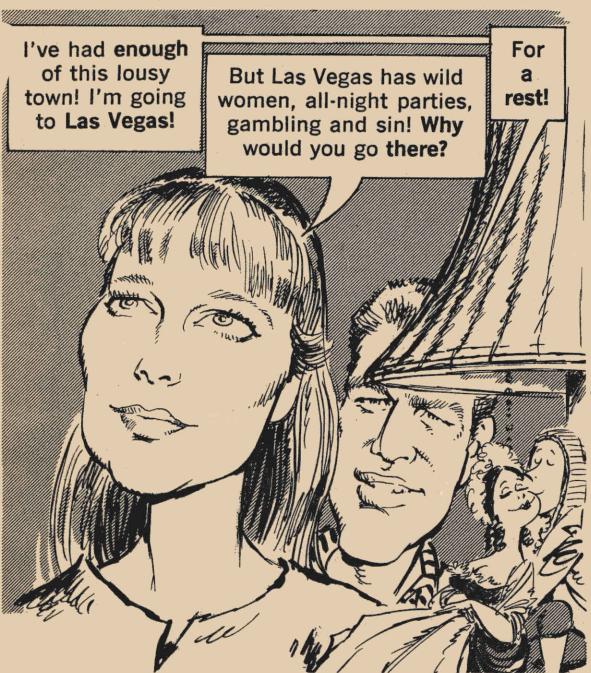
Poor kid! All you have to do is look out the window! It's just as plain as day!



I've had enough of this lousy town! I'm going to Las Vegas!

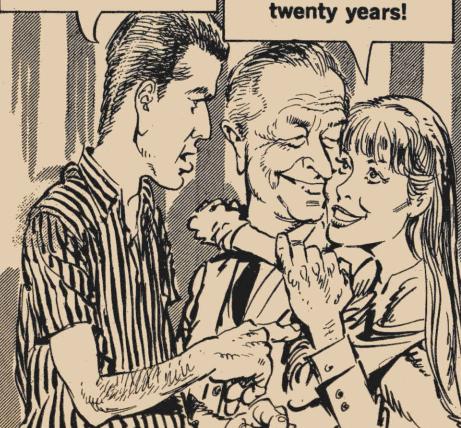
But Las Vegas has wild women, all-night parties, gambling and sin! Why would you go there?

For a rest!

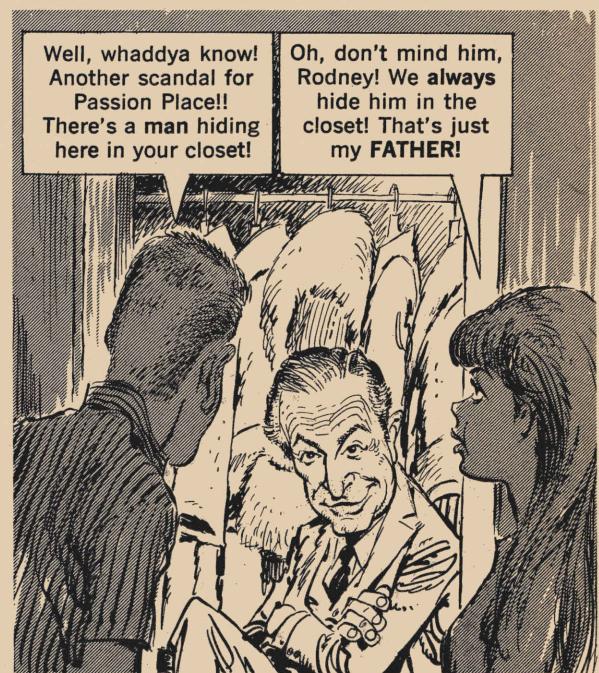
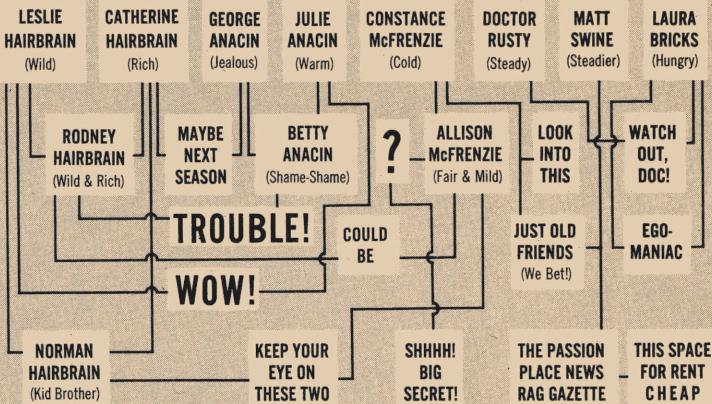


Your father!! But I thought . . . well, the rumors about you being . . . well, you know! We all thought you didn't have a father!!

That's what we wanted everyone to believe! Actually, my mother and father have been married and very much in love for twenty years!



WHO'S WITH WHO THIS WEEK IN "PASSION PLACE"

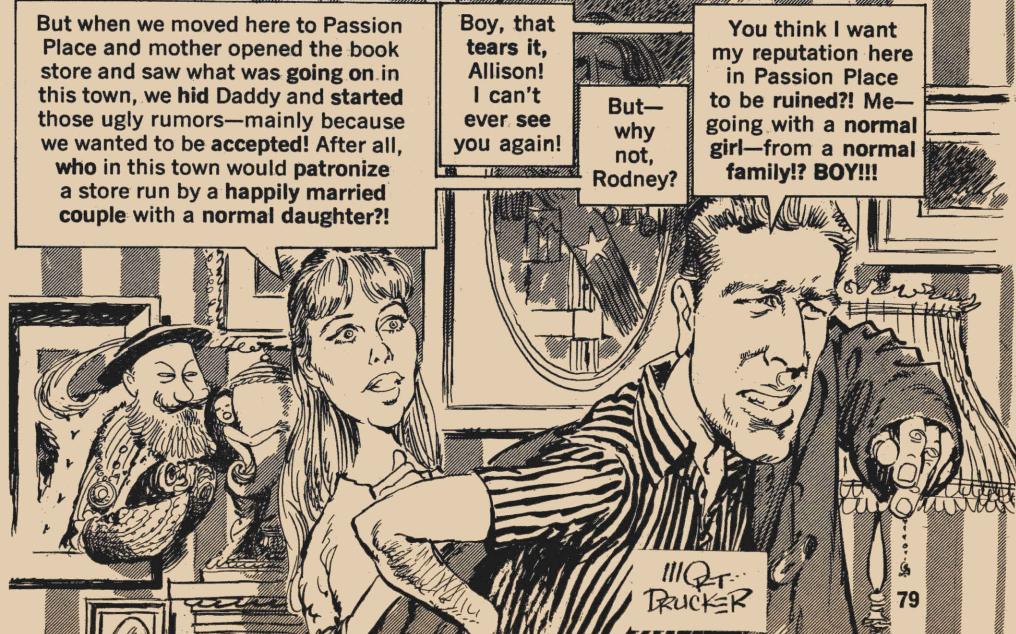


But when we moved here to Passion Place and mother opened the book store and saw what was going on in this town, we hid Daddy and started those ugly rumors—mainly because we wanted to be accepted! After all, who in this town would patronize a store run by a happily married couple with a normal daughter?!

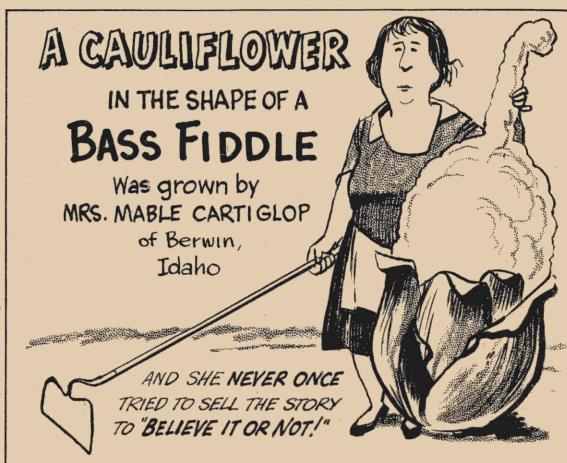
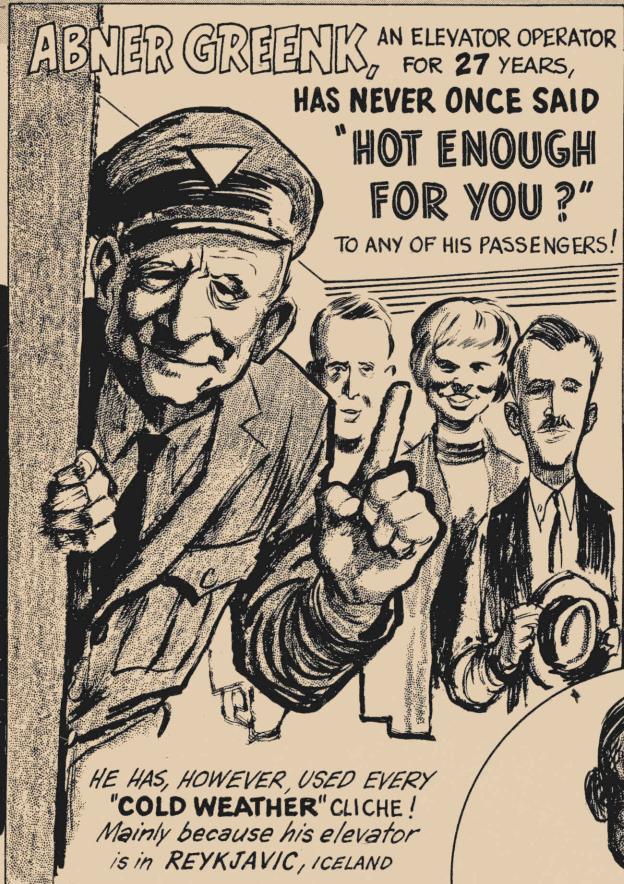
Boy, that tears it, Allison! I can't ever see you again!

But—why not, Rodney?

You think I want my reputation here in Passion Place to be ruined?! Me—going with a normal girl—from a normal family?! BOY!!!



MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!



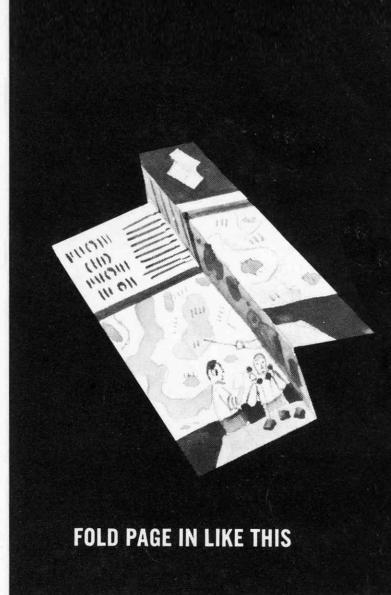
WHO ARE THE DISASTER VICTIMS THAT NOBODY EVER HELPS?

Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee



HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

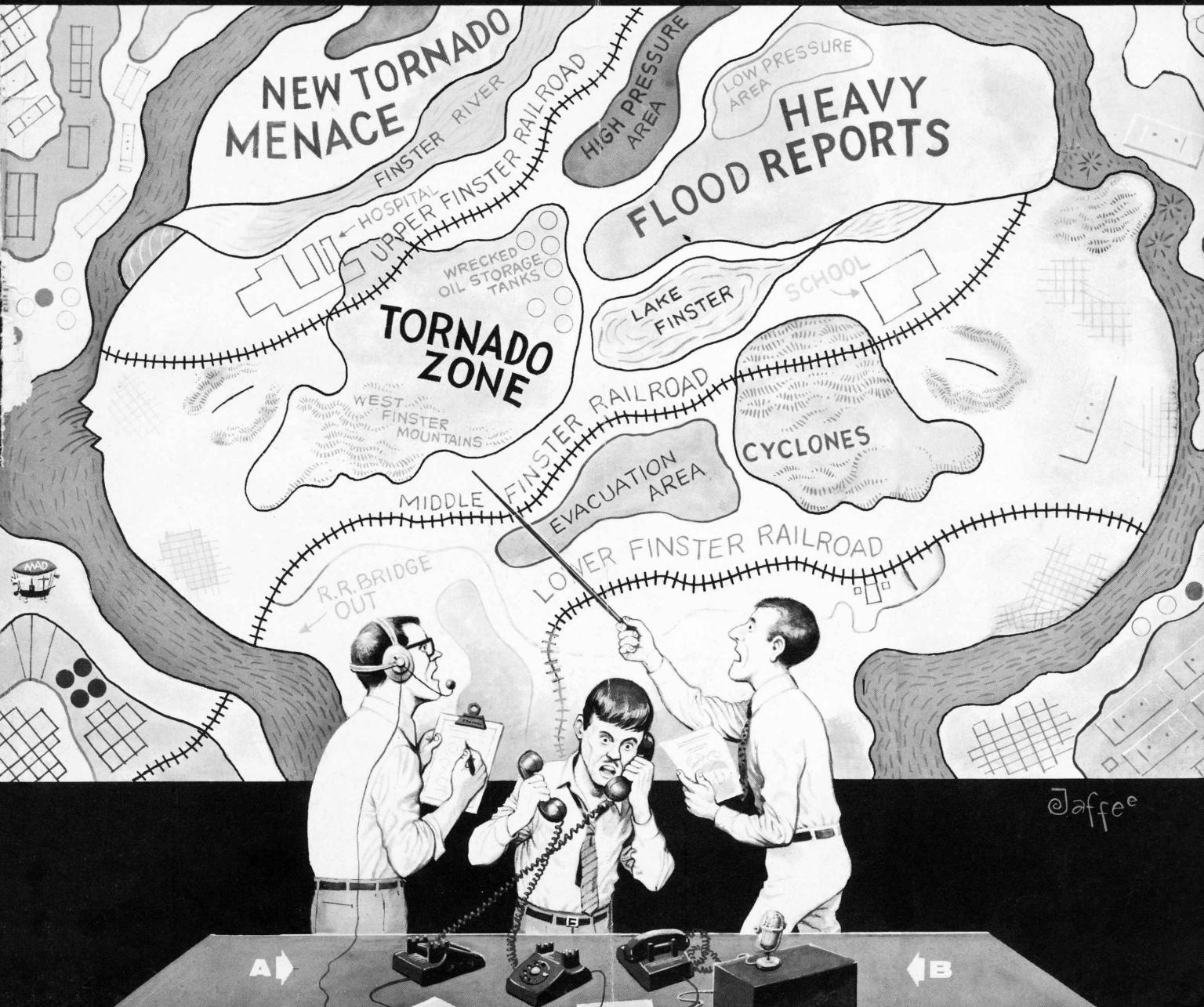
U.S. Government Agencies, The American Red Cross and Public Welfare people are quick to rush aid to disaster victims. And yet, one group of miserable unfortunates suffers year in and year out without a drop of aid from anyone. Fold in page as shown to see just who these poor miserable wretches are:



FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

DISASTER AREA MAP





Photography by Irving "Suds" Schild

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THEY SHOT THE "TEN-FOOT-TALL WASHING MACHINE" COMMERCIAL IN AN 8-FOOT HIGH BASEMENT

WHO ARE THE DISASTER VICTIMS THAT NOBODY EVER HELPS?



FOLD PAGE IN LIKE THIS

Artist and Writer:
Al Jaffee



FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



Jaffee

